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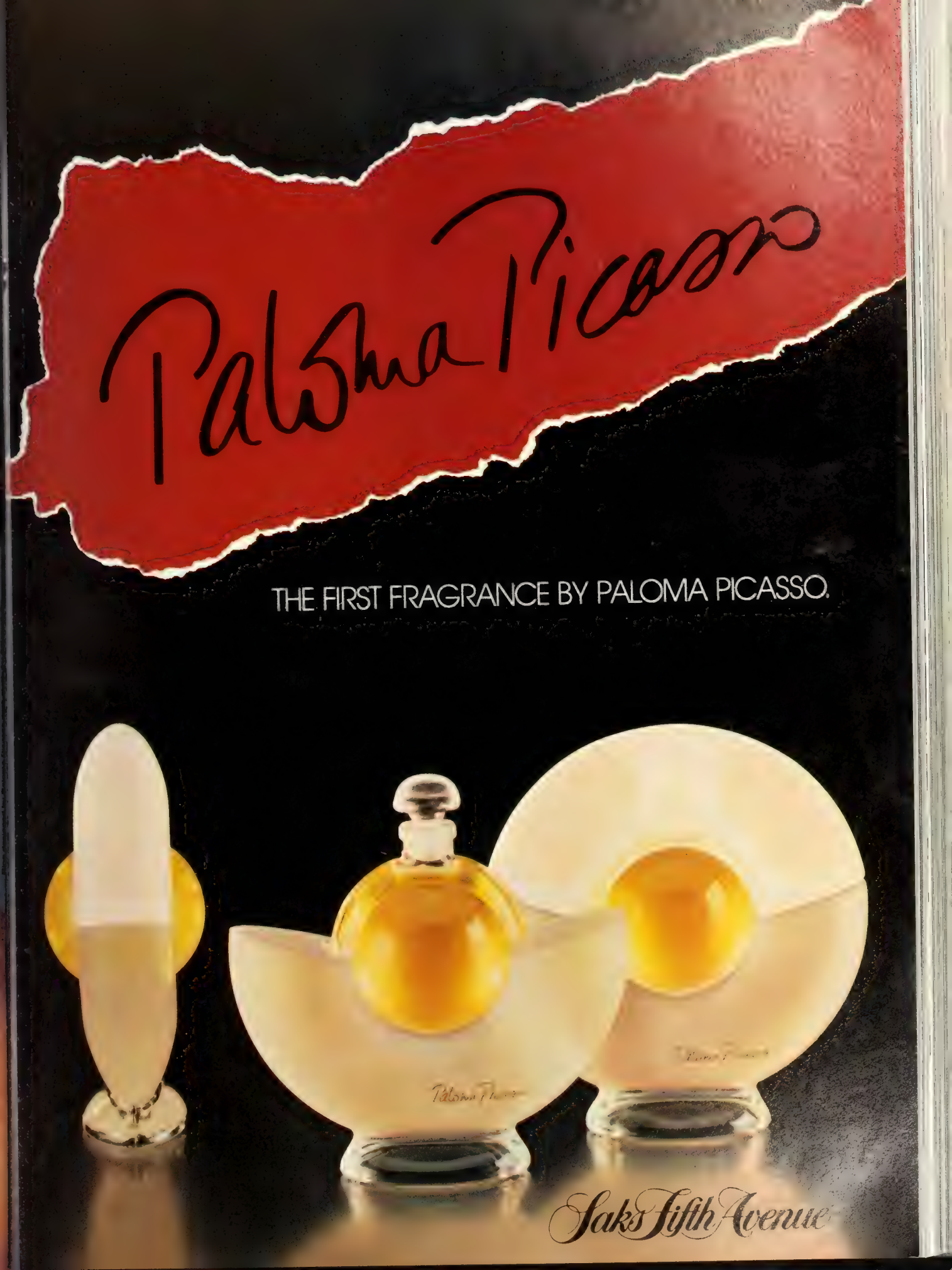


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HOUSE & GARDEN

THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 157, Number 5

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The late-17th-century kitchen is the newest part of Thorpe Hall, an English manor house restored by David Mlinaric. Story on page 204. Photographs by Snowdon.

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

A certain hope reawakens in me each spring, partly triggered by a few balmy days after weeks of harder weather, when I think there is a chance that the world can be beautiful, simple, less competitive and pretentious than it so often is.

More constant than the weather, the talented people who appear in our stories regularly bolster that hope, and this month's subjects are no exception. One example is provided on this page: a photograph of the English architect James Stirling's trophy for winning the prestigious Pritzker Architecture Prize in 1981. If you look closely you'll see a tiny rubber figure of Mickey Mouse within the forms of the Henry Moore sculpture (the actual prize) that the architect uses as a place to deposit the day's mail. Editor Martin Filler feels it's one indication of Stirling's personal style, which we report on in some depth beginning on page 170. Stirling's Sackler Museum at Harvard will open this fall.



James Stirling's 1981 Pritzker Prize—a sculpture by Henry Moore—in the architect's home in London.

Another Englishman, frequent National Trust decorator David Mlinaric, shows us how to achieve the down-to-earth quality that we think of as the quintessential English style. As the rooms he designed for his own family reveal, on our cover and pages 204 to 213 inside, those understated Mlinaric color schemes are carefully planned. "I tend to think in tones before I color it up," he told us, "that the tone of the large sofa should match the tone of the rug, for example." He is also concerned about contrast. "I like colors to meet each other." If a wall is a soft pale green-gray, the doorframe will not be dead white; it will be an off-white that acknowledges the wall.

Inger McCabe Elliott, the fabric designer/photographer who turned House & Garden reporter on a recent trip to China and Tibet, found a very different sense of color in the ornamentation of the holy temples on Tibet's barren landscape. In contrast to the matte white and terra cotta on houses and monasteries there, the interiors of noble and holy places glisten with glossy primary colors that decorate nearly every surface in a splash of patterns. See page 198.

Nature's brilliant colors abound in the one-acre garden of Prince and Princess Abkhazi on the outskirts of Victoria, British Columbia. The work of almost four decades, the splendid garden is a tribute to the human spirit as well, as Katherine Whiteside's text will reveal, page 182.

Artist Jennifer Bartlett and actor Mathieu Carrière are the only couple we know to totally furnish their apartment with household objects by one designer. In this case it was the Finnish architect Alvar Aalto, no bad choice, as Doris Saatchi explains in her text, page 158. In the same portfolio we have another text by Roberta Smith, who reports on Jennifer's move into sculpture with the work she has done for Volvo's new headquarters, designed by Mitchell/Giurgola and just opened in Göteborg, Sweden.

Both in the apartment designed by Max Gordon and in her work for Volvo, Jennifer's sculptures and paintings of houses and furniture make a particularly apt art story for House & Garden.

Dean Jacquelin T. Robertson's restoration of a residence on the University of Virginia campus designed by Thomas Jefferson gave us a good excuse to revisit the architect president's "academical" village, page 143. After visiting Jefferson's Monticello in 1782, the Marquis de Chastellux noted: "We may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather." A few years later, in 1807, Benjamin Latrobe said to Mr. Jefferson: "It is not flattery to say that you have planted the arts in your country."

The arts are well rooted at the University of Virginia. As we move through another spring we should all be as attentive to their cultivation as is the current Dean of Architecture there.

Lou Gropp

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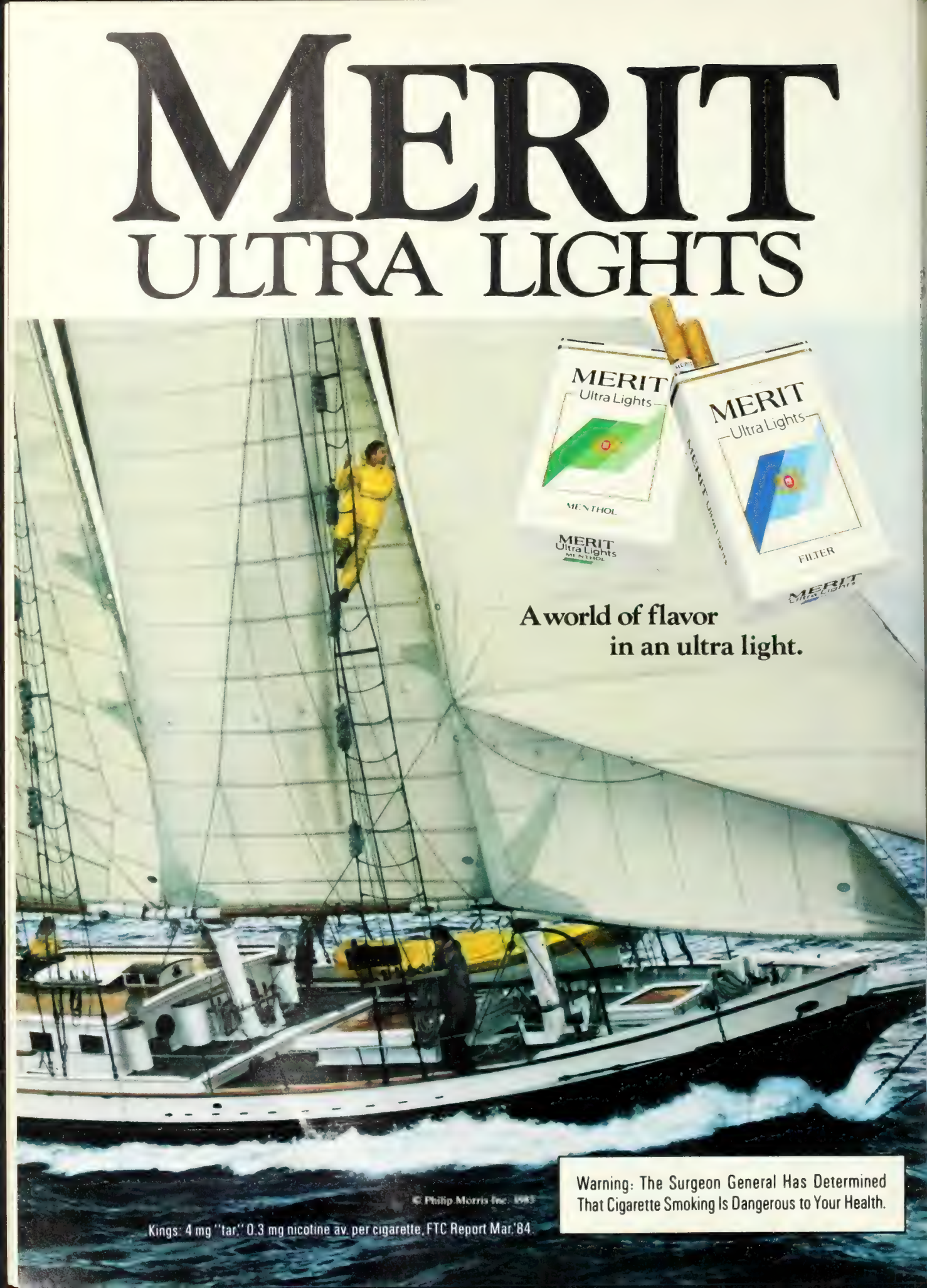
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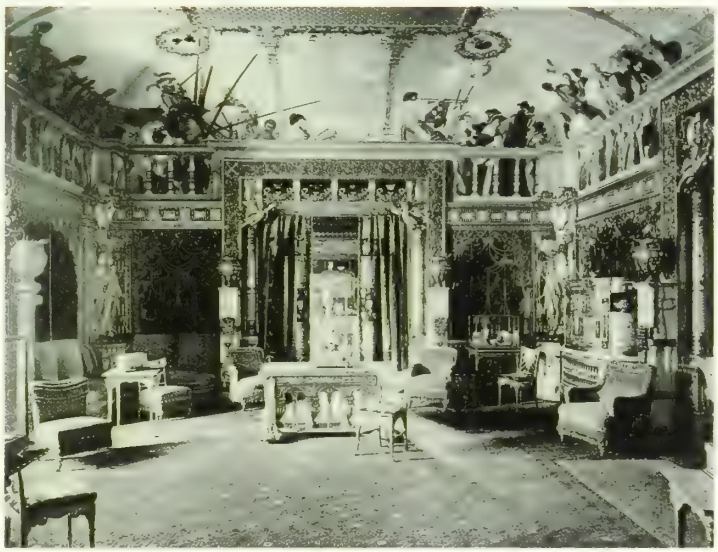
They sold French Japonisme and English Aestheticism to the robber barons of America

By Marilynn Johnson



In 1970, the nonagenarian descendant of a prominent old New York family, Miss Frances Arnold, wrote to an assistant curator of the Metropolitan Museum's American Wing: "I have to laugh at Herter furniture coming into this delayed recognition . . . I have for many years asked antique people who wander about New England if they know Herter furniture and they always answer, 'never heard of it.' I've always cherished it remembering the respect and affection with which my aunts spoke of it." Indeed, recognition of Herter furniture in 1970 was still very limited, but in April of that year, the Metropolitan's landmark fine arts exhibition, "19th Century America, Furniture and Other Decorative Arts," provided its first extensive public viewing. Then in 1971, Miss Arnold gave three inlaid Herter tables to the Metropolitan's American Wing. After her death a few years later, the spirited bidding at the Connecticut auction of her estate clearly indicated that serious collectors were once again aware of Herter.

A hundred years earlier, no dealer or designer would have disclaimed knowledge of Herter Brothers and its presiding talent, the handsome, charming, and accomplished Christian Herter, who in the 1870s was society's darling as well as its decorator. Born in Stuttgart, Germany, the son of a noted wood-carver and cabinetmaker, Christian showed the same precocious artistic talent as his older half brother, Gustave. In Germany, Gustave had distinguished himself working under the architect Leins and had executed the interiors of the Royal Villa at Berg before going to Paris to study.





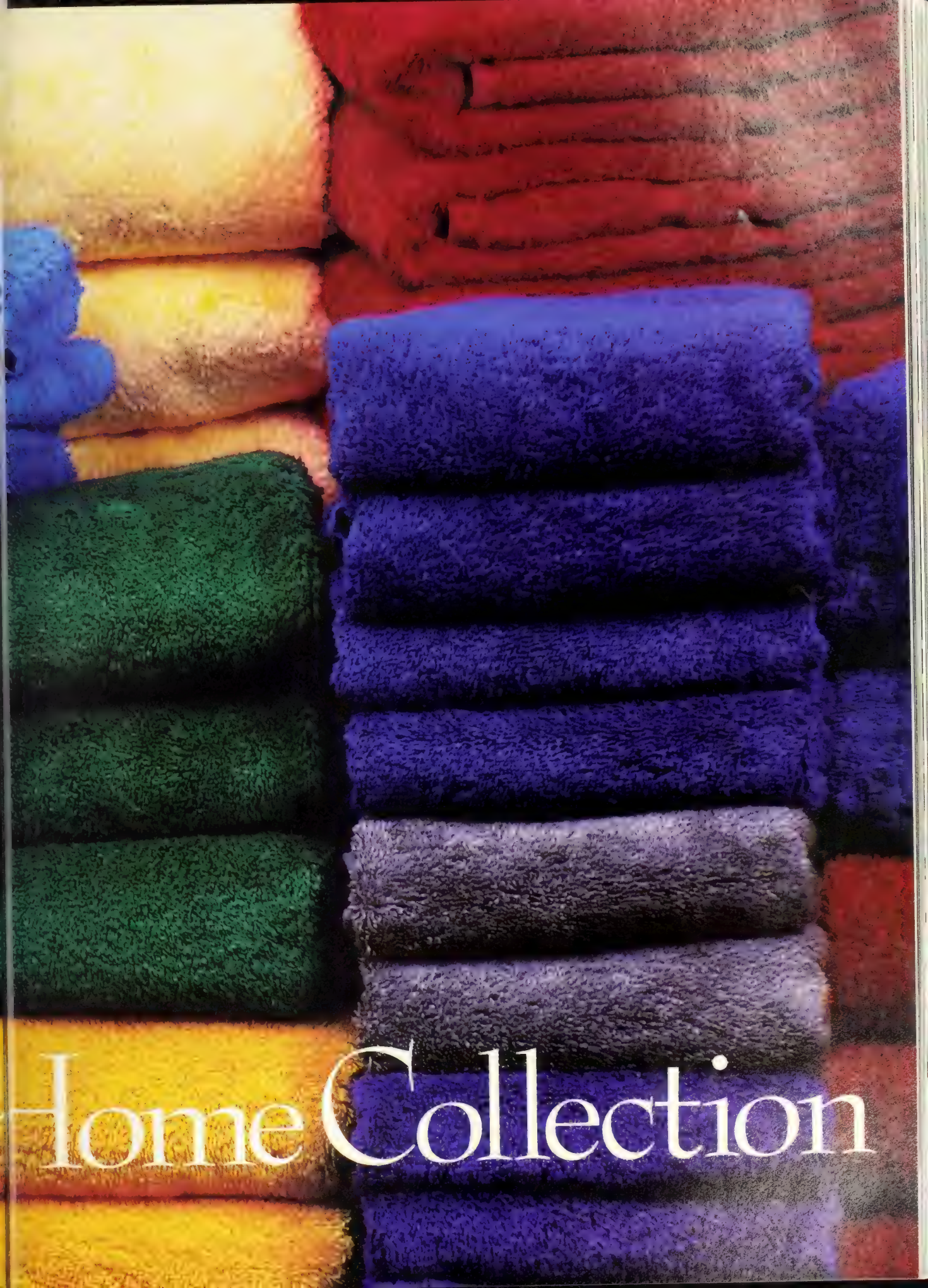
Top: Detail from Herter cabinet, circa 1880. *Above:* W.H. Vanderbilt's gilt and mother-of-pearl encrusted drawing room in which, *below*, Aesthetic Herter side chair appears.

By 1848, Gustave was on his way to New York, where he was hired as a silver designer for Tiffany and Company. During the 1850s, first working in partnership with others and then as head of his own firm, he became a well-known cabinetmaker; and at the New York Crystal Palace exhibition of 1853, three enormous cabinets he designed won great acclaim.

In 1860, Christian Herter joined his brother in New York. By 1865, one year after Christian's marriage to Mary Miles, daughter of a prominent doctor, the directory listing for the company became Herter Brothers. The two half brothers, so similar in talent, so different in manner, worked together in what seems a total partnership. Recognizing Christian's unusual ability, Gus-

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tave, in keeping with the passion in the sixties for all things French—whether fabrics, bronzes, porcelains, or prints—sent him to Paris to study in the atelier of the much-sought-after decorative artist Pierre-Victor Galland. But the taste for the French Second Empire and elaborate neo-Grec detailing was not limited to furnishings only and was evident in architecture as well. Mansard-roofed mansions, following the model of Detlef Lienau's 1850 Schiff House in New York, began springing up in many American cities.

One of these, the home of New York broker LeGrand Lockwood, was begun in 1863, not on fashionable Fifth Avenue, but in the town of Lockwood's modest boyhood, Norwalk, Connecticut. Again, the architect was Lienau, but no one designer was consulted for the interior. Rather, each room was done by a selection of New York's best: Lienau's friend Marcotte, Platt, Hutchings, and, of course, Herter Brothers. In 1869 Lockwood extravagantly commissioned stereopticon views of all the rooms on the first floor of the sixty-room house, and a mural for the Music Room ceiling from Christian Herter's teacher, Galland, for the sum of $20,000. In the fall of the same year, in the financial panic remembered as "Black Friday," broker, banker, and transportation magnate Legrand Lockwood faced ruin in all his varied enterprises.

Ten years after the house was first begun, its contents were auctioned off at New York's Leavitt Galleries. Describing the sale as "the most magnificent assortment of furniture ever offered to the Public, having been made expressly to order without regard to cost by our leading manufacturers," the catalogue listed ten major bedroom sets, five of them, including the master bedroom, by Herter. The master bedstead had been described in an 1869 article in *The New York Sun*, where it was called "a work of art . . . fancy exhausts itself in its inlaid variegations. It is canopied at the upper end with satin of the richest green pending from a framework of gold and jet."

Across the continent in Menlo Park, California, another mansion echoed the French taste so evident in Lockwood's Norwalk house. Begun in 1873, the very year the Lockwood furnishings were auctioned, Thurlow Lodge was to show off to the world Milton Slocum Latham's success. Like Lockwood, Latham, a former California senator and governor, had made a fortune in the financial world, and dabbled in railroads. Like the Lockwood house, his mansard-roofed mansion had more than fifty rooms of vast scale and grandeur, opening off from a great hall with a circular light well. Not surprisingly, the firm of Herter Brothers decorated the interior with furniture even more opulent than Lockwood's.



Gilded cherry-wood Aesthetic firescreen, 1880, with a rooster and family on pressed leather.

In the music room and hall towering twelve-foot cabinets combined intricate inlays with painted panels or deeply carved crestings and caryatids. In a dining room replete with symbols of the hunt, a realistically carved stag's head above the mantel gazed down upon chairs where one's hands rested upon carved dogs' heads while an outsized sideboard was supported by six life-size hounds seated on their haunches. On cabinets in other rooms three-foot cranes pointed their beaks into feathered wooden breasts, and satyrs leered in frames of richly carved garlands. Opulent materials so characteristic of Herter reached their apogee in the ebonized master bedroom furniture, generously inlaid with ivory and


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picked out in gilt. Befitting a tycoon, Latham's initials were set into the headboard of the bed, just as Lockwood's had been inlaid in the dome of his rotunda.

In an age when fortunes were made—and lost—almost daily, such ostentation was not unusual. Unfortunately, the parallels between Latham and Lockwood went further than merely their tastes in architecture and decoration: Latham, like Lockwood, scarcely lived in his house before he lost his financial empire. Again a precipitous sale took place after the bankrupt owner's untimely death, and Thurlow Lodge passed in a few years to another Herter client. Mary Hopkins, widow of Mark, established the Hopkinses' adopted son Timothy and his wife in the house, renamed Sherwood Hall. To the Latham Herter furniture, much of which remained, were added similar Herter pieces made for the Hopkinses. Mary Hopkins no longer had need of the contents of the house she and Mark Hopkins had planned together. She had gained something more than friendship in her association with Herter, for in 1887 "the richest widow in America" married Edward Searles, who was some twenty years her junior. Searles was the representative who had been sent out from New York by the decorating firm to supervise Herter work for the Hotel Hopkins. Together into the next decade Mary and Edward Searles went on a house buying, building, and decorating spree unparalleled even in that age of affluence.

Other California patrons of Herter included railroad magnate Collis Huntington, whose handsome ebonized and inlaid art furniture bedroom set, which descended in his family, is now owned by The Saint Louis Art Museum. Stylistically, that bedroom set dating from the mid seventies to early eighties represents an important development in Christian Herter's style. In 1870, Christian had bought out Gustave's share in Herter Brothers, and Gustave returned to Germany where he remained the rest of his life. During the early seventies, Christian, however, traveled about England, taking in what was being done in English design, from the substantial modern gothic of Bruce Talbert to the elegant art furniture of Edward William Godwin. A close friend of Whistler and Burges, Godwin had for some time shown a great love of Japanese art in his work. Shortly after Christian Herter's return to New York, Godwin's Japanese influence was evident in Herter-designed furniture and interiors.

Christian mixed his old and new styles in the furniture he made for the James J. Goodwin family "castle" in Hartford, Connecticut. While the seating furniture of the parlor, now installed in the Wadsworth Atheneum, featured the carved animal heads and deeply tufted upholstery of earlier work, the dining room displayed blond rectilinear furniture of the English reform taste against walls papered with Godwin's bamboo pattern; and the blond bedroom set, simple and functional, was adorned with inlays of the Aesthetic sunflower.

Although the date of the Goodwin rooms is not firmly established, they may have been decorated as early as 1874, two years before the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia presented the arts of Japan and the art furniture of England to the American public. Reviews of the Centennial stated that:

> The Queen Anne work of Herter Brothers of New York has already been referred to in another place, and hardly needs further notice. It is to be regretted that this firm did not make an exhibit of the beautiful work with which the house has been credited. . . . Had the work of their able designer Mr. A. Sandier been seen in comparison with that of the English exhibitions, it would have been less easy to concede to them the superiority which their designs in the main portrayed.

In the 1870s, Herter's customers could visit the New York showroom at Broadway just north of Union Square and select individual pieces of furniture, but most preferred to commission entire rooms or houses from Herter's staff of experts. In New York, clients included Mrs. Robert Leighton Stuart, Jacob Ruppert, David Dows, Elliot Shepard, John Sloan, and Pierpont Morgan. In Boston, the parlor of Oliver Ames echoed furniture forms and decorative motifs found in the New York Herter houses: a gilded cabinet almost identical to Morgan's, the same color scheme of ivory, red, gold, and a similar delicate jeweled spider webbing upon the walls.

The interiors Herter created for the



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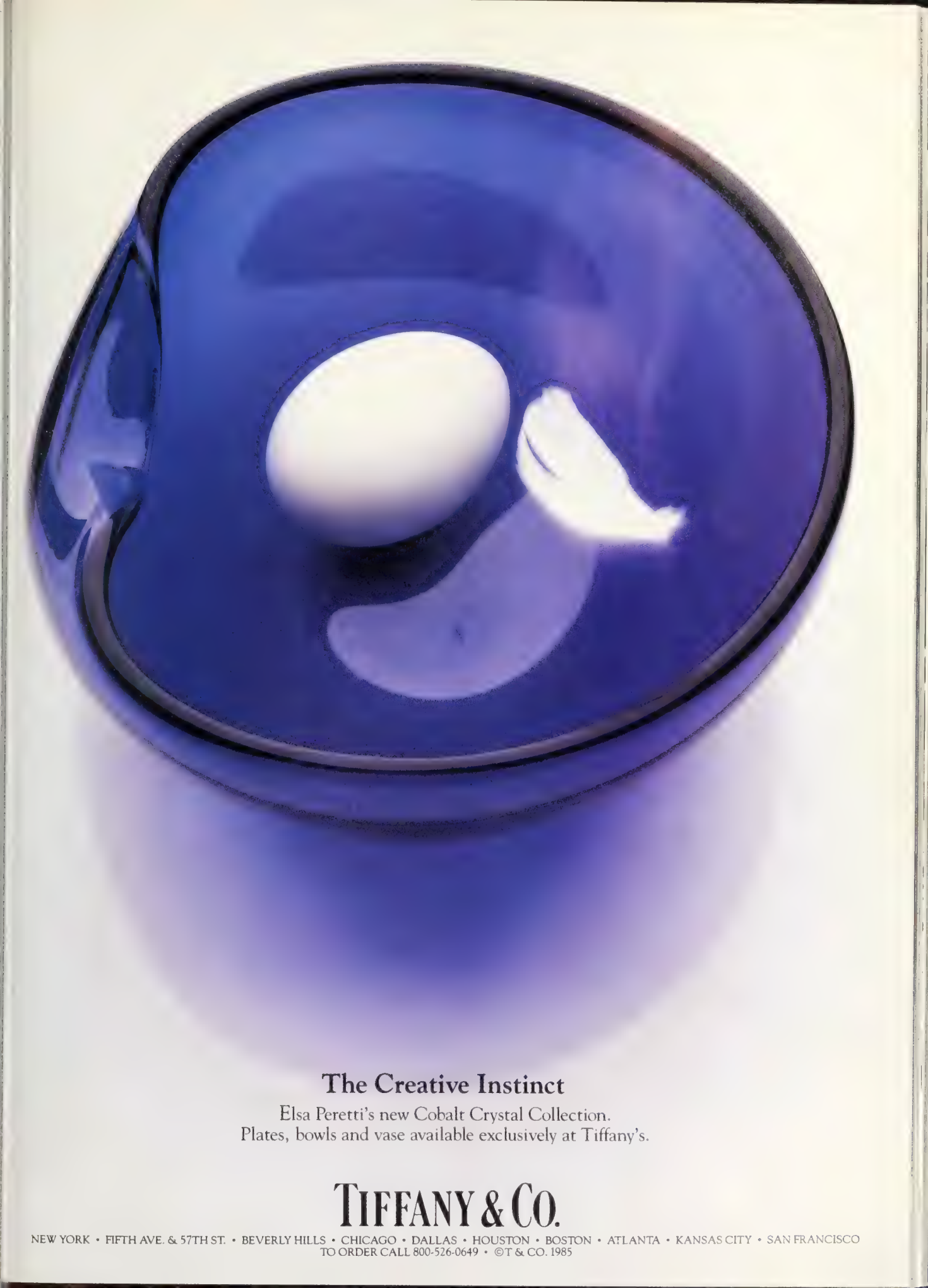
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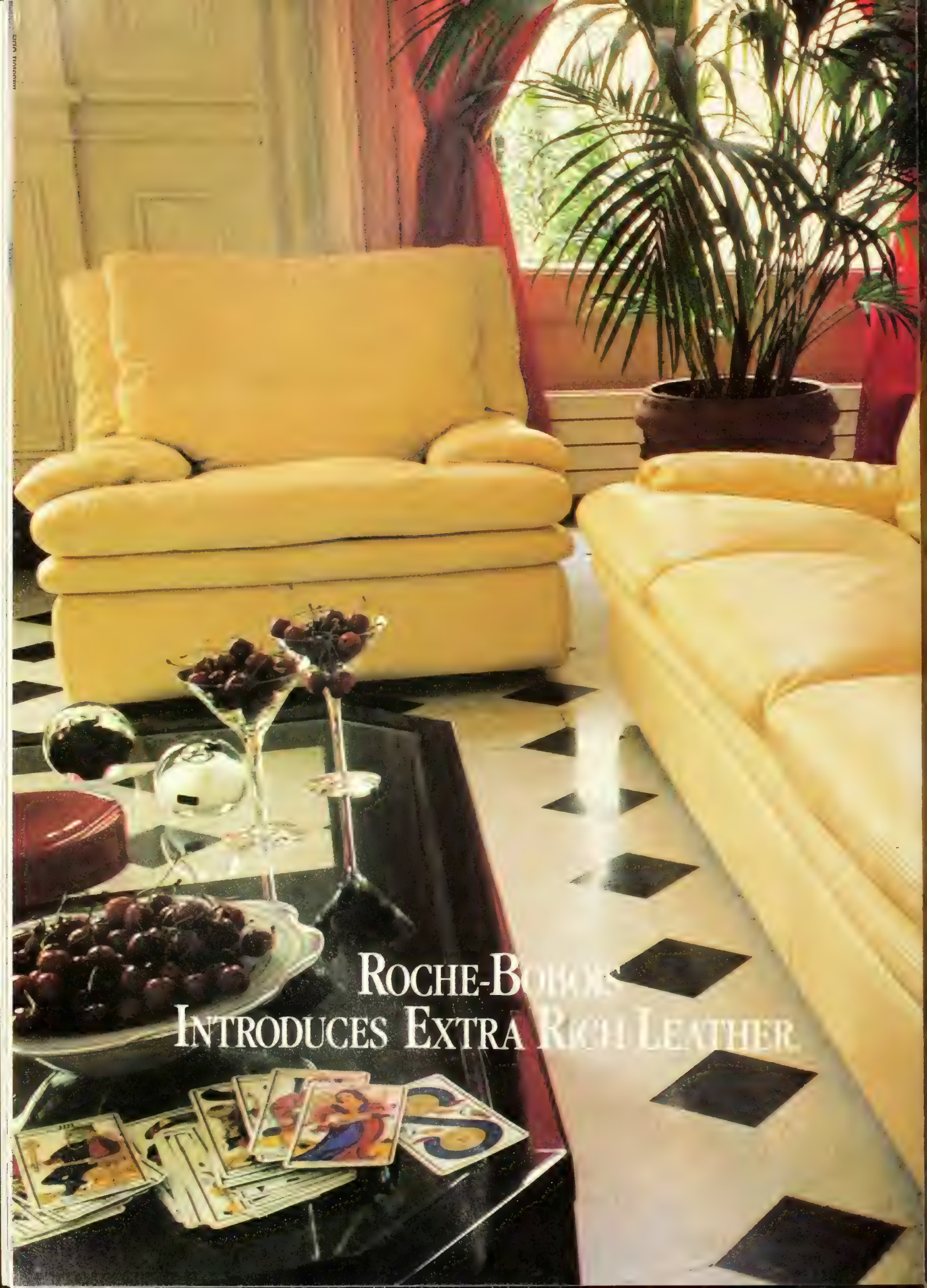


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W.H. Vanderbilt house, and its twin dwelling for Vanderbilt's daughter, Mrs. W.D. Sloan, at Fifth Avenue and 51st Street, far surpassed in luxury and imagination those done for any other patrons. For these, the crowning achievement of his career, Christian Herter was considered architect as well as decorator, although the professional architect J.B. Snook did collaborate with him. Originally to have been executed in marble, the exteriors of the Renaissance-style palazzos were done instead in ordinary brownstone. *Nothing* inside, however, was ordinary.

In the drawing room of W.H. Vanderbilt's house, where every available surface was covered with ornament, life-size knights and ladies painted by Pierre-Victor Galland, bent over a trompe-l'oeil balustrade to survey a carnation-red velvet room furnished with gilded side chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the finest examples of Herter's art. One room in the house was totally Japanesque, recalling in its intricate shelving for porcelains the Peacock Room which Whistler and Jeckyll had designed in England for Frederick Leyland. The library, in which all woodwork including bookcases was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, featured a massive carved table, with the two sides of the terrestrial globe realistically copied in pearl at either end.

Completed around 1881 at a cost of between two to three million dollars, the twin Vanderbilt houses were extensively reviewed and published in both newspapers and books. Ironically, they were to be the last of Herter's major commissions. With a twist of fate rivaling the drama and pathos found in the careers of his clients LeGrand Lockwood and Milton Latham, Herter's work as a decorator ended at the peak of his fame. Retiring from Herter Brothers about the time of the completion of the Vanderbilt houses, Christian returned to Paris to fulfill his dream of being a painter. There he studied with noted artist Jean Paul Laurens until the tuberculosis he had contracted forced his return home to New York. He died in New York in November 1883. He was 43 years old.

Despite his renown during his career, there were those even in his own time who doubted that his work would endure. "Hardly anything that we are making today, in the way of Industrial Art," trumpeted a *Scribner's* editorial in 1873, "will be thought worth preserving for its own sake, by those that are to come after us. No kitchen cup or platter, . . . nor any costliest plate from Tiffany or Howell and James, nor any high priced table or sideboard from Marcotte or Herter, will be a bone of contention between the agents of the British Museums and Louvres of the future, nor will any Cluny Museum in the twenty-second century be formed of the relics of the house-keeping of the nineteenth."

For a century after its publication, this prophecy seemed to be true. The years since 1970 and "19th Century America," however, have witnessed significant change. Today museum-goers can see Herter furniture in major institutions up and down the Eastern seaboard and across the country. In Bowdoin, Maine, one can view a single fine Herter chair; in Atlanta, Georgia, in the High Museum's notable Crawford Collection, a half-dozen pieces of the best work of Herter Brothers. In museums in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, and St. Louis, Herter chairs and cabinets, tables and taborets occupy places of prominence.

Within the next four years two major exhibitions will show Herter furniture. "In Pursuit of Beauty: Americans and the Aesthetic Movement" is scheduled to open at the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum in 1986. In 1988, the Canadian Centre for Architecture will present an exhibition of Thurlow Lodge, the house of Milton Slocum Latham.

The turning of an entire century may be necessary for so complete a reevaluation in taste. "Fatigue makes the cultural engine move," wrote the Brothers Goncourt in the nineteenth century. Today, living in a Post-Modern era which has become wearied by the sameness of the stark interior, we are able to judge the late nineteenth century more fairly than did our fathers who felt constrained to rebel against it. Once more complexity—even contradiction—in design, is not merely acceptable, but challenging. If we are still somewhat overwhelmed by the rooms and houses in their totality, we find the best objects peculiarly fascinating. Perhaps, too, we feel a certain kinship with such a period of endless visual choices. □

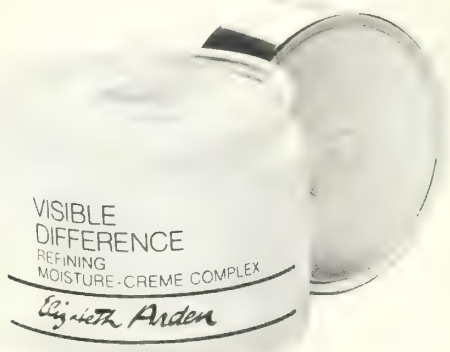


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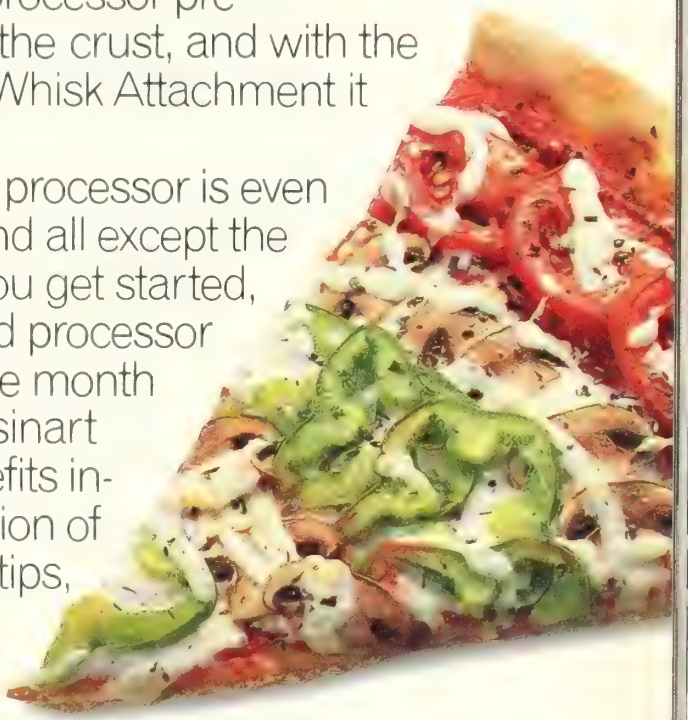
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E. Cordifolia at Monreith.

Many a gardener has been pulled safely through the winter by a good gardening book or two, and possibly the best of all is the recently reprinted masterpiece of that Victorian gardener, William Robinson, whose *English Flower Garden* belongs on every shelf. Reissued by Sagapress, this facsimile reprint continues Ngaere Macray's wonderful project of reissuing the gardening books of William Robinson and Gertrude Jekyll. It is the best of books for those who like gardens but who suspect there are joys unsampled. The 720-page facsimile of the fifteenth edition consists of two parts, a set of impassioned and authoritative essays on what gardening is all about, and a section devoted to hundreds of specific plants, their names updated by the eminent gardening authority Graham Stuart Thomas.

It is hard to believe that before Robinson in ordinary gardens it was unusual to find the daffodil, the iris, rose, phlox, hollyhock, peony, or lily. Gardens of the late Victorian period were too often both garish and dull, consisting of hundreds of tender plants in the most assaulting primary colors, set out each year at great expense to make the rash gazer wipe his eye. Which might not have been quite so awful as it was, except that to provide a few weeks of lobelia, scarlet salvia, and the like in geometrical chunks, the great flowers were banished. Of course, some were too poor to indulge in barbaric nonsense, and kept in their unpretentious plots the anemones and honeysuckles

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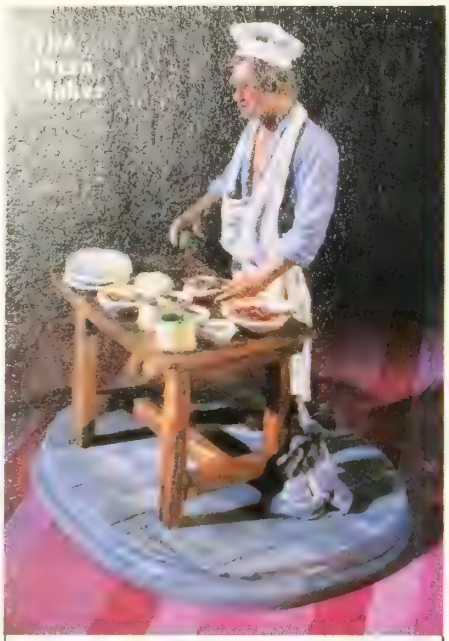
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and foxgloves and all those other dandy favorites of the civilized gardener, and Robinson sounded clarions on behalf of them. It may be too much to say that he and his disciple Gertrude Jekyll alone snatched gardening from triteness and gardeners from boredom, but it is quite true.

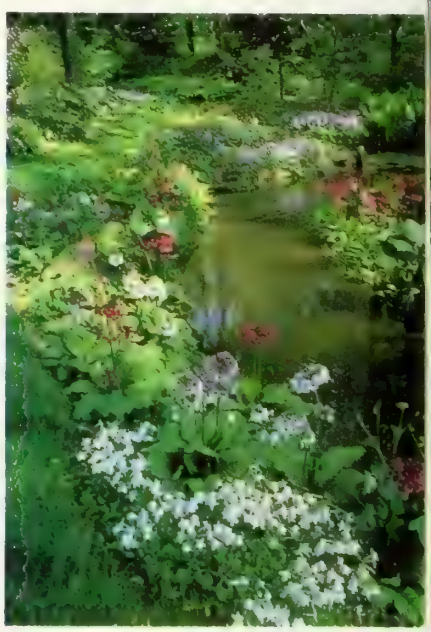
He went a bit far, perhaps, as prophets do, and it may not be really necessary to root up the clipped yews as he did. But on balance, there never was a better gardening writer. His big book, as readable now as it ever was during the decades in which it ran through fifteen editions, has long been out of print, and long treasured by gardeners who have been willing to pay whatever it costs from dealers in old books.

Gravetye Manor is the latest addition to the series of handsomely produced facsimiles from Sagapress. This outsized book details Robinson's first twenty years at the Elizabethan manor he made famous in his garden writings. The original volume appeared in 1911. To some readers this account by a gardener of unparalleled influence will read as a dream. One year Robinson would plant a hundred thousand daffodils, another year he would spread two hundred thousand pounds of masonry for a waterway. He would plant a hillside with exotic hawthorns, he would try the rare new water lilies from France in his pond. Whatever his heart desired his purse said yes. But to other readers it is a reminder of the chancy nature of gardening, perilous even in the most favored circumstances. Voles and rats ate the lilies and the hawthorns failed. Expensive grading and other work done carefully with good workmen often proved unsuccessful and had to be done again. The book is a corrective to the whimpering of modern gardeners who think that in the old days you could really get things done.

The book is a delight to see, with superior paper, beautiful printing, and remarkably reproduced wood engravings. Here you may see Boy, Robinson's terrier, the one that loved to sleep in his treasured violas. There are also some cows, hardly to be recommended as garden ornaments any more than terriers but included because Robinson had firm ideas about what should be in the book.

A great deal of general gardening advice comes across as a bonus in the account of building and planning. It is good to know that Gravetye, now a comfortable small hotel, has been restored along the lines Robinson intended.

More modest in scope and aim is the little *Gardens and Gardeners,* a charming anthology of gardening comments compiled by Elizabeth Seager and sent



Primula and phlox on edge of a Delaware woodland pond.

into the world by the Oxford University Press. I find it fits in an inside jacket pocket and is handy to pull out in traffic jams (when nothing is moving, of course) or on delayed commuter trains. Gilbert White's old tortoise, Timothy, is there—surely he was as ornamental as a geranium, though never strictly in bloom—along with wise words and entertaining ones from such reliables as Bacon, Temple, Fiennes, Gerard, and dozens more.

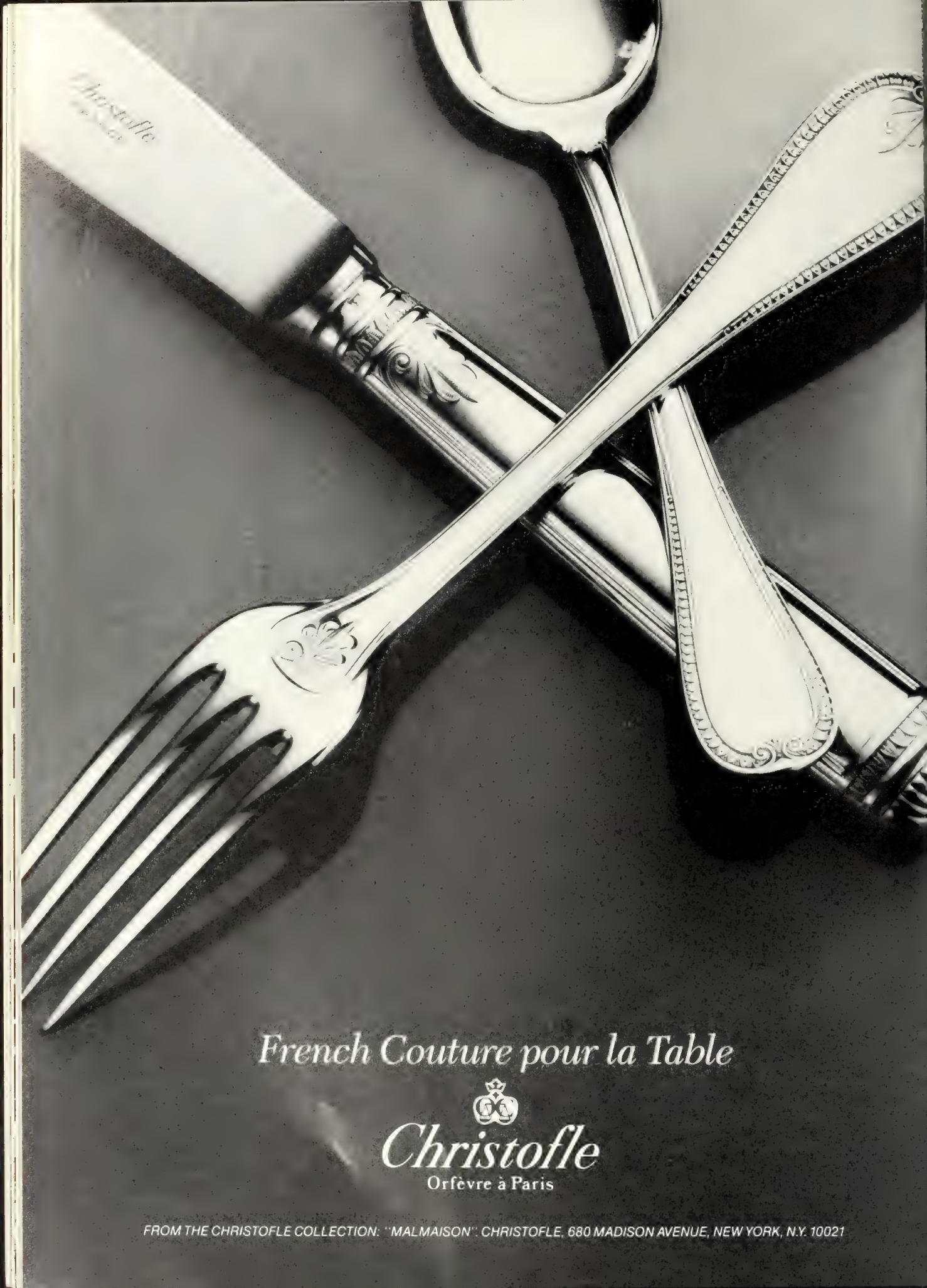
The general and increasing interest in herbs is catered to with *The Herb Garden,* a handbook in the Viking Home Gardening Bookshelf, published in cooperation with The New York Botanical Garden Institute of Urban Horticulture. It is simply written, with quite short chapters on medieval, ancient, Renaissance, and more modern approaches to herbs in the garden, enough to pique a beginner's interest, but not so much as to overwhelm. The photographs which illustrate this book are clear and well

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chosen, and the entries on specific herbs are useful and inviting, even to those who barely distinguish between rosemary and a radish.

The American Woman's Garden by Rosemary Verey and Ellen Samuels is illustrated with color photographs of thirty gardens, some grand and some modest, presided over by an assortment of women whose pride they rightly are. The pictures are not all as sparkling as they might be, but the things they show are mouth-watering, and the women all sound pleasant as well as awesomely energetic. A surprising amount of sculpture turns up, always difficult to photograph and often meant to be seen without the tight frame of the camera.

Another book by Rosemary Verey, *Classic Garden Design,* deals with such garden features as knot gardens, lily pools, topiary, and so forth. The photographs appear to be veiled, the color unnecessarily muted, and the black tending toward midrange grays. There is much information about how to get the effects admired in fine gardens. Whether the gardener is going to like the knot garden or the fountain once he's got it is, of course, up to the gardener. Rock gardens, so commonly terrible looking are dealt with humanely and such approaches as Valerie Finnis's beds for rock plants, made of railroad-track timbers, and small beds consisting of old stone sinks, will appeal to those who are daunted at the prospect of an Alp. Typical of some of the useful details in the book are the directions for covering porcelain sinks with a mixture that weathers to resemble old sandstone.

Graham Stuart Thomas is one of the best-known gardeners of the day, not only for his authoritative books on shrub roses and climbers but as garden consultant to Britain's National Trust properties. *The Art of Planting* is a practical reference work in its tables of plants for particular sites or purposes, but also good reading in its more general chapters on color, style, fragrance, conifers, and, of course, roses, among other topics. Boundaries, hedges, and screens deserve more attention than usually given in books or on the site itself, and here (as everywhere) the author is fully reliable.

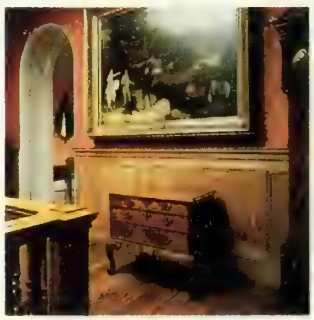
A fine book for the gardener who is sufficiently experienced to know the roots go under the ground and the leaves above, but who is not familiar with the hundreds of kinds of flowers he might grow, *The Concise Encyclopedia of Garden Plants* is just the thing. There are more than two thousand color photographs here, and hardly any gardener will recognize all of them. The text is concise indeed, but gives an excellent idea of the general needs of the flower in question. No such book can be exhaustive, but this one is completely admirable. The main thing to learn in gardening, after all, is not how to grow a particular plant (since by and large all plants prefer to live rather than die, and will exert astonishing efforts to grow) but to know what is worth growing. And this varies, according to the gardener. The great tragedy of gardening is to discover, after perhaps decades of wasted time, an assortment of plants that anybody can grow, or could grow, if only he knew they existed. This, then, is a book of the most valuable kind.

Few books equal Hugh Johnson's *The Principles of Gardening* for the mass of information about making gardens and for the level of taste throughout. Originally published by Mitchell Beazley in 1979 and in hardcover by Simon and Schuster in America, a new soft-cover version has now been published.

In the dismally small gardens that many of us have now—those days are gone in which a "small garden" was one of four acres—a book of trees may seem an anachronism. But man cannot live by tulips alone, and *Hugh Johnson's Encyclopaedia of Trees* is a fine treatment of the subject that is fit for dreams. Any gardener worth the proud name of gardener would grow hundreds of kinds of trees if he only had the space. And even if we have not (I have a glaucous form of the *Cunninghamia* smothered beneath a hodgepodge of less noble plants against a fence) we shall get to heaven, after all, because we yearn for trees we have no space for, which is very similar to loving virtue more than we have.

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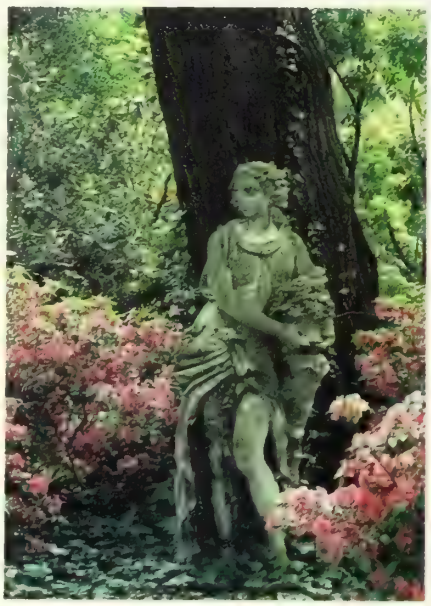
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Only a few days ago I was in a New England garden in which there was nothing but bare ginkgos, old willows, sequoias, and grand fifty-year-old yews, and I felt the sharpest pain that I have no space for broad lawns and yews the size of astronomical observatories. Even the hemlock, a tree I loathe, was beautiful there, where space abounded. But back to Hugh Johnson. His book not only chronicles hundreds of kinds of trees, but contains valuable information on climates in general, and on rates of growth of many kinds of arboreal princes. This book came out several years ago and I acquired it instantly and have loved it since. Here is a new edition, even denser with material and better. It is a classic work every gardener will want.

More ephemeral is *Garden Design,* written by an assortment of gardeners with the publication board of the American Society of Landscape Architects. The section dealing with "Designer's Choice" is the most valuable part. I commend especially the gardens of Luis Barragán, almost the antitheses of any garden I would have since the range of plants in them is so slight; yet they are exactly the gardens that produce the effect I most love, full of serenity, with a monumental grave quality. They remind us again how simple beauty is, or can be, and with what plain elements it can be composed. Turn first to the Barragán gardens. Then browse through all the rest, some of which are poor, not to say hideous, but which serve the purpose of instructional contrast. By studying the pictures and the text, the gardener comes at last to love the one and eschew the other. How much easier that is than wasting decades learning by experience.



Statuary among azaleas in a Locust Valley garden.

Lee Bailey's *Country Flowers* gives a sense of the year moving right along in a bower of contentment and bloom, as day lilies follow irises and so forth; and this book with copious photographs might well inspire the beginner to dig and flourish. It has a homey style and an endearing error or two (*tetraploidy* has to do with the number of chromosomes and nothing to do with the number of petals, for example) but the main thing is the book's contagious enthusiasm. Whenever an author writes of what he has grown and learned, the result is likely to be good; and the sophisticated veneer of rodgersias, veratrums, and kirengeshomas will come in due time.

You may not agree that the only three luxuries of this life are a good supply of hot water, books, and lavatory paper, but they may suggest the down-to-earth nature of *An Axe, a Spade & Ten Acres* by George Courtauld, who has turned his land in southeastern England into a reasonable facsimile of paradise. (If I may ape him, paradise consists of at least two ponds, six dogs, and plenty of boxwood.) He has a friend who could grow marrows "in a sack of coke," and he has the seasoned gardener's sweet disposition even in the face of small disasters: "Even dead larches are useful, as woodpeckers like them." This is the approach we need more of, if we are not to go through the life of a gardener in a snit. Courtauld tells how he divided his few acres into manageable sections, most of them semiwild and full of charm.

The House of Boughs is a source book of garden accessories, but you must not suppose this means spading

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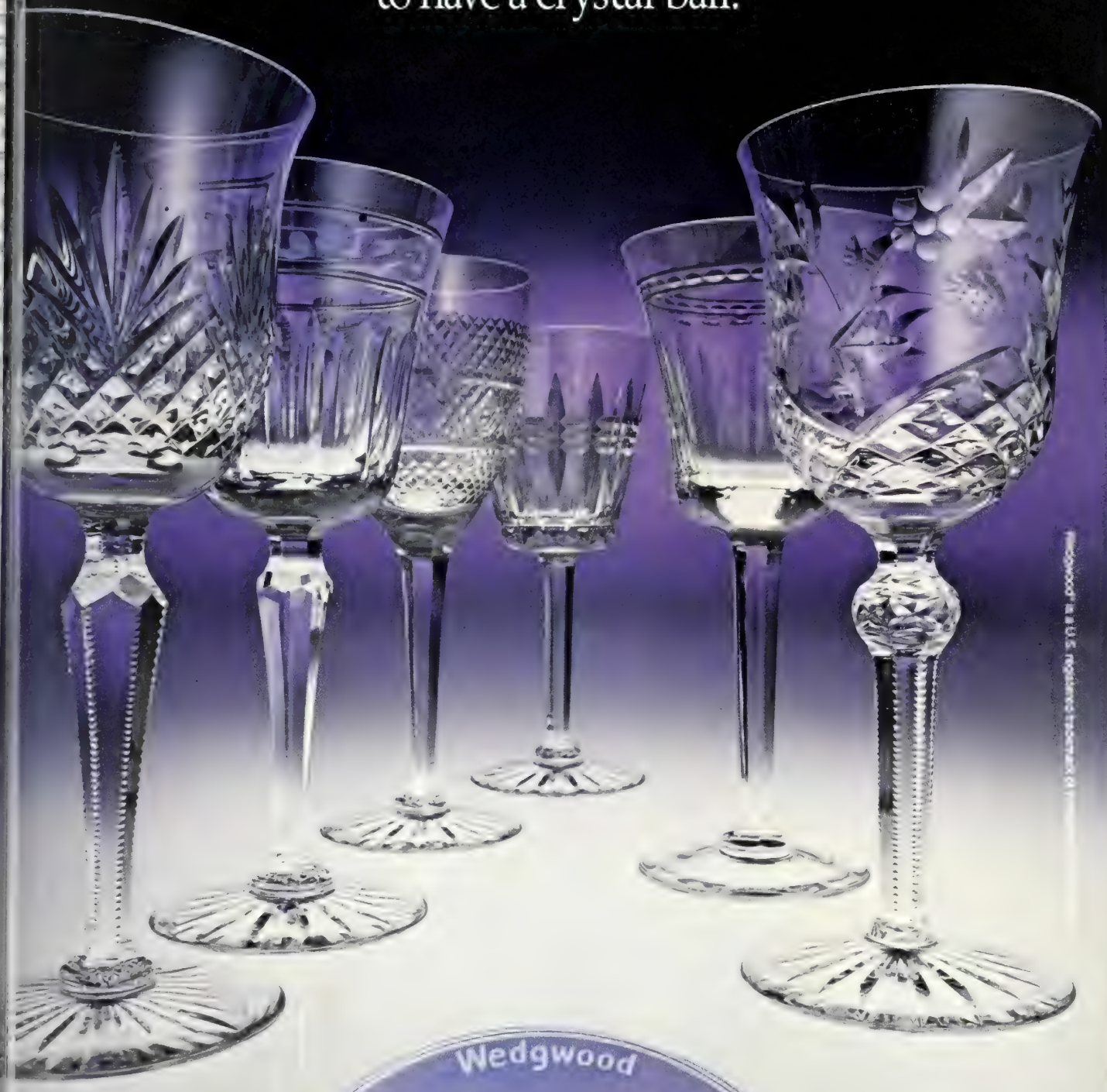
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forks and chemicals. It means designs for benches, alleys, dovecotes, weathercocks, and any number of enchanting gewgaws. The danger, of course, is that the gardener may wish to copy or adapt one of everything and not be able to move through the garden for the clutter, but that would be no fault of the book, would it? I myself justify two weathercocks in my own small garden on the grounds that the wind hits them differently (they rarely point the same direction), and if I thought I could get away with it I'd have a dozen. The same with dovecotes. I knew a gardener in Fairfield who threatened to kill her husband if he persisted in his dream of a cupola on the barn, and I realize not everybody is up to pigeons flying around and eagles and carp spinning into the wind. But surely every gardener will need fences, gates, a summerhouse, and a small pool, all dealt with in reasonable detail. Moreover, most gardeners will want to know just how to design a maze, a parterre, a canal, a pleached archway, and suchlike even if the urge to actually do it is kept firmly under control. Apart from its highly practical nature in directing one's thoughts to some particular project, it is priceless for inspiring fantasy. We may not have a Moorish courtyard with a sort of ablution pool brimming over, and sculpture may be the last thing we need amid the peonies, but it costs nothing to dream. Besides, as these dandy pictures are studied again and again, a surprising number of them will start seeming both possible and necessary.

Built Landscapes: Gardens in the Northeast is a catalogue of a traveling exhibition on landscape design organized by Brattleboro Museum and Art Center and touching on gardens by some famous landscape architects including Beatrix Farrand, Fletcher Steele, James Rose, A.E. Bye, and Dan Kiley. The photographs show the efforts designers have put into devising something fresh. The shaped mounds in a Bye garden are quite handsome, and a small knot garden by Steele is sparkling and highly stylish. An outcrop of stone in a Litchfield garden is handled superbly; the designer left it alone. An advantage to owning such expensively designed gardens as these is that one can travel widely and rarely see anything like them. □

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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson

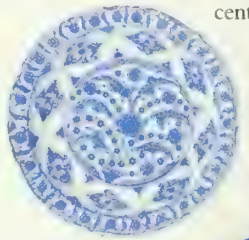




Top: The Blue Room at Ferrières. *Above:* Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild at the Surrealist Ball

■ BARON GUY'S SAGA A great house, as much as a novel or a painting, can sum up the spirit of an era. English noblemen in particular have been aware of this and as successive generations have inherited the stewardship of such houses the head of the family has usually set down in a diary or closely circulated memoir the history of the house in his time. A hearty variation on this practice is the American edition of a French best seller of two summers ago. *The Whims of Fortune* by Baron Guy de Rothschild (Random House) tells, among other things, the story of one of the most important houses in France in the nineteenth century. The Château de Ferrières was begun in 1857 for Baron James by the English architect Sir Joseph Paxton with Rothschild's artistic director Eugene Lami as decorator. We know something of Ferrières's splendor from watercolors Lami did in the 1860s. Painted for Guy de Rothschild's mother, these interiors remain in the family and were partially published in Mario Praz's history of decoration. Virtually the Versailles of the nineteenth century—though Baron Guy's memory of it as a child was of an enormous steamship in a forest rather than a palace—Ferrières set a standard and a style. Its creature comforts as well as the placement of furniture, pictures, and objects of art in a rich, imposing setting have influenced collector tycoons from the Second Empire right through the 1960s, '70s, and '80s. The account that Baron Guy gives is a tale of much more than stewardship. In the late 1950s under the direction of his second wife, the Baroness Marie-Helene, herself a Rothschild, Ferrières came to life again in full Napoleon III splendor for about fifteen years. In the 1970s the Rothschilds gave two parties which pointed to the institutionalizing of Rothschild taste in the twentieth century. The Surrealist Ball caught the spirit of one of the principal artistic impulses of our time, while the Proust Gala evoked the luxurious decadence of the last years of the nineteenth century in which Ferrières played a specific part. The French are traditionally proud of their eighteenth-century heritage. But with the resurgent interest in nineteenth-century taste and the establishment of the Musée d'Orsay in Paris as a museum of nineteenth-century art and decoration, it should be time to establish certain important nineteenth-century houses as house museums. Yet Ferrières, now owned by the government, stands virtually empty and unstaffed though technically open to the public. With the help of the French gov-

Turkish plates, mid 16th century





TURKISH PLATES COURTESY THE BRITISH MUSEUM



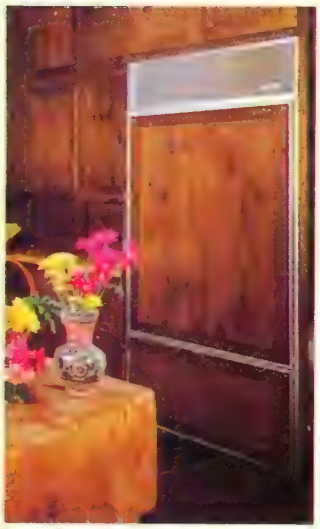
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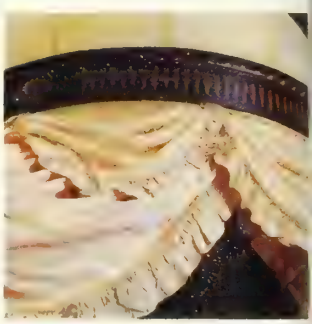
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English Rococo bed from Petworth House, circa 1758. Victoria & Albert Museum, London

ernment and various members of the Rothschild family, Ferrières could become a leading example of an overlooked period. ■ SCRUTABLE STYLE The British Museum, that universal cabinet of treasures of which the Elgin marbles and the Rosetta stone seem to head the list, is currently (until May 5) host to an exhibition that knocks your eyes out while rearranging basic preconceptions. "Chinese Ornament" enlarges immeasurably our understanding of the stylistic origins of Chinese ornament as well as the rightful role of this ornament in the history of architecture. The museum's deputy keeper of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, Jessica Rawson, has assembled Eastern and Western architectural fragments, jugs, manuscript leaves, silver, cloisonné vases, lacquer boxes, mirrors, ceremonial and domestic porcelain from over a 1,500-year period. After reading the catalogue I looked around my apartment at Portuguese wall tiles, French porcelain plates, embroidered eyelet sheets, Art Deco metal work, nineteenth-century stencil borders, carved bedposts and ceiling cornices and realized that very little today doesn't owe a debt to a common design vocabulary that has been evolving since classical times in the Mediterranean and the Near East as well as in China. Mrs. Rawson starts out in ancient Egypt and follows the evolution of the acanthus-leaf border and its soul mate, the half-palmette, as architectural details through the Hellenistic period. With the spread of Hellenistic forms and design to the Near East with the conquests of Alexander and the rise of Buddhism and subsequent Buddhist proselytizing, the little old acanthus and half-palmette made it to China, married up with the lotus and the peony and became something else again. Then with the westward thrust of the Mongol invasion of the thirteenth century all this Chinese-ified Western influence got carried back from China to Iran and Turkey where it emerged in a totally un-Chinese way in designs for carpets, Islamic miniatures, and tiles. And to think that most of us only take up Chinese ornament when it reaches Europe as porcelain and lacquer in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries! Along with proving, by implication, that the design original for a Grueby green glaze pot is a Chinese green-glazed lotus flask from the fifth century and that both English and Dutch delft owe as much to acanthus borders as Chinese motifs, Mrs. Rawson revels in making a point to contemporary architects: the decoration that has been considered extraneous and decadent for the last 75 years actually started out as architectural forms in classical times. For once history rather than technology proves what a small world it is. See the exhibition if you can, or order the catalogue through the 999 Bookshop, New York. What you learn will make it even more rewarding to go to the International Ceramics Fair, June 14–17, at the Dorchester Hotel, London. ■ BEDS AS ARCHITECTURE The rule about remarkable beds such as the two seen on this page is that they belong only in great houses. But as soon as the bed in question is slightly





Adam bed redecorated in the Pompeiian fashion in 1810. Colefax and Fowler, London



Edwardian inkwells

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BED[illegible] RICHARD LAY E[illegible] NEWE[illegible] PETER MA[illegible]

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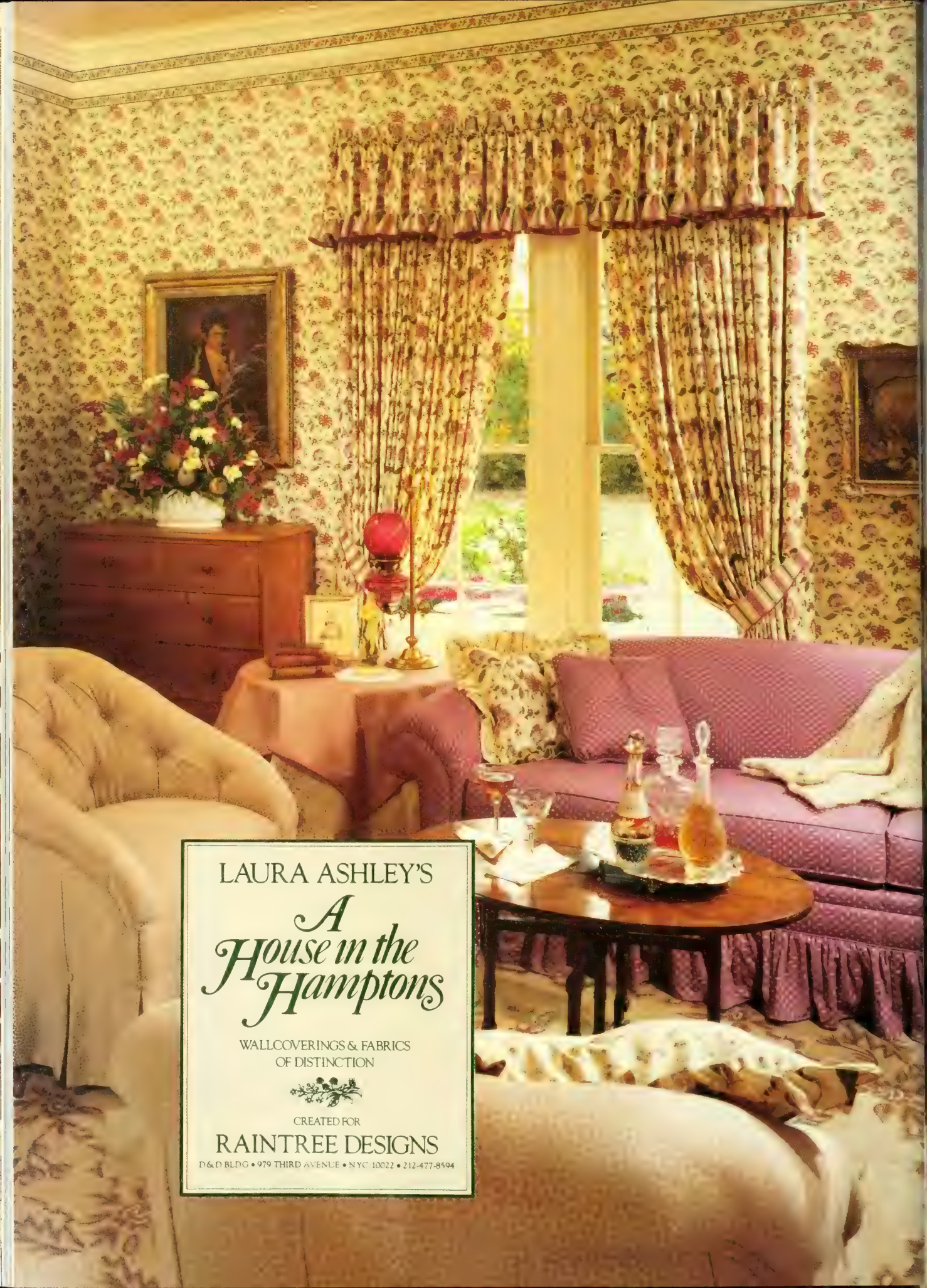
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less magnificent than our examples i becomes the means by which to give contemporary room a feeling of archi tecture. In the 1960s David Hicks tool the all-fabric, boxlike shape of a seven teenth-century state bed in which vel vet and damask curtains were hung from the ceiling itself and made new beds, which he hung with cotton mate rials of his own design. The idea in the seventeenth century was to have a bed that demonstrated its richness entirely through the use of luxurious textiles rather than any virtuosity of its frame. In fact bedposts were usually covered with sheaths of material. In the eigh teenth century bed tops were no longer flat, and increasingly carved, often gilded elements peaked through a tum ble of bed hangings that did anything but hang straight to the floor. There have been plenty of domed beds or *lits à la polonaise* done in the twentieth century whether in imitation of old shapes or by resurrecting the original examples. But recently various nine teenth-century beds with interesting frames—especially metal ones—are being put back into use without the normal curtains to create simple, see-through shapes that give height but no bulk to a bedroom. At the same time several mechanisms have evolved to disguise the immensity of present-day king-sized beds. Almost as architectur al as the houselike effect of a canopy bed is the joining of pairs of carved nineteenth-century beds to make one large one. The key is to find pairs of head- and footboards that aren't too massive. ■ BARKING INK With the increased popularity of Edwardian silver and tortoise-shell dressing-table sets and ivory and bone boxes, the En glish antiques market has begun to produce other charming and little-known Edwardian paraphernalia. Winsome and roguish are the carved mahogany inkwells in the shape of rather woofy-looking dogs that were as appealing to Edwardians as they now are to us. James II in New York makes a specialty of the English variety and warns of their German counterparts, which were usually souvenirs and not well made. The M. H. Stockroom in New York City, as well as Valley House Antiques in Locust Valley on Long Is land, make a point of having good exam ples. □

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ART OF THE EMPIRE

Niall Hobhouse and Giles Eyre helped revive a taste for the visual record of the colonial Far East

By Brooke Hayward



It was until only recently that the subject of "Company" painting in India during the British Raj was as unfamiliar to me as the topography of Antarctica. Like anyone else, I could appreciate a good exotic example of Orientalism, but the historical background of this genre is not as integral an element of the American heritage as it surely is of the British.

So it was with considerable excitement that I set forth on the first leg of my exploration: a meeting with Giles Eyre and Niall Hobhouse, two of the most knowledgeable dealers of the style in question. Their gallery at 39 Duke Street is a study of throw-away elegance. Upstairs muted wall and floor coverings convey the impression of moleskin, or some equally dusky but sumptuous material that might complement the jewellike colors of the paintings and drawings. Downstairs is a cozy library/office, with a large antique mahogany desk, leather chairs, and masterful lighting. In the window on Duke Street, a painting had caught my eye before I entered: a vividly colored seventeenth-century Dutch oil of varieties of tulips flying in every direction away from the center of the canvas. After learning, to my chagrin, that it had just been sold to a well-known American fashion designer, I was taken off on the second leg of my exploration, lunch at the Ritz Hotel.



Niall Hobhouse and Giles Eyre, *top*, in downstairs gallery surrounded by their wares. *Above:* One of their works: a watercolor and gouache of a pineapple by a Cantonese artist, circa 1778, which would sell for about $4,000.

The meal would have taken several hours if we'd merely limited ourselves to pleasantries and the consumption of delicious food, but there was a lot of information to be passed on to me and not a lot of time since I was leaving shortly for New York. Somewhere between the smoked salmon and dessert (mango parfait, appropriately), I was briefed to this effect: for many years, seventeen to be precise, Giles Eyre has specialized in paintings and drawings—from landscapes to portraits—that depict "the British Period" in India. These were done either by European artists who went out to the Far East in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, or by Indian court painters, who, with the collapse of the Mughal Empire, migrated to the new British sphere of influence and had to adapt their very different scale, style, and perspective to please the new Western masters. For the most part, these paintings were commissioned by the East India Company to convey factual information for scientific purposes, and to satisfy a growing curiosity at home about distant lands


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Historicism makes a comeback— was it ever away?





The reconstruction of Colonial Williamsburg is one of the great architectural and decorative feats of our century. Here—in homes, shops, inns, official buildings, a church, even a rare Christopher Wren—is the authentic reincarnation of the look and feel of an 18th Century American town.

Most amazing to the casual viewer is the variety of furnishings and decor that comprise the "Williamsburg style:" works of the most sophisticated English and Continental artisans; and extraordinary developments by new Colonial craftsmen. This exhilarating profusion may account for the vivacity and pertinence of Williamsburg both as a "social museum" and as a modern-day source of decorating ideas.

A few years ago it might have seemed that modern rooms using historic styles were—or should be—"out." To some, "period" was not a nice word. (Possibly "exclamation point" was more what they were after in their rooms.) This attitude may have been an over-reaction to the sort of interiors that sought to recreate total period ensembles—rooms where even the ashtrays had to be Louis Quatorze or else.

But the use of "borrowed" historical moments in every sort of real decorating scheme has been a continuing feature of most well-put-together homes, even the avant garde. Whether the "history" is very personal or sentimental—Aunt Lucy's chair, say—or merely reflects an individual taste or interest in some past style or fashion, what seems new and modern about the current vogue for The Past is its self-assured pluralism. A feeling that, well, really—anything *can* go. So that you find surprising juxtapositions of eras and epochs. Things are now put together that just a few years ago would have been decorating no-no's but that today are met with resounding yes-yes's.

Which brings us back to Williamsburg, where a similar mixing can be discerned. The two Queen Anne chairs shown in the small pictures here are an example. The elegant wing chair is covered in Schumacher's sophisticated *Jones Toile*, reproduced from a 1761 English document; the side chair's seat is covered with a linen-and-cotton *Onion Resist* print, based on a mid-18th Century resist-dyed document. In feeling, these two fabrics are a world apart yet both are authentic *Williamsburg*® reproductions. (And both, incidentally, are among Schumacher's perennial best-sellers.)

The inviting entrance corner of the modern flat shown at right was designed by Sarah Tomerlin Lee and combines *Williamsburg* and an almost casual melange of past eras to supply instant warmth to an otherwise coolly modern space. The unique Federal settee is upholstered in *Floribunda*, a *Williamsburg* floral cotton; the bamboo-striped wallpaper and draperies are *Tsuno*, of Oriental inspiration that provides a perfectly compa ble backdrop. From other eras, the Persia rug, the marble tiles, the drapery trim, th wall accessories, even the divided moldin sandwiching a paper border—all join to d liver a decorating eloquence that seem timeless yet very much "now."



Sarah Lee recalls that on her first visit Colonial Williamsburg as a college studen she was told that the Rockefellers put the money into the restoration of Williamsbu rather than some more famous city because was a sleeping beauty waiting to be broug to life. For designers and decorators, that an attitude that they bring to almost any roo —a place that seems to be waiting for them bring it to life.

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Schumacher's Illustrated Notes on 20th Century Taste. One of a seri



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Between 1777 and 1782, Lady Impey commissioned over two hundred bird paintings

and their flora and fauna. This was also a time in which the making of collections of natural-history specimens (both live and dead) proliferated, stimulated by Linnaeus's invention and publication, in 1735, of the first complete system of botanical classification and nomenclature.

Service in the East India Company was then at the height of its popularity, in particular for the younger sons of privileged and educated families; officers might become patrons of native artists in order to have their daily lives and travels recorded. In the case of Marquess Wellesley or Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice of Bengal, both amateur naturalists, the wish was to have their unique collections of birds, mammals, insects, and plants chronicled. Between 1777 and 1782, a period of just five years, Lady Impey commissioned over two hundred bird and other animal paintings based on her menagerie in Calcutta. It seems we owe Lady Impey a debt of gratitude because she was instrumental in having the Mughal miniature technique—of exquisite observation of detail and texture—adapted to her own sophisticated taste and purposes.

Two hundred years later, in 1974, Niall Hobhouse, whose great passion was Mughal miniatures, became the second half of the Eyre and Hobhouse gallery. In a natural progression of interest, it was Niall who turned his burning eye on Lady Impey's birds, and then became obsessed with the Chinese artists trained by the East India Company in the Treaty Ports of Canton and Macao during the late eighteenth century. The Company had a definite economic motive: it was sending out numbers of botanists to China with the express purpose of identifying plants that could be cultivated in Europe and the West Indies. It was soon realized that because specimens of these fruits and flowers could not survive a four-month ocean voyage without being dried, paintings of them would more vividly show their living shapes, structures, colors, and the conditions of their natural habitat. Despite the most dextrous and exact imitation of Western instructors, however, a distinct Oriental touch, far more ornamental and decorative, remained.

"A collision of cultures!" exclaimed Giles Eyre, sipping his Darjeeling iced tea and meditating on the romance of another century. Consider, for example, a charming footnote preserved by the mid-nineteenth-century paintings of Sheik Muhammed Amir, who came

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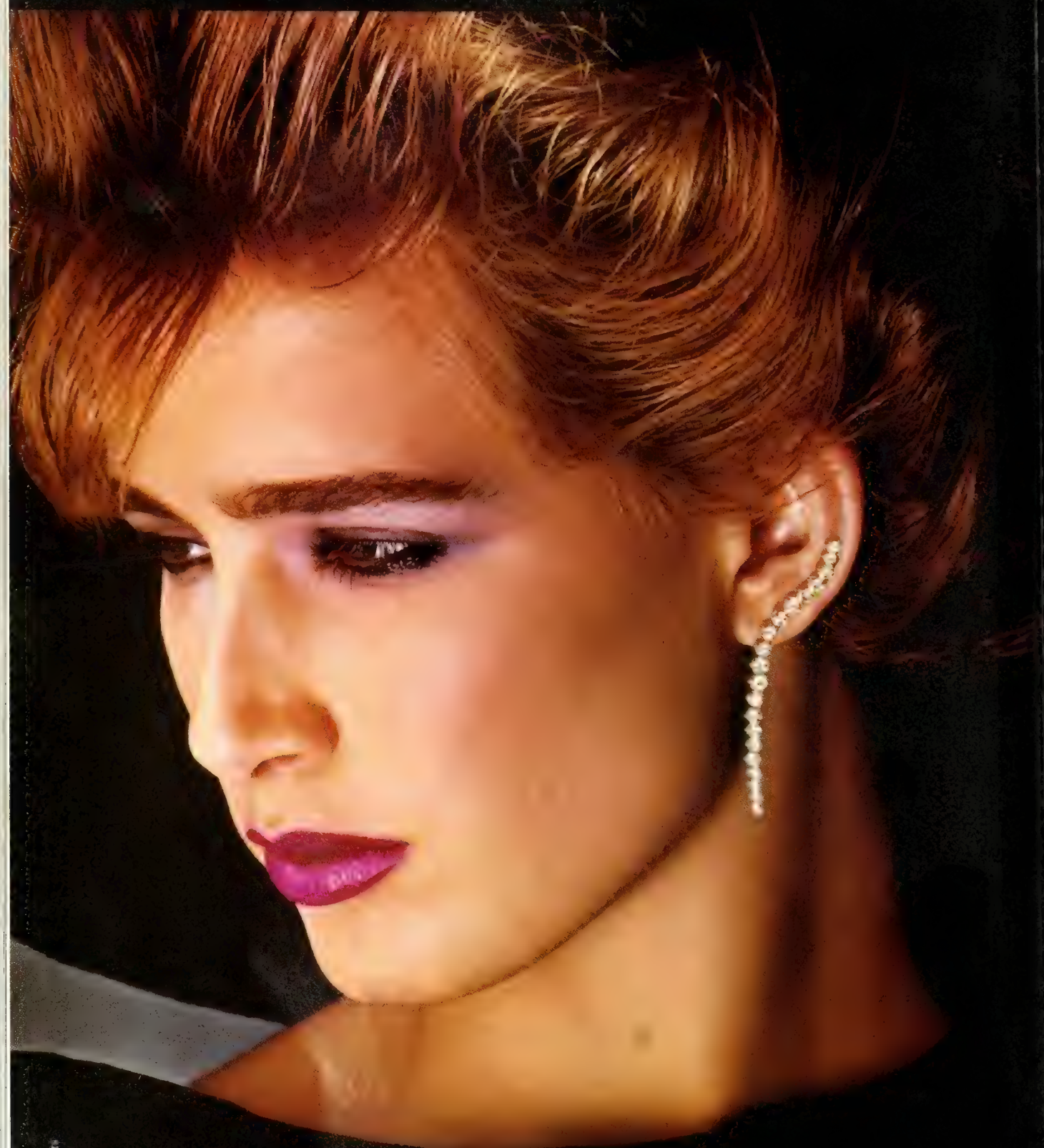
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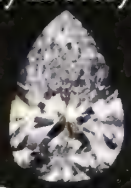


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"Families were purposefully forgetful of their colonial ties"

from a Calcutta suburb; whenever a European patron commissioned him to portray his horses, carriages, houses, or servants, he would do so in a style that as closely as possible resembled that of Stubbs. Or consider the influence, back in England, of the architectural paintings done by Thomas Daniell. London, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, was filled with incomparable portrait and landscape painters, the more privileged of whom wanted nothing more than to dig classic ground in Italy. Daniell, however, chose to go dig classic ground in India. With the exception of William Hodges, Daniell was the first professional European topographical artist ever to have gone to the Far East. In his insatiable quest for Mughal and Hindu monuments, he and his nephew William spent eight years traveling to ruins in the most dangerous and remote parts of India—all the while trying to outdo Hodges. They brought back thousands of drawings to be turned into oils and watercolors, but it was their aquatints for *Oriental Scenery* that seem to have directly influenced Cockerell's designs for Sezincote—the only Mughal country house in Europe, Porden's stables at Brighton, and Nash's designs for the Royal Pavilion, as well as designs for wallpaper, ceramics, and furniture. "Even today," writes Dr. Mildred Archer in her book on the subject, "the popular vision of India still remains that created by *Oriental Scenery*."

"Nowadays," interjected Niall Hobhouse, "it is difficult to convey how extraordinarily unfashionable this material was ten years ago. Very few people bought very imaginatively for very small sums of money."

"It's an odd fact," agreed Giles Eyre, elaborating on the subject of fashion for my benefit, "that whereas English aristocrats are generally proud of their pedigrees and the fame and fortune of their forebears, there was, beginning in the late nineteenth century, a distinct exception with respect to the Nabob side of families. This was not the case with ancestors who were viceroys or governor generals, but true of those who had possibly made money, who had brought back great fortunes after 'shaking the pagoda tree'—that people didn't want to stress in any way."

"But wasn't it to do with a reaction against a Kipling sort of jingoism?" inquired Hobhouse.

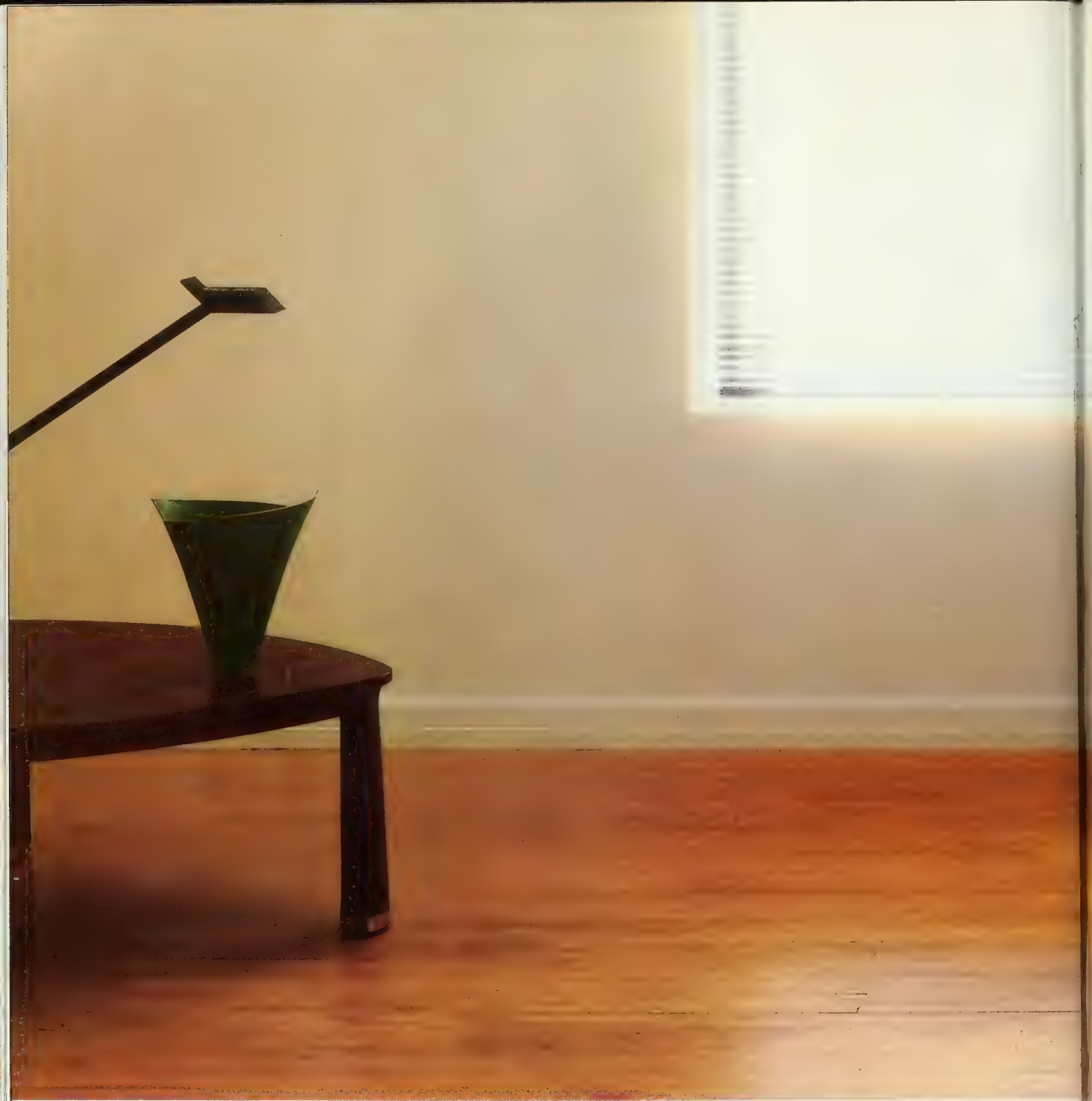
"I think it's deeper than that. I think in the nineteenth century, absurdly, any connotation of 'trade' was prejudicial to a background. Though this was certainly not true in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it did seem to become true after the industrial revolution. For example, when I was a boy, at no stage was there ever any mention of the possibility of Indian connections in my family. I was nineteen years old, it was wartime, and I'd been sent out to India as an officer-cadet, and I still didn't have the slightest idea until my mother wrote me a letter that Christopher Eyre, who was a founder member of the East India Company was the brother of my direct ancestor, Giles Eyre. I don't think my father even knew it. But there's nothing to be ashamed of in my provenance, on the contrary."

"Another of his ancestors was one of the founders of Calcutta," explained Hobhouse mildly.

Niall Hobhouse's background is no less interesting. A significant part of the family fortune was made in the eighteenth-century slave trade between Africa and America. In the nineteenth century, the younger sons in every generation routinely went out to India, often becoming merchants in Calcutta. One of them was governor of Madras in the 1870s, and a great-uncle was on the viceroy's Executive Council. But his grandparents and parents knew nothing and thought nothing about India.

"When we say families were almost purposefully forgetful of their colonial ties," continued Giles Eyre, "remember also that the House of Commons would empty whenever there was a debate on India in the twenties and thirties—literally one or two people left on the benches. And that attitude rubbed off on the collecting of art."

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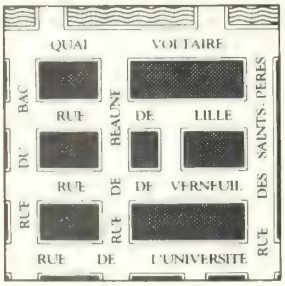
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full circle. In the last decade there has been a ground swell of interest in the Raj again—perhaps just because enough time has elapsed since 1947 (Independence of India). Or perhaps it is due to a series of recent publications (the bibliography on India is now greater than that on Shakespeare), to a series of English television shows (such as *The Jewel in the Crown*), to nostalgia about a way of life that conjures up images of verandas and bungalows, to Jackie Kennedy's much-publicized trip there in 1962 and to her pioneering spirit as a collector—not to mention that of her sister, Lee Radziwill, who hung Indian botanical drawings in her drawing room when nobody else was buying them. For these and whatever other disparate reasons, the subject of Empire is glamorous again. And Eyre and Hobhouse are smiling all the way to the bank. The following transaction might well exemplify their cause for good humor:

A capriccio of all sorts of Indian buildings on one huge canvas was painted by Thomas Daniell for his great Regency patron, Thomas Hope, to hang opposite a capriccio of Classical ruins painted by Panini in a room decorated totally *à l'indienne*. In 1935, that picture was sold at auction by Christie's for three pounds ten shillings. Bought by Agnew's on five-percent commission for the Maharajah of Tagore, it was cleaned and sent out to Calcutta. Surfacing again in England in the sixties, it was bought by Eyre and Hobhouse, and subsequently sold to a client where it hangs in his country house among Titians and Picassos.

I shook my head in wonder, still lost in the magic of another time and place. The greatest of all English landscape painters, J.M.W. Turner, once observed that the key to Daniell's success was that he'd brought back home vistas of places "too distant to visit and too singular to be imagined." Sadly, the India of those paintings no longer exists, and but for those paintings would still be as elusive and inaccessible as it was two hundred years ago. For the moment, however, a minor "collision of cultures" was before us: Giles Eyre's mango parfait—pale pink ice cream ringed by seductive ripe mango slices, which he devoured with such gusto the memory makes me smile even now. □

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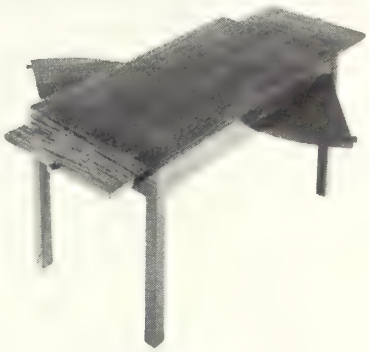
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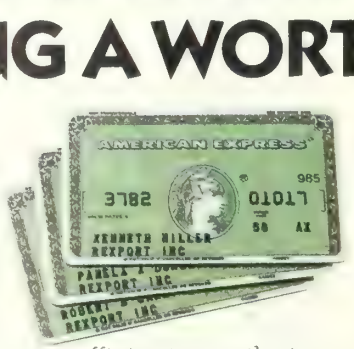
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IN SEARCH OF THE SOUTH

An English novelist's journey to small-town America

By William Boyd

All I knew of America was New York. "Don't judge the rest of America," New Yorkers told me, "by New York." I took them at their word and decided I needed to see somewhere else, but, the question was, where? East, West, North, South, Middle? It should be said that the motives involved were not solely to do with curiosity. I was writing a novel about an Englishman and English attitudes and—perversely, paradoxically—had resolved to set the novel in America, the better to put him and them under real stress. I had my acquaintance with New York but I needed an area of the States to act as a contrast: "Real America" versus New York; small-town life versus the metropolis. Pure whim and simple inclination made me choose the South in the end.



A porch in Tallapoosa

The real aim of my journey was to find a small town—the quintessential small Southern town, I hoped, but the route I evolved was also going to allow me to stay in the larger ones. I planned to travel in a very rough circle that began and ended in Atlanta, taking in on the way Augusta, Charleston, Beaufort, and Savannah. All I wanted to do was gain impressions, as random and as contingent as possible. Guidebook itineraries were happily abandoned. I was going to drive everywhere but would leave the beaten track of the Interstates wherever I felt like it and wander along the back roads looking for my small town.

First stop was Atlanta, but it seemed Atlanta was closed. An hour of finger-numbing telephone calls to some of the biggest hotels in the world failed to secure me a bed for the night. Two massive conventions and the carrying over of the Masters golf tournament (rain sodden were to blame. Eventually, I asked my New York hotel to try (their chain boasted worldwide connections). "Get me anything in or around Atlanta," I beseeched. Half an hour later they delivered. I had a room in a motel in a place called Smyrna. Smyrna, Georgia, wasn't even on the first map I consulted. New York friends reacted with sympathy or horrified concern. *Smyrna?*

As it turned out Smyrna wasn't that bad. Having negotiated the awesome Modernism of Atlanta Airport I hired a car and drove the eighteen miles or so to my destination. Smyrna had a configuration which I came to learn as typical of American townships. It was long and thin. At either end is a riot of shouting plastic signs heralding gas stations, fast-food franchises, and used-car lots. Then there is the town, stretched out along either side of the road, then vast shopping malls, acres of parking lots in front of a squat line of stores, and then back to the gas stations and the industrial parks and the countryside begins.

Smyrna's sole claim to touristic fame is a restaurant called Aunt Fanny's Cabin. It used to be an old slave cabin, but multifarious extensions have turned it into a large, nicely ramshackle sprawl of rooms. The fare is traditional





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ɔn-gourmet Southern: fried chicken, eak, ham, trout, fried squash, macani and cheese. A small black boy ears the menu—painted on a wooden oard—around his neck like a yoke, id wanders from table to table. The aff are all black, the clients white. A ack pianist and singer regale you ith old favorites—"Camptown aces," "Dixie," songs about places, other words—while you eat. The ace was crowded, all the white folks aving a great time. It was my first ght in the South and I was, I must ɔnfess, somewhat incredulous, and ter a while the crowding ironies made e feel uncomfortable, ironies that emed lost, however, on my beaming llow diners. People were making reuests of the singer. Indulging in a little ɔstalgia I asked for "New York, New ork." It did not go down well.



A bit of Charleston

The next day I drove to Augusta. his part of Georgia is curiously remiiscent of bits of Kenya—the same red arth and profusion of smallish, toughɔoking pinelike trees. The first small ɔwn I came to was called Madison. All ıe azaleas were in riotous bloom and ave this already pretty place an even ıore unreal frothy air. There were lenty of elegant ante-bellum houses; ıe lawn outside the post office was crupulously manicured; in the drugtore was a zinc-covered bar and a soda ɔuntain.

To the average moviegoing, TV-watching Briton large segments of American life have an uncanny familiarity—of the *déjà vu* variety—so enormous is our ingestion of American popular culture. And everything about Madison so conformed to images of the South (even down to the sign on a shop door: CLOSED SUNDAY, SEE YOU IN CHURCH) that innumerable films and TV series had implanted there. I liked what I saw, but it held no surprises.

A few miles further down the same road I stopped in Crawfordville, a slightly less well-tended, run-down version of Madison. I visited a small museum and came face to face with the Civil War. I think it's fair to say that the various display cases and tableaux the museum boasted amounted to nothing more than heartfelt Confederate propaganda: gallant Southern boys heroically battling against faceless Yankee hordes. The two charming and loquacious museum guides engaged me in an hour-long conversation—I was the sole visitor, foreign, and the first of the season. They initiated a suspicion that was later confirmed, namely that the Civil War occupies a major and potent place in the Southern folk memory—as if it had taken place only a decade ago. Sherman's march to the sea is still spoken of in terms of genuine outrage. The Civil War memory seems to be more alive than, say, memories of the 1940 blitz are to Londoners, or even the 1968 Nigerian civil war are to the Nigerians. It wasn't only in Crawfordville that I was reminded of this. A young barman in Savannah leaned conspiratorially over the bar during a discussion about the South and said meaningfully, "It all started here, you know." In Jackson, Georgia, I saw what I took to be a well-tended war memorial. Every English village possesses one of these, commemorating the dead of two world wars. But Jackson's gleaming statue celebrated "Our Confederate Heroes."

In Augusta I stayed in a reconstructed ante-bellum frame house. Parts of the colonial section of the town have been expertly renovated, but the conservation is strangely piecemeal. Turn a corner and you come across an ante-bellum slum—mean and decrepit, with sagging porches and spavined balustrades, tattered drapes in the windows.



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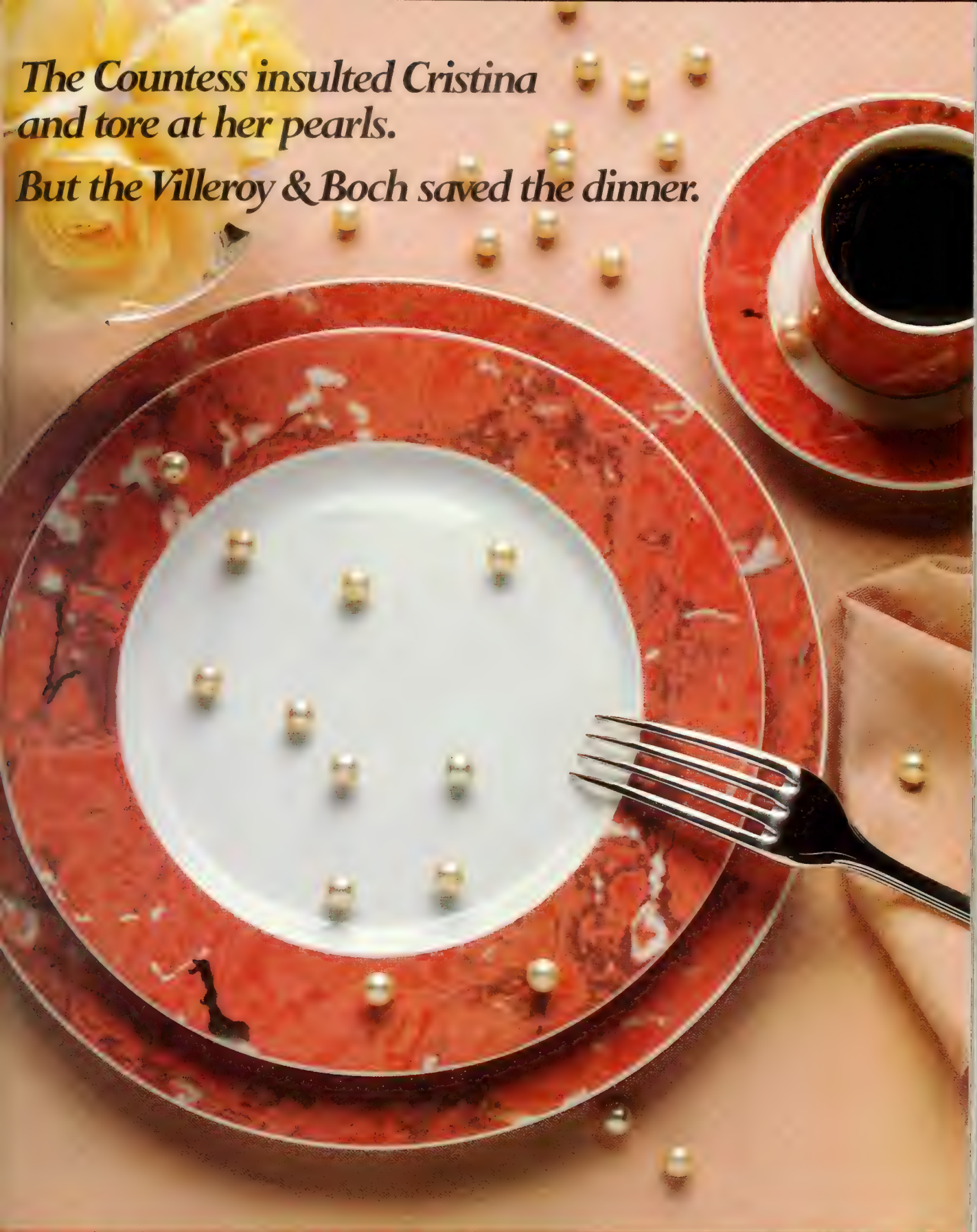
Conservation in Charleston, howe
er, has been much more thoroughg
ing. Standing on the Battery wa
almost like being on the promenac
of a Mediterranean city—Nice c
Cannes. It's an illusion encouraged b
the combination of the sea, the pal
trees, and the strong classical lines c
the fine homes. That section c
Charleston that backs onto the Batter
is the most beautiful of the historic a
eas of American cities I have seen, i
cluding New Orleans and Savannal
but I don't like what's happened to th
old market. Something similar has hap
pened to Covent Garden in Londor
The old fruit market has been conver
ed into a home for boutiques, win
bars, and second-rate gimmick
restaurants (crepes, wholefood, pseu
do New York deli). The same sort c
homogenous up-market touristic glos
is evident in Charleston. The Batter
may be impossibly spick-and-span, bu
it was a genuine dignity beside the cras
coziness of the market.

Around about this stage in the jour
ney the sun gave way to rain. Beaufor
disappointed me—perhaps it was th
weather—it had the apathy and glum
ness I associate with out-of-seasor
English seaside resorts. I spent tw
days in Savannah, which I liked enor
mously, but the rain tended to keep m
in the bars and off the streets.

That had its own beneficial side ef
fects. The first words I spoke, "Could
have a Budweiser, please?" usually ini
tiated a "How come you all speak s
funny?" and a subsequent conversa
tion. That was all grist to the mill: I wa
not sightseeing after all, I told myself i
compensation, I was doing research.

On the way back to Atlanta
stopped in other small towns. Soon
had quite a portfolio—Smyrna, Bam
berg, Denmark, Madison, Crawford
ville, Smoaks, Apalachee, Walnu
Grove, Tyrone. I stopped long enough
to poke around, take some photo
graphs, and have a bite to eat. But in
way the towns disappointed me. The
were either too perfect—porches
rocking chairs, coruscating flowers—
or else drab and banal, lacking any *fris*
son or atmosphere, and I began t
wonder if my ideal small town woul
have to be an imaginative conflation o
all these others.

But there had been, from the outse
of my journey, one town in particula



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that I wanted to go to. It was Tallapoosa, Georgia. I'd known about Tallapoosa for many years, ever since I had read Wallace Stevens's poem *Stars at Tallapoosa*. The poem, typically opaque yet beautifully evocative, tells you nothing specific about the place but had conjured up in me the illusion of it being the perfect small town. I had found no room in my itinerary because it lay too far west of Atlanta on the Alabama border. However, on my final day, discovering I had time to spare I decided to make the detour.

"The lines are straight and swift between the stars" is the first line of Stevens's poem, but I arrived in Tallapoosa around midday. On either side of the road were small wooden bungalows with porches carrying the usual freight of azaleas. At first it all looked too pretty. Then there was a grain silo and the houses seemed to fall away as the road climbed quite steeply. Then you hit the brow of the hill and it turns into Main Street.

The road is straight. For a hundred yards it runs alongside railway tracks. A railroad running smack through the center of town; freight trains passing cars in the main street. It looked very strange. I parked the car and got ou Across the tracks was a wide ta macked area that fronted a mode mall of shops. Black cable power line that ubiquitous feature of all America townscapes, looped haphazardly her and there. On the other side of the roa were lanes leading to more shops: Ta lapoosa auto, Tallapoosa home center Tallapoosa seed merchants. The nam was everywhere, claimed by almost ev ery shop and business.





Two views of Tallapoosa. *Top:* In town and, *above,* fretwork and azaleas.

The sun—the weather had change again—spangled off the railway track and off the windscreens of the cars an pickups parked in the mall. Occasion ally a car roared through on the way t Bremen down the road, but it was ger erally very quiet. The town sat low an squat beneath the sun, the pavement were cracked and the weeds sprute freely from the cracks. The fat car stood squarely on their patches o shadow.

I followed the sidewalk to its end Beyond that there were some sheds, gas station, and an auto shop. Beyon them stretched Alabama and a whol dry county. I went into a dark bar an had a drink. Surprisingly, and for th first time in the South, nobody talke to me. The bar was busy and a lot of th men were quite drunk. Nobod showed the slightest curiosity abou this stranger in their midst. I finishe my beer and went outside. The tow seemed stuck in its hot midday stupor Where was everybody, I wondered But I felt no foreboding, only a sense o relief and pleasure.

Tallapoosa was typical. A tawdr and down-at-heel small town in th middle of nowhere, and yet here, unde niably but uncomprehendingly, I ha found the very *frisson* I was after. The atmosphere was composed of a kind o brazenness, a self-confidence mani fested in the constant reiteration of it name. Tallapoosa this, Tallapoos that. Perhaps it was the name alon that had attracted Wallace Stevens. Af ter all it possessed an evocativeness i his poem that had lured me here, an perhaps there was some incantation i its utterance that infected the citizen and the environment. Soaking it up wandered happily around the hot tran quil town for a while longer, snapping photographs covertly. I didn't stay t see the stars at Tallapoosa. I left for At lanta long before night fell. I had found what I had come for. □



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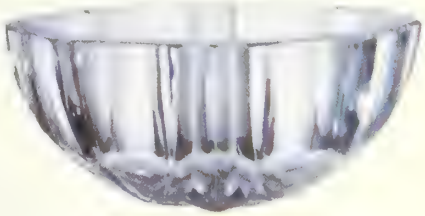
RIGHT:
1 liter plastic thermos designed by Erik Magnussen (Denmark).

BELOW:
The Chaise designed by Alvar Aalto in 1936. (Finland)



TOP:
Natural beech with rope chair designed by Hans Wegner, 1950. (Denmark)

BELOW:
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IN THE SHADOW OF THE SUN KING

Atget's photographs of *ancien régime* palaces and gardens at MOMA

By Louis Auchincloss



Versailles, parc, 1902

Eugène Atget approached photography from other arts, after trying his hand in the theater and at painting. It was not until 1897, at the age of forty, that he made the decision to devote his life to extracting by camera the essences of streets and gardens in Paris and its suburbs, isolating these as much as possible from the human beings who both used and misused them. He spent the next three decades as a rather truculent hermit, heedless of praise or dispraise, essentially indifferent to the fame and money that never came. To support himself he made photographs for artists' use and others for municipal archives, but William Howard Adams has suggested that he re-created his parks and gardens for himself alone, that they had for him a compelling attraction that placed him outside of his bread-and-butter subjects. Adams surmises that they may have represented to him what the American landscape had held for Walt Whitman when he referred to "the large, *unconscious* scenery of my native land."

The Versailles and St. Cloud of Atget seem even more than three centuries removed from the day of the Sun King that saw the advent of their terraced gardens, their lonely pavilions,

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St. Cloud, 1924

their broad, reflecting pools. Gone are the red tapping heels, the high-piled *perruques,* the rouge, the lace, the swagger, pomp and circumstance of the most splendid of European courts. Gone also are the hubbub and the odious smells. All is quiet now; all is serene sunlight on old pink marble, and leaves strewn on furrowed steps, and moldering statues of gods and goddesses, of lions and dolphins, and of other noble beasts. We seem to catch, from the alabaster sky or from the rich blackness of the foliage of the surrounding woods, the faint echo of a muffled drum or the muted shriek of a trumpet, ghostly emanations of departed glory. Atget evoked the spirit of *Vieille France* by catching in their beautiful decay palace grounds whose creation was of the essence of the spirit of the era.

André Le Nôtre designed the gardens of Versailles as an integral part of his royal patron's architectural plan to establish his palace as the capitol of France, the center of civilized Christendom. In all directions, emanating from the royal bedchamber that was the source of executive power as well as of the Bourbon line—like rays of the star from which the monarch took his name—promenades and alleys stretched out to be intersected by others and to divide the natural landscape into geometric units whose surfaces could be cut and pruned and seeded and cultivated, until it seemed that the whole of the "Island of France" would be subdued to a garden that would carry to the horizons the *gloire* of its monarch. What we see in Atget's prints is the epilogue to this grand idea, an elegy to departed splendor, a comment, perhaps ironic, on the transiency of glory, a kind of *Ozymandias* in black and white.

Atget had a keen appreciation of the artistic genius of Le Nôtre and tried to illustrate in his plates just how the great designer managed to weave the countryside into his alleys and waterways so as to create a seemingly ordered world. The concept was to some extent shared by the principal architect of the palace, Mansart, but it is more effectively implemented in the gardens than in the interiors. The massive gilt, the ornate panels of the state chambers seem pompous, even pretentious, in an old age that has become a kind of senility, whereas the trees and water outside were as young in Atget's day as they had been in that of Le Nôtre. The cold light against the marble of terraces, the blackness of the shadows, the abandoned, "lost" air of the poor old gods and goddesses, combine to make a picture that is at once sharply delineated and softly melancholy.

Atget photographed his parks in spring and summer as well as the colder months, but one feels that he preferred the latter, which were more suited to his mood of nostalgia. In this he was anticipated by a great novelist. The young Henry James, under contract with the *New York Tribune* for articles on Paris, visited Versailles in the winter of 1876 to report on proceedings of the French Senate, then convened in the theater of the palace. He took long strolls in the park and waxed elegiac about what he saw: "All deserted palaces and gardens should be seen in the chill and leafless season. Then nature seems to give them up to your sympathy, and they appear to take you

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to their confidence. The long, misty leys and vistas were covered with a rt of brown and violet bloom which a ıinter would have loved to repro- ıce, but which a poor proser can only ink of and sigh. As it melts away in e fringe of the gray tree tops, or deep- ıs in the recesses of the narrowing av- ıues, it is the most charming thing in ıe world. All of the old Hebes and loras and Neptunes were exposing ıeir sallow nudities as if in compli- ent to the clemency of the weather. here is nowhere else, surely, such a re- undancy of more or less chiseled mar- le: it is a forest of statues as well as ees."

It may be relevant to note that when ımes, thirty years later, chose a pho- ıgrapher to illustrate the definitive dition of his collected works, it was lvin Coburn, the closest of any con- ımporary photographer to the spirit f Atget. □

he Museum of Modern Art's four-part exhibi- on "The Work of Atget" coincides with its ublication of four companion clothbound ooks by John Szarkowski and Maria Morris lambourg (New York Graphic Society/Little, rown). The exhibition's third and fourth arts—"The Ancien Régime" and "Modern imes"—are on view at MOMA in New York hrough May 14. "The Ancien Régime" then ravels to The Saint Louis Art Museum and The lontreal Museum of Fine Arts. "Modern imes" will travel to The Minneapolis Insti- ute of Arts and, in 1986, The Detroit Institute f Arts and Washington, D.C.'s Corcoran Gal- ry of Art.

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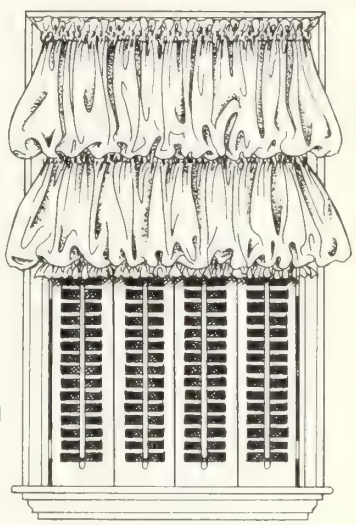
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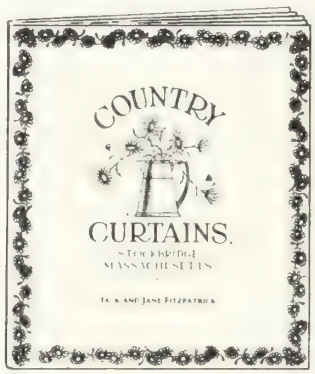
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NO SET STYLE

Tony Walton is in constant demand because his film and theater designs reflect the work at hand, not his own personality

By Suzanne Stephens



Above: Tony Walton, wearing his uniform of dark slacks and jacket, on his set for the filmed version of *Death of a Salesman. Below:* A model indicates key elements of the cluster of sets built on the film stage at Astoria.

"Rather than impose my taste, I try to see through the eyes of the director and the playwright," Tony Walton quietly explains as he ambles through the sets of the filmed-for-television version of *Death of a Salesman.* Walton, considered one of the top U.S. scenic designers for stage and screen, has seen through the eyes of a wide range of directors, including Mike Nichols, Sidney Lumet, Bob Fosse, and Ken Russell. There is no particular Walton "look": he has conjured up the goofily fantastic settings and costumes for the movie *The Wiz* and established the period elegance for *Murder on the Orient Express,* fabricated the seedy L.A. movie-biz hangout in the current Broadway production of *Hurlyburly* and forged a stagy realism in the play *The Real Thing.* Most recently Walton constructed a Pop-sculptural revolving cascade of giant 45 rpm record disks as the centerpiece set for *Leader of the Pack,* the ebullient sixties musical that opened in March on Broadway.

At the same time Walton was working out revolves and reflections for that pulsating pageant of Ellie Greenwich's rock-and-roll hits, he was involved with a project of quite different scope in his realistically arty sets for *Death of a Salesman,* scheduled to be aired by CBS sometime this month. Much of the cast from the 1984 Broadway revival is the same, including Dustin Hoffman, Kate Reid, and John Malkovitch. But executive producers Arthur Miller, who wrote the Pulitzer Prize–winning drama, and Hoffman, who plays Willy Loman, decided early on they did not want simply to film the Broadway staging. Neither did Miller want to repeat the experience of the movie *Salesman* made in 1951 with Fredric March, where each scene, including the nostalgic reenactments of the past moments that take place in Willy's mind, was depicted realistically.



Walton was brought in by director Volker Schlöndorff (of the much acclaimed *The Tin Drum* and the not-so well-acclaimed *Swann in Love*) to arrive at a design concept that could bridge the two mediums. They decided they needed a flavor of the "real" spiced up with the "surreal," a sensibility that could be transmitted to the film not only by the set design but also through the tightly framed camera work of German cinematographer Michael Ballhaus.

It may strike some observers as bizarre that one of the most quintessentially American dramas of the twentieth century is being directed and filmed by Germans and designed by an expatriate Englishman, but Walton disagrees. A resident of the U.S. since 1956, and married to an American writer, Gen LeRoy, Walton naturally feels immersed in local customs. His keen eye for the icons of American taste has been evident for fourteen months now in his set design for *Hurlyburly,* David Rabe's play of four macho movie



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types leading a fairly coked-up existence high in the hills above L.A. Walton designed a two-story living room meant to suggest part of a guest house on some run-down estate—and in it placed an assortment of sixties artsy-craftsy pieces and other kitsch objects, such as a tree-trunk slab as a coffee table and a grotesquely large lamp with a fur shade. Cork tiles and a mustard color scheme, along with sea shells and flamingo ashtrays, add to the ambience. "Nothing is worth anything in these transient lives, except for the television and the VCR," Walton explains—as if he had to.

This sensibility for ferreting out the visual nuances crucial to the development of the dramatic action and capsulizing a certain sociology of time and place belies the fact that the designer's first U.S. production was an English drawing room setting. Walton remarks about the 1957 production of Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece:* "That was my Regency period," adding that he broke away from that look shortly thereafter for fear of being typecast.

But his career shows that Walton is hardly in danger of being typecast. Part of his attractiveness to movie and play directors is that lack of a definite image: "When nobody knows who to go to, they come to me," he jokingly theorizes. But he adds, "Design should be supportive rather than combative—meaning it must serve visual and dramatic needs, not just the particular style of the designer." Some might fear this approach would produce work that is too low-key. However, low-key is clearly not the word to describe Walton's very theatrical sets: the 1975 *Bette Midler's Clams on the Half Shell Revue* had Midler crooning "Lullabye of Broadway" while nestling in the purple palm of a King Kong, who himself was wrapped around a Chrysler-esque Building (rather than a version of the Empire State). *Clams* needed a sense of surprise going from one number to another, and Walton brought this off through a series of unconnected loony sequences and curious juxtapositions of differently scaled objects—including a mammoth jukebox that opened up to display Lionel Hampton and his band jiving on a stack of records while Midler belted from a spinning turntable above.

Walton's penchant for large-scale objects that split apart to allow new configurations to emerge shows up in several of his set designs, including the one he did for San Francisco Ballet's *The Tempest,* where the ship cracks open to reveal Prospero's island. One could speculate that this motif provides an appropriate metaphor for Walton's own working methods, in which he is constantly trying to open up the heads of the directors and playwrights he works with to let "a new idea take hold." Certain comments or suggestions may trigger thoughts, and soon after Walton begins sketching out rough ideas for sets and—with films—supervising the scouting for locations. The nature of the work process naturally changes depending on the director's own style. Walton finds that Bob Fosse has an "extraordinary sense of showmanship, combined with a feel for film imagery," so his conceptualization of the visual images is quite different from, say, Sidney Lumet, "who likes to analyze the intentions behind the scene—working with the gut and the intellect." Mike Nichols's thinking, Walton finds, reflects a "blend of ideas and intuition, plus an equally strong interest in what the production looks like." Nichols, who is now working with Walton on the movie version of Nora Ephron's *Heartburn,* comments about his long-term collaborator: "Tony is the only designer I know who adds to his extraordinary visual gifts the dedication that makes him a member of the company. He comes to know the play as well as the author or director, and his contribution is often equally as important."

For *Death of a Salesman,* to re-create Willy Loman's unprepossessing turn-of-the-century wood house that is gradually being swallowed by anonymous brick apartment construction, Walton and art director John Kasarda combed the environs of New York, taking photographs of houses and porches, gable roofs, doorjambs, bay windows, and even documenting the way the paint peeled and cracked. Set decorator Robert Franco located parts and pieces of houses and buildings from salvaging companies. Then scenic artist Dick Ventri saw that they were properly aged and melded into construction emulating clapboard, shingles, and trim encrusted with a seedy patina of peeling paint.

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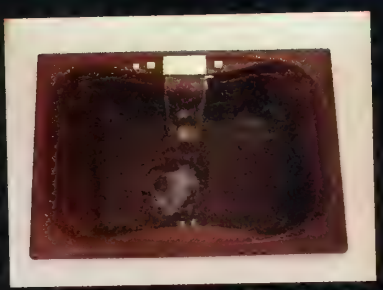
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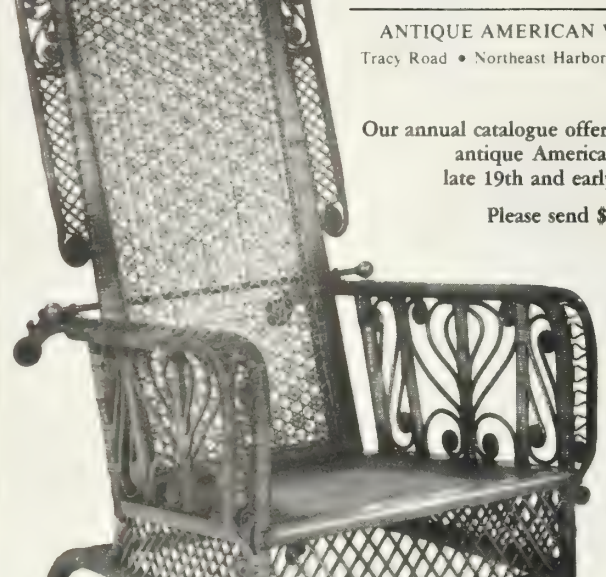
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Despite the verisimilitude, chunk of the sets are severed from each othe in the Loman kitchen, four yawnin gaps occur between parts of the stanc ing walls and the doorframe. "W wanted a fragmented look—a disloca ed sense of reality that will reinforc the sense of dislocation Willy Loman experiencing in his mind," Walton ex plains, pointing out that Arthu Miller's original title for the play wa *The Inside of His Head.*

Walton also paged through ol copies of *Life* and *The Saturday Eve ning Post* in his search for the visual nu ances crucial to the development of th dramatic action. Not surprisingly Nor man Rockwell's folksy covers acted a virtual catalogues to furnishings typ cal of not-quite-out-of-the-Depressio America. Walton sifted through book of paintings by Edward Hopper an Ben Shahn as well, struck by the way i which these artists conveyed the psy chic states of Miller's characters. Inter estingly enough, the overall imagery o the set shows the more recent influenc of sculpture by George Segal. "Segal' contemporary use of specificall American objects provided a funnel o immediacy through which we could fil ter the period elements of the play, Walton explains. In scouting furnish ings for the play, Walton adds, "W were looking for images that are rooted in a classical American memory—dis tilled images that, with luck, don' draw attention to themselves, but es tablish the environment in a lean way." Such emblems include a Mission-style bench used in Uncle Charley's office that is straight out of a Rockwell cover The Victorian mirror in the Loman hallway is not so unlike one in a George Segal piece, as is the Art Deco–style bed in the hotel room.

While the starkly black-and-white kitchen anchors the film visually, else where the rooms are drenched in monochromatic hues—deeply saturat ed burgundy, lavender, yellow, deep blue, and blood red—reminiscent of Edward Hopper's work. "Volker wanted to make a brave statement," Walton comments. "Naturally this is not what you would literally see in a home or office, but the point is to take you into a sequence from the present reality to theatricality."

The various sets are tied together by a "visual alphabet" of recurring design

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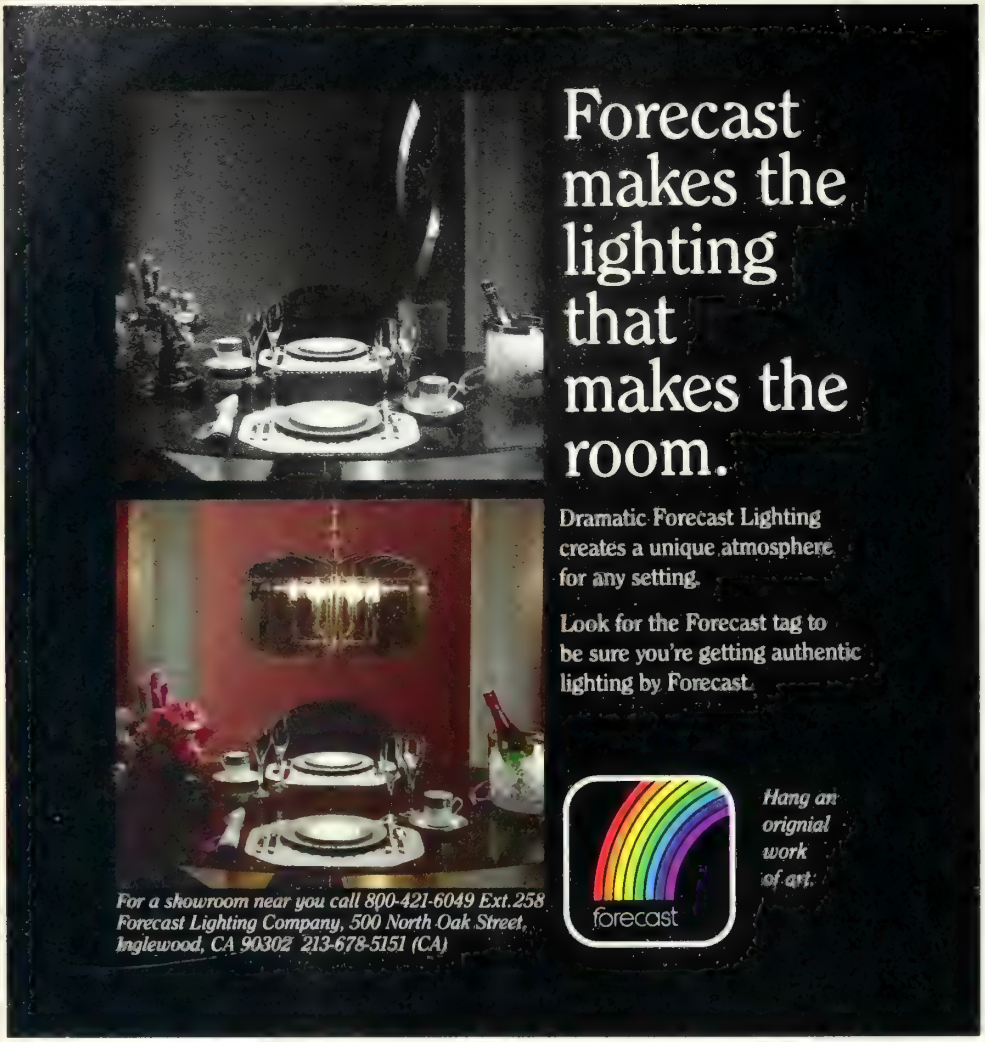
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motifs that Walton devised. For example, the floors seen most often are surfaced in a continuing grid of checkered linoleum, each room distinguished from the other by changes in the tints of the squares. The window seen in the Loman kitchen reappears in similar shape and proportion in other settings. Similarly, the pressed tin in the hallway is echoed by a raised material—Anaglypta—covering the walls of Frank's Chop House, which flows visually into the wallpaper of the Boston Hotel room.

Walton also gave *Sophisticated Ladies* an overall thematic framework: to link separate parts in Duke Ellington's career he designed an expanding and contracting movable night-club set with neon lighting to change the mood for each scene. This inventiveness with large-scale mobile constructions is another important aspect of the Walton touch, and it reflects an architectural predisposition in spite of the fact that Walton did not study architecture (he learned his craft primarily from the Slade School of Fine Art in London). In his most theatrical sets, the architectonic quality of a construction is heightened by the play of two-dimensional billboardlike images. This talent for moving from one dimension to another, in addition to his ability to shift between small- and large-scale design, partly explains his success in movies and films: when Broadway wants the punch and impact, he gives it; when Hollywood (or now Astoria) needs the closely grained, finely textured look, again Walton produces.

There are indeed many reasons for Walton's success: his commitment to generating a visual concept that correlates most closely with the director's own ideas, the intensive research he undertakes to get the mood of a particular time or place, and his choice of assistants could all be cited in the manual telling aspiring designers how to make it in the world of set design. But certain attributes are his alone. Walton's ability to think and visualize on a small as well as large scale, to see two-dimensionally as well as three-dimensionally, and to let his imagination operate on the realistic as well as fantastic levels must be taken into account. Or as one director put it more succinctly: "You know he is very smart." □






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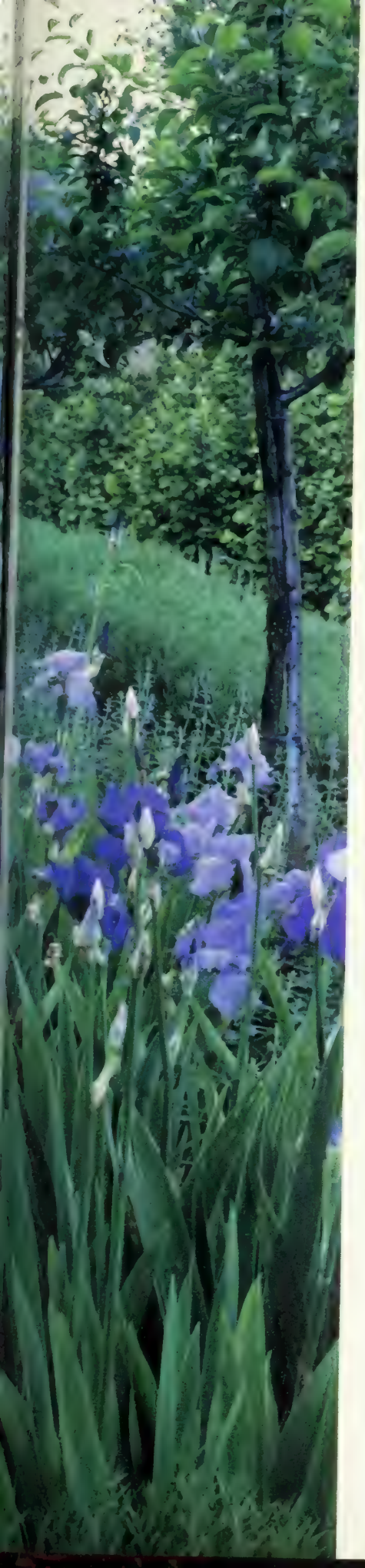
TUSCAN IDYLL

The romantic house and gardens of Federico Forquet in Cetona

BY JOHN RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI









Why Cetona? Federico Forquet—most discriminating of Italian designers—cites Bernard Berenson's opinion that there were only two valleys left in Italy which preserved the spirit of Renaissance landscape: Asolo in the Veneto and Cetona on the border between Tuscany and Umbria. In recent years the valley of Asolo has lost much of its pristine allure—didn't Ruskin write that "a single villa can mar a landscape and dethrone a dynasty of hills"? The valley of Cetona, on the other hand, looks much as it must have done five hundred years ago, thanks partly to the Communists. Their Draconian preservation laws have outlawed hoardings and pylons, above all swimming pools—those turquoise eyesores that clash with all the greens and blues in nature. Hence, the silver of olive trees still sets off the gold of Cetona's cornfields. The "dynasty of hills" is still crowned with identical terra-cotta-colored villages, watchtowers and campaniles. Cypress hedges still protect smaller holdings from the wind and dramatize the entrances to larger ones. And on fine days the sky still has the brilliant, unpolluted blueness to be found in Holy Families by Perugino (Raphael's master) who was born in the next village. "Berenson was right," Federico says, "Cetona is wonderfully unspoilt. It is also wonderfully get-at-able— halfway between Florence and Rome, and within easy reach of four music festivals. What more could you want?"

Dried ferns and grasses, *preceding pages,* adorn walls of summer room in the guest house; all fabrics are from Zumsteg; Federico Forquet, *above,* with Bubu. *Left:* On a garden terrace, an allée of Malus 'Red Sentinel' trees are flanked, inside, by 'Pacific Panorama' and 'Intriguer' irises and, outside, by nepeta.





In living room of the main house, which Forquet considers more a winter room, the rose-patterned fabric is from The Marella Collection. Stenciled borders extend frames of 19th-century engravings.

The musical connection is important, because Federico (Neapolitan by birth) originally wanted to be a pianist. "Although I failed to become a concert pianist," he says, "I never lost my passion for music, especially opera. The lavish productions at the San Carlo in Naples kindled an interest in décor and costumes; and this in turn kindled an interest in clothes—an interest which became a vocation, thanks to a chance meeting with Balenciaga, one summer on Ischia." After this meeting (in the mid fifties) months went by before Federico summoned up the courage to submit his designs to the great couturier. Fortunately Balenciaga was bowled over; he accepted the young Neapolitan as an apprentice in his atelier and a guest in his house.

In 1959 Federico returned to Rome and set up in business with Irène Galitzine, and between them they put Italian couture on the map, as witness the international success of their famous "palazzo pajamas." In 1961 Federico opened under his own name, and for the next decade he was, as *Women's Wear Daily* described him, fashion's "Frederick the Great," who made exquisitely designed clothes for his *per bene* friends and became the most renowned couturier in Italy. In 1972 he decided it was time to stop—"fashion was threatening to become a racket." Too much of an artist to enjoy being a big-time businessman, Federico closed his *maison de couture,* while he was still ahead of the game. "It was time for tradespeople to take over."

"A door closes; a door opens," Federico says. "I have always seen life as a succession of challenges—not least at this turning point in my career." The next challenge was to succeed as a fabric designer. In the course of helping his friends Umberto and Allegra Agnelli decorate their apartment in Rome, Federico had designed some furnishing stuffs. These turned out so well that the celebrated Swiss silk manufacturer Gustav Zumsteg (who makes most of the silk for the Parisian haute couture) suggested that he design an entire line of them. And so, in partnership with another member of the Agnelli family, the gifted Marella, Federico became a stylist of fabrics (with wallpapers to match) which Zumsteg markets as The Marella Collection. Federico's hand-printed *tissus*—many of them based on nineteenth-century designs—have a wonderful watercolor freshness. As these photographs reveal, the stuffs are low-key, but nonetheless very effective as

(Text continued on page 242)

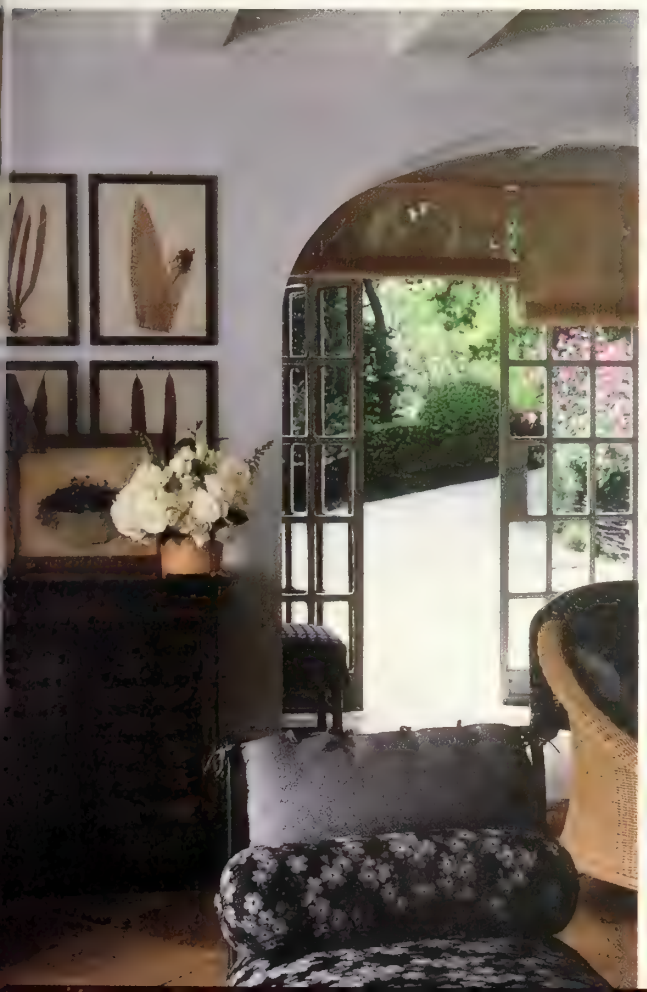




Interior views, *clockwise from top left:* Neapolitan lamp in Forquet's stenciled study; dried ferns over 19th-century wicker table in guest house; in dining room, 19th-century prints of grapes and vine leaves hang around table covered in Victorian needlework carpet; a basket of roses from the garden in window of living room; Zumsteg fabric is on the chair in front of 19th-century marquetry chest in guest sitting room; an Etruscan votive figure sits behind a needlework chair in living room.









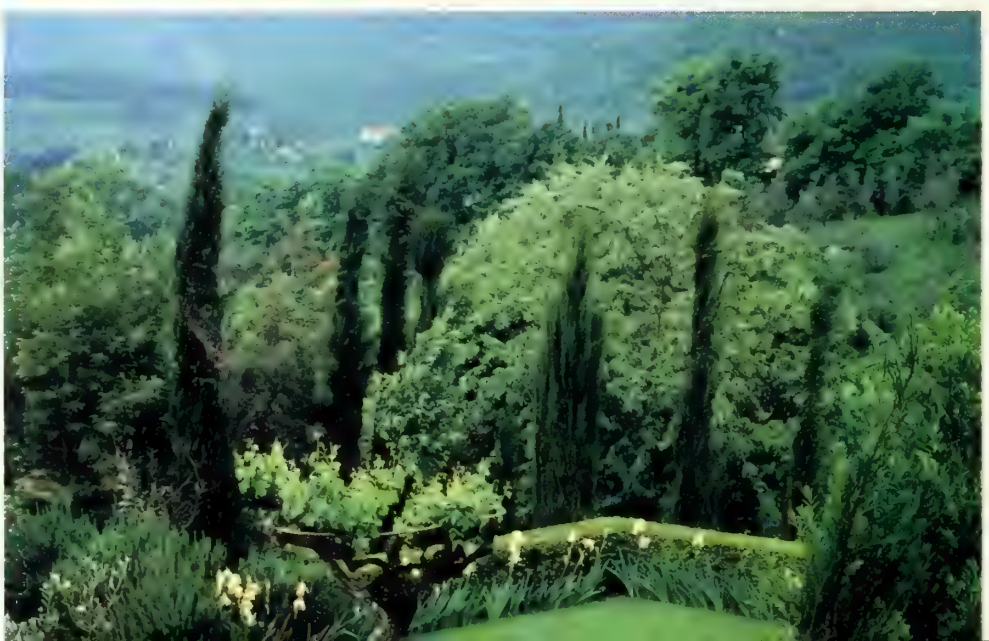




In the master bedroom, bed has been upholstered in Zumsteg fabric and a stool and table are covered in patchwork; on right wall is 19th-century German landscape painting.







Every terrace has a garden, *right, top to bottom:* a miniature boxwood maize; three Japanese cherry trees surrounded by irises, among them: 'Pacific Panorama', 'Pink Taffeta', 'Bronze Bell'; 'Olympic Torch' irises outline a hedge in front of cypresses which give way to a sweeping view of the valley of Cetona.





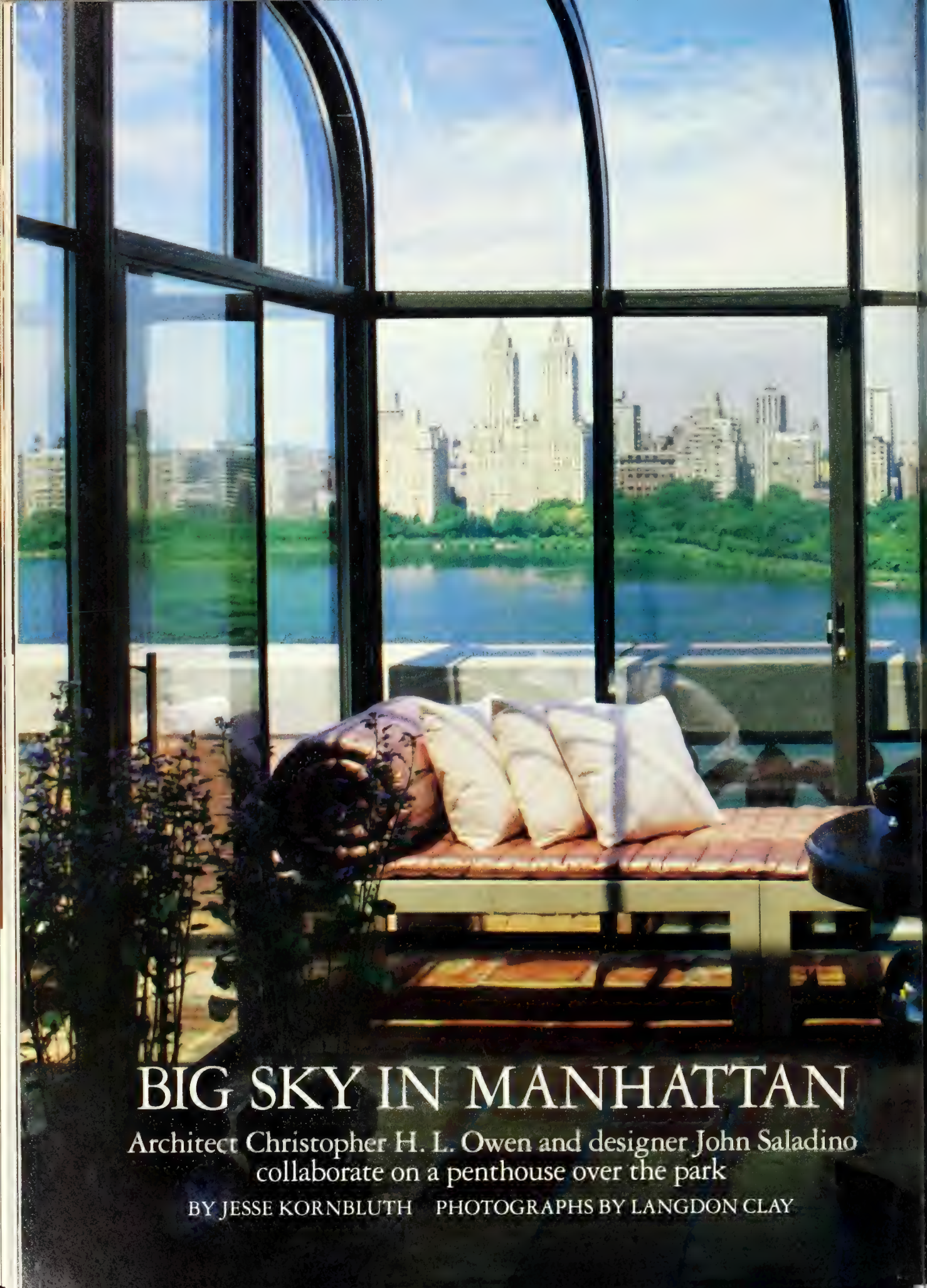


Among the many gardens, *left, top to bottom:* monk's garden planted all in silver, white, and mauve including choisya; a view of the valley from the pergolaed terrace; potted boxwood shaped as balls and on right, the full-blown 'Iceberg' rose.



A dense growth of lavender seems to tumble down over a pathway Forquet has lined with aromatic plants. A small cypress rises in front of purple salvia, *Salvia aurea,* and red valerian.





BIG SKY IN MANHATTAN

Architect Christopher H. L. Owen and designer John Saladino collaborate on a penthouse over the park

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY





JERRY GORDON

When Arch Cummin and Diane Young first began traveling together, he did not quite understand why, when they checked into a hotel, she would tell the porter to leave the bags downstairs while she inspected the room. And this was no ritual passing of the eyes over the most transitory of digs—she could, and did, see as many as eight rooms before she found one she liked. And even when she finally decided on a room, she had the alarming habit, as soon as the bags were up, of moving all the furniture around.

Arch Cummin and Diane Young were married in 1978, an event which tempered their wanderlust only slightly. Having solved the material question

A Biedermeier table is in front of the chaises in greenhouse section of master bedroom, *preceding pages.* *Above:* Arch and Di Cummin. *Right:* Downstairs, green-tinted oak floors lead from dining room to study where a 19th-century sporting painting by Harry Hall hangs on far wall. Oldenburg's *Fagend Dream State* is against wall on right in living room. Silk-covered chairs were designed by Saladino.







In the living room Saladino left a gap in the backrest of the couch to give guests their choice of views. An 18th-century French bench is just in front. Donald Judd's *Untitled Small Stack*, 1969, is at left, and beyond is half of Stella's copper painting *Valparaiso*, 1963.





through the judicious choice of ancestors, Arch was working as a private investor; his sole vocational need was occasional access to a phone. And Di, who'd emigrated from her native Australia after high school to pursue a modeling career in Europe, had all but perfected gypsy living. So they were not much obsessed with real estate, or even, for that matter, possessions.

Still, kith and kinder beckoned—in stages.

First came a summer house in Bridgehampton. Christopher Owen renovated this 1906 "cottage" overlooking Sagg Pond for the Cummins so successfully that they decided he should design a ski house for them in Sun Valley.

By this time, the Cummins had produced their golden-haired daughter, and Arch's bachelor apartment in New York was as unsuitable for a young family as the three-month, round-the-world tours that had become the Cummins' specialty. But they were not about to make a foolish move. They liked "the big outdoors"—a preference that, in real-estate terms, eliminated everything that didn't have a terrace overlooking Central Park. And because Arch wouldn't be hauling out to an office each morning, they needed a penthouse with emotional buffers—ideally a duplex.

For all her organizational skills, charm, and curiosity, it took Di two years to find a suitable apartment. Set atop a twenties apartment building on Fifth Avenue in the 90s, this duplex penthouse had been occupied by a single family for the previous sixty years. And for the last forty of *(Text continued on page 248)*

An 18th-century German refectory table is in front of David Fisch's trompe-l'oeil closet panels in the second-floor dressing area. Against far wall, Sheraton cheval mirror, circa 1790.



The terraces off bedroom and bath, *above,* have heated floors and are enclosed with double-pane glass. "At night, it's unbelievably sexy here," says Di Cummin. "The only problem is finding someone who's willing to go out and clean the glass." *Opposite:* John Saladino's guest bath features a David Fisch Pompeian fresco, a 19th-century pedestal sink, a ram's-head spigot, and a coral stone table and floor. As intended, says Di Cummin, "the girls end up here after dinner for a big old chat."



LIVING IN MR. JEFFERSON'S VILLAGE

University of Virginia's Dean of Architecture Jaquelin T. Robertson respectfully restores a campus residence by our architect president

BY HEATHER SMITH MacISAAC. PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY

One-brick-thick serpentine walls swagger past the formal plots of the kitchen garden behind Pavilion V. *this page:* *Opposite:* The center-hall plan of Hotel D affords a view from the uphill garden to the arcade below grade.



Gates and benches inspired by Jefferson's fondness for Chinese and classical motifs border the space once occupied by privies, *above;* the foundations remain outlined in the gravel. *Below:* The Tuscan arcade of the East Range steps down the length of the original campus. Forced to economize, Jefferson eliminated some details but insisted upon retaining the molding in the arcade outside each hotel.

Jacquelin Taylor Robertson, Dean of the School of Architecture of the University of Virginia, is justifiably proud of the fact that his campus was voted the most important work of architecture in America in a survey conducted in the bicentennial year by the *AIA Journal*. There is no question that Thomas Jefferson's scheme for the University of Virginia was and remains visionary, the consummate achievement of a man whose talents and offices were impressively diverse and well exercised but whose greatest loves were those closest to his native soil: architecture and agriculture, encompassing gardening and landscaping. Much as Jefferson was a lover of all of the arts, it was these two he found most noble (painting and sculpture being considered lesser arts) and to which his prudent nature turned in considering the plan for a new university. For a nation so young and relatively ignorant of the arts, he felt "it was desirable to introduce taste into an art which shows so much." Architecture could educate and civilize.



For one who believed in the perfectibility of man through education, no aspect of a university representing the ideals of a young country and providing a revolu-

A French railroad clock, two Korean screens, and a stack of 18th-century red-leather Chinese trunks lend an exotic air to the serenity of Jefferson's classical detailing and proportions in the living room, *above*. *Below:* Anchoring the lawn of the garden of Pavilion III is an unfinished Corinthian capital intended for the rotunda but discarded because the native stone of Albemarle proved unsuitable for carving.

tionary secular education for her sons was too minor to consider. As early as 1810 Jefferson, an "amateur" architect, had devised a remarkably inventive, refined, and enlightened plan for the University of Virginia, with only a few important alterations, like the addition of a centerpiece in the form of a rotunda. Beginning with the laying of the cornerstone of the first pavilion on October 6, 1817, Jefferson traveled the twelve miles from Monticello almost daily to supervise construction until his death on July 4, 1826.

The plan delivered hand-in-hand a new approach to learning



and teaching and a novel setting in which to conduct both. It called for an "academical village" consisting of two rows of dormitories punctuated at regular intervals by ten residences for professors, the rows facing each other across a broad lawn with a colonnade providing a covered walkway to all buildings. A magnificent rotunda, the library, joined the rows at the north end; to the south, the lawn opened up to a vista of the hills surrounding Charlottesville. Beyond the rows of student rooms lining the lawn were two parallel rows of "barracks" called the East and West Ranges, linked to dining

Dean Robertson decorates, as did Jefferson, with collections, which include prints by Piranesi of Marcus Aurelius's tomb, *above*. The oil by Ralph Blakelock on the lady's writing table, *opposite*, is the first serious painting he bought. *Below:* A Piranesi in the bedroom and engravings of Persia in the sitting room crown back-to-back fireplaces.

halls, or "hotels," by an arcade. Finally, between the lawn and range buildings were walled gardens to supply "that quiet retirement so friendly to study."

As proud as Jefferson was of his rotunda, a distinctly American adaptation of the Pantheon and the crown of both the campus and his career, it was in the development of the lawn and ranges that Jefferson's philosophy of education took shape brick by brick. Each pavilion served as a school for one of the ten subjects of the new curriculum as well as home for the professor of the subject. By clustering the students around the pavilions, each near his professor and his subject of concentration, Jefferson provided a means of easy exchange, which would in turn be the foundation of the close-knit intellectual community he believed essential to education. Moreover, the pavilions could be "models of taste and good architecture, and [be] of a variety of appearance no two alike, so as to serve as specimens for the architectural lecturer." Jefferson was bringing to students not only a civilized



(Text continued on page 246)


NOTABLE AMERICAN ARCHITECTS
Irish houses & castles
IRAN







Lady Elles reading by her bedroom window overlooking the river Tagus

LADY ELLES' RENAISSANCE

Her house in Lisbon has the same seductive charm as her legendary shop

BY MICHAEL TEAGUE PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLAS SAPIEHA

There are certain decorators ho, like successful lovers and some olitícians, always seem to be in the ght place at the right time. For Lady lles the place and time, Lisbon and 950. When in her early sixties she arted her business she "wanted just a nall place which could cater to young iarrieds and sell good and attractive iings at reasonable prices." She succeeded in doing much more than that nd her shop, called Renaissance, was oon a mecca for local residents and oreign visitors, a convivial meeting



place as well as a flourishing business concern. One dropped by for coffee in the morning to chat with the owner, who always seemed to give one her undivided attention even when engaged in a number of other tasks . . . unleashing bolts of fabric for one client, expertly flicking through a pattern book for another, sketching out a design for a valance for a third.

A woman of immense charm, wit, and vitality, her vibrant personality permeated her business. The three tiny showrooms of Renaissance were always crammed with innovative ideas.

She had her craftsmen make the most skillful adaptations of traditional Portuguese designs . . . intricately worked metal wall sconces, delicately gilded side tables topped with the palest of green Sintra marble, japanned mirrors. Her famous "mule chairs," which she copied from those ridden sidesaddle by ladies in the seventeenth century, were masterpieces of simple design and ideal for fireside chatting. "Their only problem was that invariably the largest people gravitated to them and then had difficulty in getting out because they were so low off the ground."

It was, however, her carpets that gained for her an international reputation. She began specializing in a wide range of new designs for the famous Portuguese embroidered carpets known as Arraiolos, after the village where they have been made since the sixteenth century.

She copied old Aubussons, the originals of which were almost in shreds from the combined effects of time and the relentless impact of too many high heels at cocktail parties. Her Arraiolos versions succeeded in brilliantly capturing the essence of the original but in a much tougher medium, since the stitch used in these carpets is one of the strongest in embroidery and they are capable of standing up to a lot of hard wear.

She also experimented with adaptations of Victorian flower rugs and



A view of Lisbon and the river, *left*, from the drawing room. *Above:* An 18th-century Portuguese inlaid chest in the drawing room, with a small Arraiolos carpet designed by Lady Elles to match the design of the tiled floor in the entrance hall, *below*, its walls and curved staircase mount decorated with antique Portuguese *azulejos*. Vases on the English oak table are Meissen.



tried geometric patterns, which almost had a Pop Art quality. For one client she struggled with a pear tree climbing up a staircase, for another she adapted the delicate tracing of a white Gothic ceiling into a carpet of cream and gold. She imitated zebra-skin rugs in embroidery with trompe-l'oeil ingenuity and re-created in wool the most intricate of Roman mosaics.

I once gave her a photo of the vast parquet floor in the entrance hall of the Hermitage in Leningrad and asked if she could make a carpet for me based on the design. The result was a miniature embroidered version, which retained all the essential elements of the original as well as the brilliant colors of the many woods used. The effect was wonderfully realistic.

The wools used in the carpets were especially dyed to blend with the colors of the rooms for which they were intended, and some designs, which had to be worked out on graph paper beforehand, were destroyed after the carpet was made to preserve their unique quality.

She decorated nine embassies in Lisbon, Reid's Hotel in Madeira, and the Sandy Lane Hotel in Barbados. She had many clients in the United States, some of whom remember her on her visits as a sprightly, extremely elegant old lady enthusiastically going down on all fours to measure for a carpet, bringing out swatches of wool samples from a vast handbag to match up the colors. She always loved her work. "Someone once calculated that we carpeted the Avenida da Liberdade (Lisbon's equivalent of Champs Elysées) in a ten-year period," she says with pride.

After the April 1974 revolution in Portugal, business dropped off for a while, and although she kept the shop open she finally decided to hand it over to her staff, some of whom had been with her for almost thirty years. "I remember my lawyer saying to a friend, 'She is giving away a flourishing business. No loans. No debts. Does she *know* what she is doing?'"

Renaissance still goes strong, although the carpets take longer to make now and obviously cost much more than they did a decade ago. And Lady Elles still lives nearby, in a tiny, obscure corner of Lisbon called Patio do Pimenta, which is situated high above the river Tagus, behind the old waterfront area of Cais do Sodré.

Her house is not particularly distinguished from the outside, but from the moment you pass the front door you are aware of its distinctive charm and flavor. Built on solid rock and embedded into the contours of the hillside, it was one of the very few houses in the area which survived the great earthquake of 1755. It is constructed on different levels, so that when you enter from the street you are in fact at the very top of the house. You stand at the head of a stairway, looking down into a large hall with a geometrically patterned stone floor and walls decorated with exquisite eighteenth-century Portuguese *azulejos,* or tiles.

Most of the main rooms of the house lead off from this hall. The blue-gray drawing room, which contains a fascinating mixture of English and Portuguese antiques, and the main dining room, with its white-and-gold-painted furniture and delicate Züber scenic wallpaper in shades of cream, fawn, and brown, has a burnished, rather romantic look, especially when lit in the evening for a dinner party.

Lady Elles has her own bedroom on this floor. "Don't look at the dressing table," she advises, "it gives tidy minds hysterics."

Stairs on either side of the hall seem to disappear underground before emerging one floor below, where there is a large and comfortable morning room painted in shades of gray and white, with a small, private dining room adjoining it. Both rooms lead directly onto a terrace, which is usually flooded with sunshine filtered through pink awnings and brightened with geranium-filled urns and cascading banksiae roses.



Lady Elles entertaining at a luncheon party on her terrace in the seventies.

From the terrace one can go down one further level where there is a small garden shaded by mulberry trees. In one corner stands a charming summer-cum-play house which she built years ago for the enjoyment of her numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren (28 at the last count).

Now nearly 98, she carries her years lightly. "The younger generation call me Ghandi," she says with obvious pleasure, "presumably because I'm getting thin and frail rather than for any ascetic behavior on my part." A veritable matriarch, she keeps closely in touch with her large family, most of whom live either in Portugal or in England, but who also come to visit her from as far afield as Seattle, Muscat, Sri Lanka, *(Text continued on page 218)*

Her favorite chaise longue in the morning room is surrounded by family mementos.

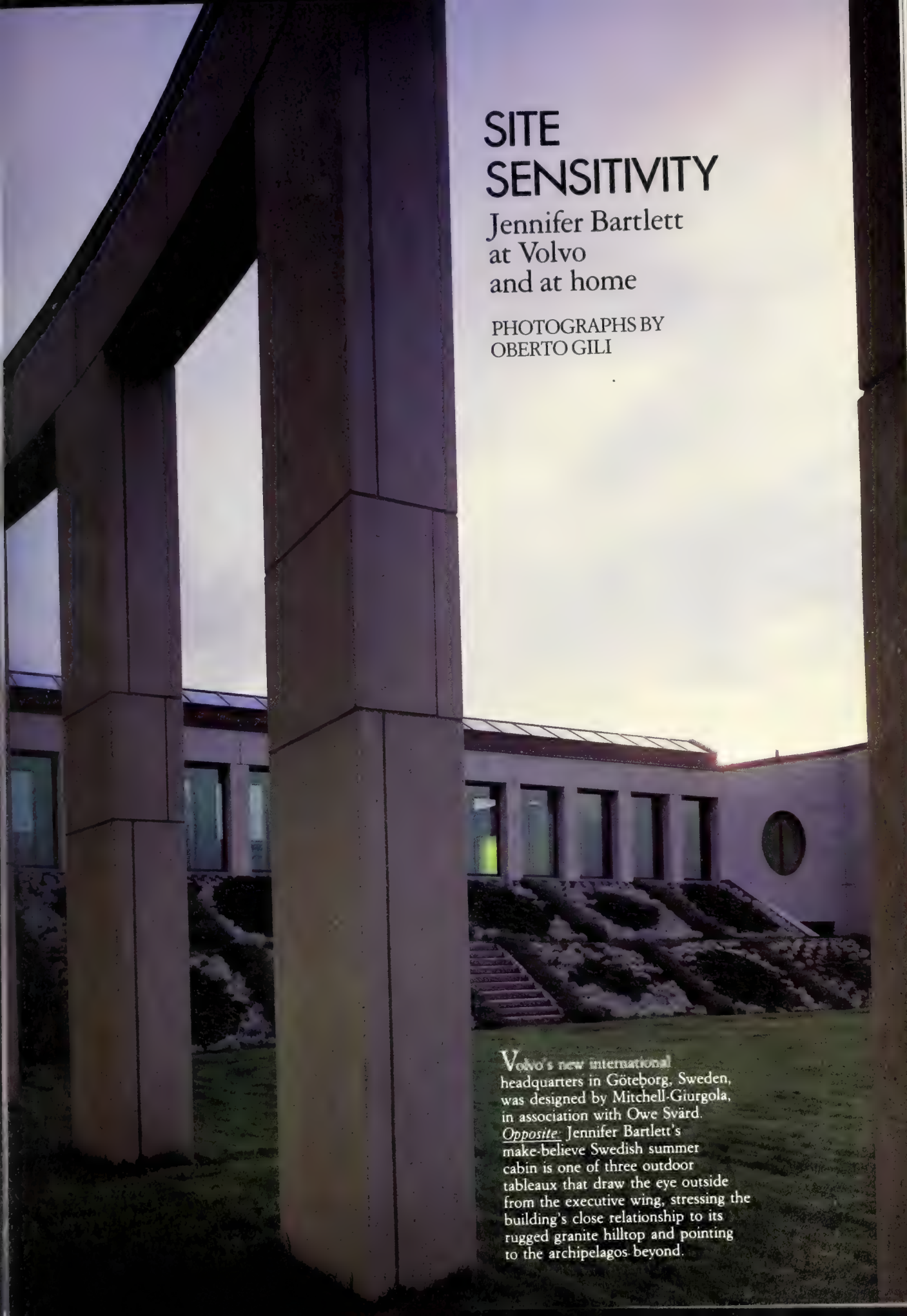


A pink awning casts a warm glow over a table on the terrace, *above.* China, glass, and antique silver water beakers are all Portuguese. Chairs are Regency and Arraiolos carpet was made for a grandson's London house. *Right:* A delicate shaded Züber wallpaper decorates the main dining room, with its elegant white-and-gold antique Portuguese furniture. Girandoles on the table are French. *Below:* An extremely fine 18th-century inlaid Flemish desk in the drawing room.









SITE SENSITIVITY

Jennifer Bartlett at Volvo and at home

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Volvo's new international headquarters in Göteborg, Sweden, was designed by Mitchell-Giurgola, in association with Owe Svärd. *Opposite:* Jennifer Bartlett's make-believe Swedish summer cabin is one of three outdoor tableaux that draw the eye outside from the executive wing, stressing the building's close relationship to its rugged granite hilltop and pointing to the archipelagos beyond.



For Volvo's new headquarters by Mitchell/Giurgola artist Jennifer Bartlett moves into sculpture

BY ROBERTA SMITH

Much of Jennifer Bartlett's best work is to be found in her public and private commissions, and not by chance. Regularly drawn to big, ambitious projects and unintimidated by new media, Bartlett has always excelled at making the most of predetermined situations. For a painter, she has an unusually site-sensitive, reactive temperament; the more she has to contend with, the more inventive and freewheeling her art becomes.

This is certainly the case with Bartlett's latest commission, now installed in Volvo's new international headquarters near Göteborg, Sweden. One of her most outstanding achievements to date, the Volvo commission is not so much a single work of art as a series of meditations on art vs. craft and nature vs. civilization. It unfolds along one wing of the low-lying granite building Romaldo Giurgola, of Mitchell/Giurgola Architects, has designed for Volvo—a structure that itself unfolds outward from a central arcade-lined courtyard to cover a rugged hilltop.

Bartlett's Volvo commission constitutes an unfolding in another sense as well. Precipitated by Pehr G. Gyllenhammar, Volvo's CEO and a Bartlett admirer, it started out in everyone's mind as "a painting or two in the executive dining room," a space on the ground floor facing directly out on the wildest portions of the building's sloping site. By the time she was finished, though, Bartlett found herself working directly in that landscape and also making three-dimensional objects for the first time in her career. She was inspired to incorporate into the work an array of local materials and techniques, *(Text continued on page 228)*





In the denouement of the Bartlett Volvo commission, its motifs are restated in interior decorations and playful distractions. The house and granite chairs sited near the building, *opposite above,* reappear, this time on a painted folding screen, *above,* behind a yellow table holding a portfolio of two-dozen on-site drawings, a house containing cards and cigarettes, and a silver boat that serves as an ashtray.



Max Gordon's design for the Paris atelier of Jennifer Bartlett and actor/writer Mathieu Carrière

BY DORIS SAATCHI

Setting up domestic life together does not necessarily mean settling down, as New York artist Jennifer Bartlett and German actor Mathieu Carrière discovered when they decided to marry and spend a good part of each year in Paris. They began by consulting the real-estate pages of the city's newspapers, and what followed was a combination of high art and low comedy that would not disgrace the stage of the Comédie Française.

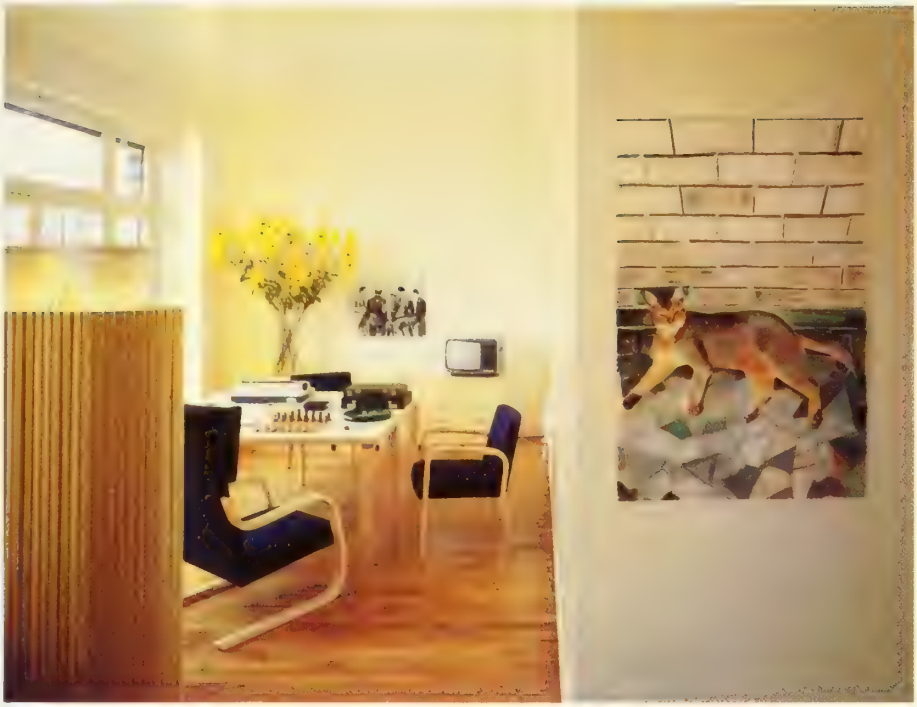
Enter Jennifer. "We were looking, and you know how what you find in your price range is sort of dismal, so we thought, 'Oh well, let's go over and see this very expensive place.' " The place was very expensive because it was a large space in a 6th-arrondissement building that has become a landmark in twentieth-century architecture. Its stepped-back, terraced façade, covered in the white and blue ceramic tiles used in Paris subway stations, was architect Henri Sauvage's innovative way in 1912 around regulations restricting the height and mass of new buildings in the city, a radical solution to the alternatives of individual house and apartment dwelling that signaled a new type of urban residential structure. *(Text continued on page 232)*





Jennifer Bartlett and Mathieu Carrière on their Paris rooftop, *opposite above,* photographed by Elizabeth Lennard. *Above:* On the other side of the stepped chimney breast is the kitchen. Everything in sight, except the Bartlett painting on the end wall, and everything out of sight in the rest of the apartment was designed by Alvar Aalto. Jennifer's favorite color is blue.







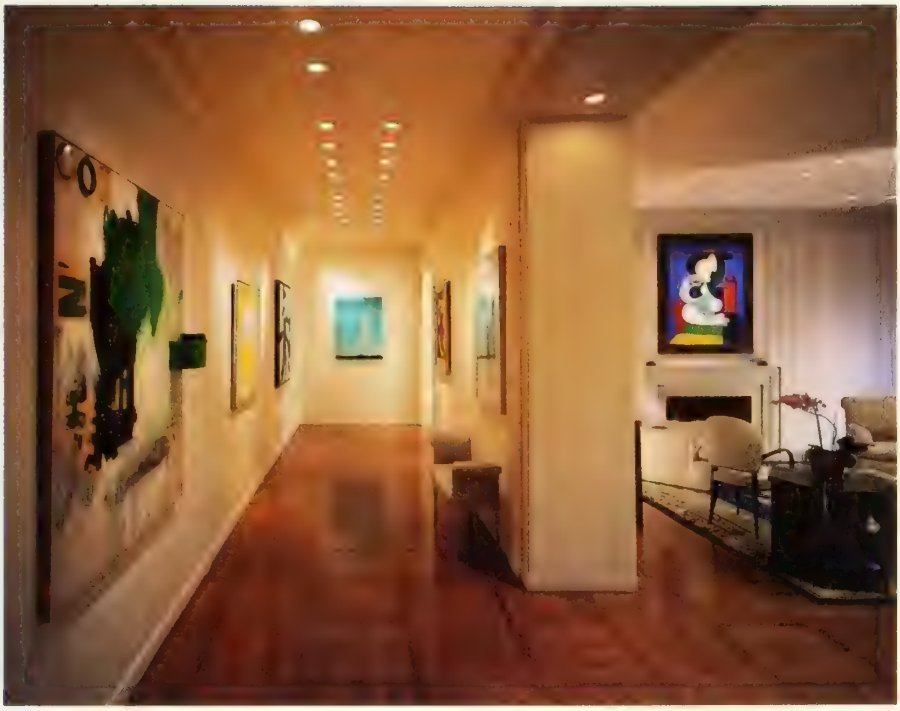
In the open-plan Carrière bedroom and bathroom, *opposite,* appropriately garretlike for an artist and an actor, an Aalto trolley serves as a dressing table. Reflected in the mirrored wall behind it are closets stepped to follow the pitch of the roof. *Top:* In Mathieu's alcove office, chess and backgammon boards and a Go set share space on the table with typewriter and telephone. Tube light fixtures covered in flexible cylinders, designed by Max Gordon, frame all the windows. The portrait of Kanga is a Mathieu Carrière original. *Above:* Jennifer and Mathieu have plans for a garden on the roof, with fruit trees, herbs, vegetables, a fountain, and a pergola. In the meantime, Jennifer uses it as an outdoor studio, under the amazed gaze of her Parisian neighbors.



The commission's lessons in objecthood were not lost on Bartlett. The third outdoor tableau at Volvo, *above*, consists of two clinker-built construction boats made in Cor-Ten steel, fastidiously detailed monuments to boating and boat building. *Opposite* In Bartlett's Paris studio, three-dimensional objects continue to generate a sense of place, fun, and the natural elements.







ARTFUL BALANCE

For a New York collector, decorator Emily Landau pays proper homage to fine works of art

BY MARJORIE WELISH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES

The small, select art collection was a given. Every acquisition had to wait until the prize Picasso hung on the wall and Baziotes and Dubuffet found their places. As far as the owner was concerned, this luxurious New York apartment could remain empty until furnishings came along to respond to the art. "In fact," says Emily Landau, of Emily Landau & Associates, "the apartment took four years to decorate. Early on in the process, Georgia O'Keeffe was brought here. She sat in the only chair, looking at the walls; then she asked, 'Is this an art gallery?' "

This anecdote is meant to console impatient clients who "want it all done by yesterday," then settle for a look without realizing how much better their house would be if the decorator had been given more time. Through taking pains to find the right furnishings Emily Landau was able to give this collector an apartment whose understated elegance pays proper homage to fine works of art.

The overall conception was clear in Emily Landau's mind from the start, inspired by her visits to the apartment of art dealer Fred Mueller. "His beautiful Chinese and Art Deco furniture created a natural setting for modern art. I was so impressed, I set out to accomplish the same feeling here." And she has indeed accomplished a natural alliance between the vigorous simplicity of China and the power of Modernism.

In the living room, dominating everything, is Picasso's *Femme Assise à la Montre-Bracelet,* 1932, a wittily fearsome puzzle contrived to suggest a figure part clothed, part nude, and part furniture. At this point in his career,

Picasso seen twice, first *opposite,* staring down at us from above the fireplace in the living room, and then, in a peripheral view, *above,* as we look down the gallery hung with Rauschenburg, Albers, Kline, O'Keeffe, Léger, and Rothenberg. Under the last sits an Adam bench, circa 1775.



Within the wide world of the living room, *above,* is a discreet display of art, the most visible being Dubuffet's *Corps de Dame Gerbe Bariolée,* 1950, over the piano. Sofa and armchairs in fabric by Fortuny. *Opposite:* Rothko's *Maroon and Gray,* Jean Arp's *Torse Vegetal,* and floor lamps by Ron Seff transform the dining room into a grand hall.

Picasso returned to Synthetic Cubism in order to intensify it, and introducing jarring color into the formal mix, he thus managed to up the emotional ante of his unnerving construction. An antique Chinese rug is not easily intimidated, however, especially this one, made in Peking at the end of the eighteenth century. Sporting a Foo dog silhouetted against a blue ground, it fiercely holds the floor plane, establishes the room as a volume, and keeps the whole from quietly disintegrating under the visual weight of the Picasso. Other fine furnishings help. Six-sided ivory-inlaid Persian tables mediate detail between the rug and the painting. And though the Orient unifies the décor, such French digressions as a Charles X–style table flanked by Louis XV chairs upholstered in pale blue suede enliven the room and keep the Chinese elements from dictating a heavy-handed visual scheme.

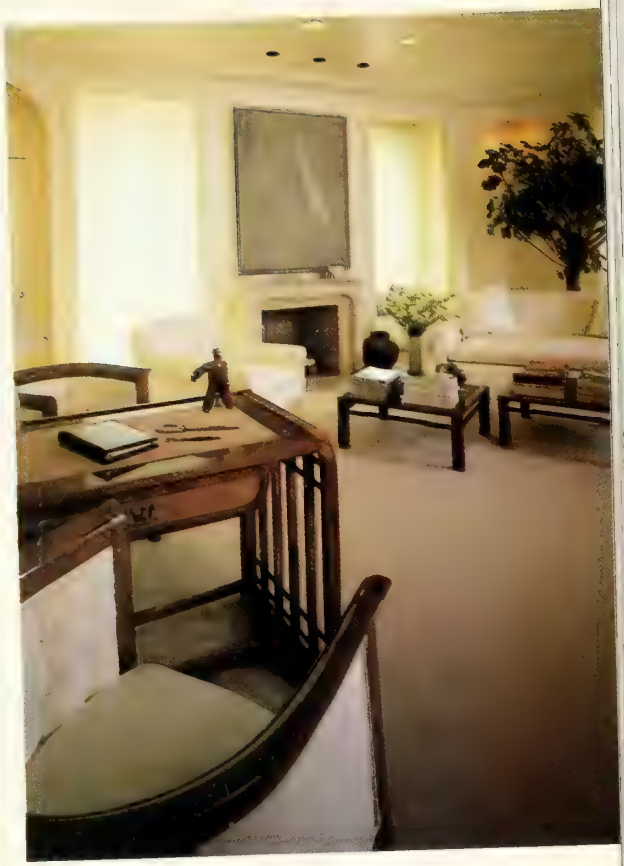
Elsewhere in the room, one sees tough and raw modern art brought close to the ethereal Orient. Not everyone would feel comfortable using a manic—no, berserk—Dubuffet as a backdrop for a serene Japanese sculpture, but then again, the painted figure's agitation only heightens the monk's serenity. It is a credit to the owner to insist on this stylistic tension, striking for the frankness with which the cultural differences of *Art Brut* and Edo are respected.

At one end of the ample rectangular dining room hangs a Rothko, conspicuous for its placement but also for its unusual vertical format. On either side of this portal are contemporary floor lamps throwing their light ceilingward, and altogether, the group is so strong, it raises a question: what could possibly warrant such a strong wall? The facing wall carries the answer: a pair of elaborately spandreled Ming chairs, circa 1600. On long-term loan to The Metropolitan Museum of Art, these chairs came into Emily Landau's hands when their owners put them up for sale. To interject some curves into all this formality, the large swooping form of an Arp intervenes; and lest there be too much serenity, a scratchy, excellent early Dubuffet painting and drawings by de Kooning, Matisse, and Gris contribute a modern cosmopolitan atmosphere to this courtly dining room.

One of the noteworthy *(Text continued on page 222)*







Except for the mantelpiece, all the architectural detailing in the bedroom is original, custom designed for its first owners. Graceful corner alcoves and nested moldings provide a subtle frame for the generous, square, light-filled space, capped by orphic, light-filled paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe (over bed) and Mondrian (over desk), *left,* and by Baziotes, *above.*

JEFF MCNAMARA

THE STIRLING STANDARD

Riding high on the widespread acclaim for his new museum in Stuttgart—hailed as the best building of the eighties—Britain's James Stirling now brings his powerful vision of architecture to this country in several important university commissions

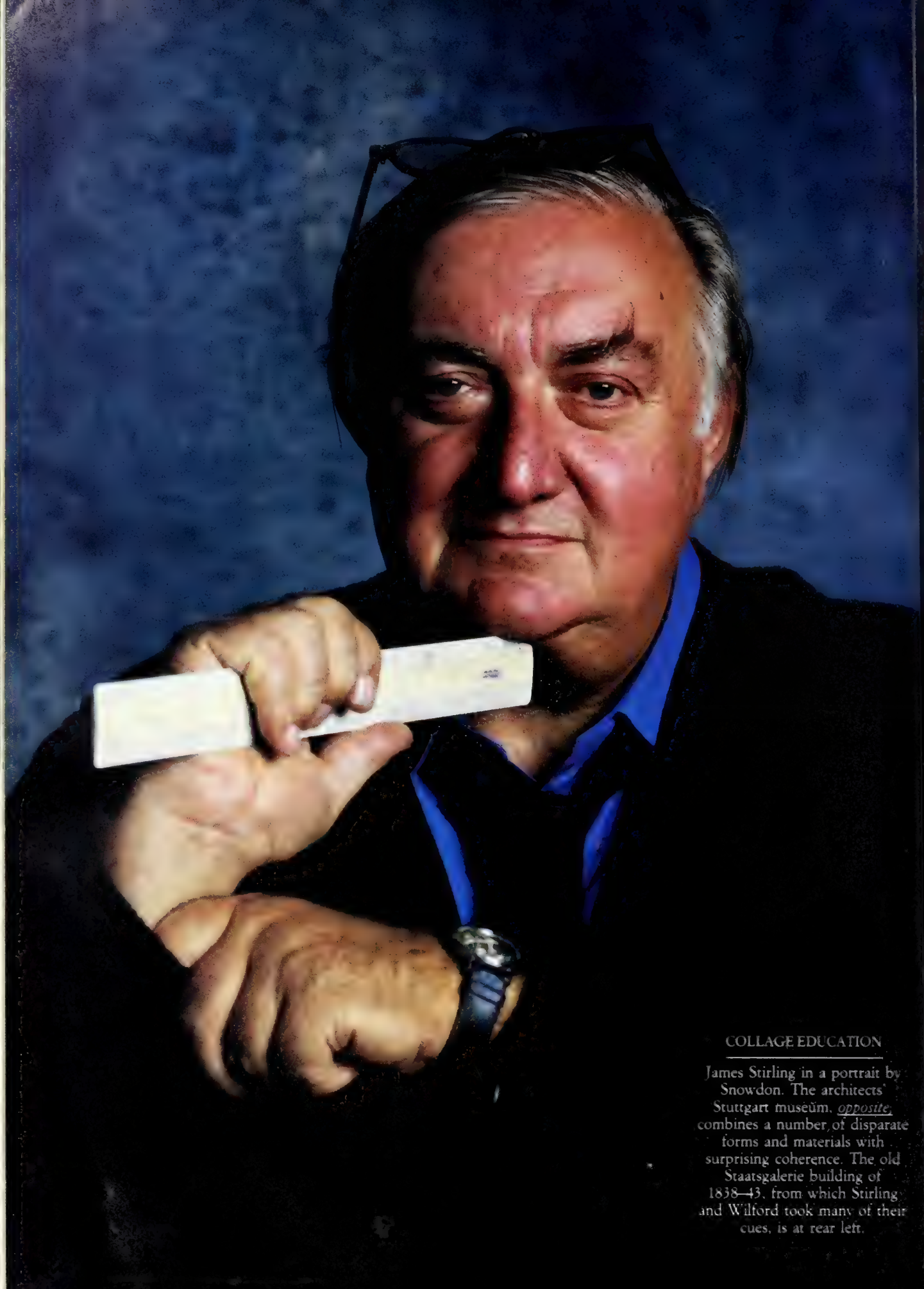
BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY



POST MODERN PANTHEON

The stately sculpture court of the Neue Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart is the focal point of James Stirling, Michael Wilford and Associates' multi-use cultural complex for the West German city. Clad in alternating bands of travertine and sandstone, this roofless rotunda is one of the noblest spaces created in recent architectural memory.

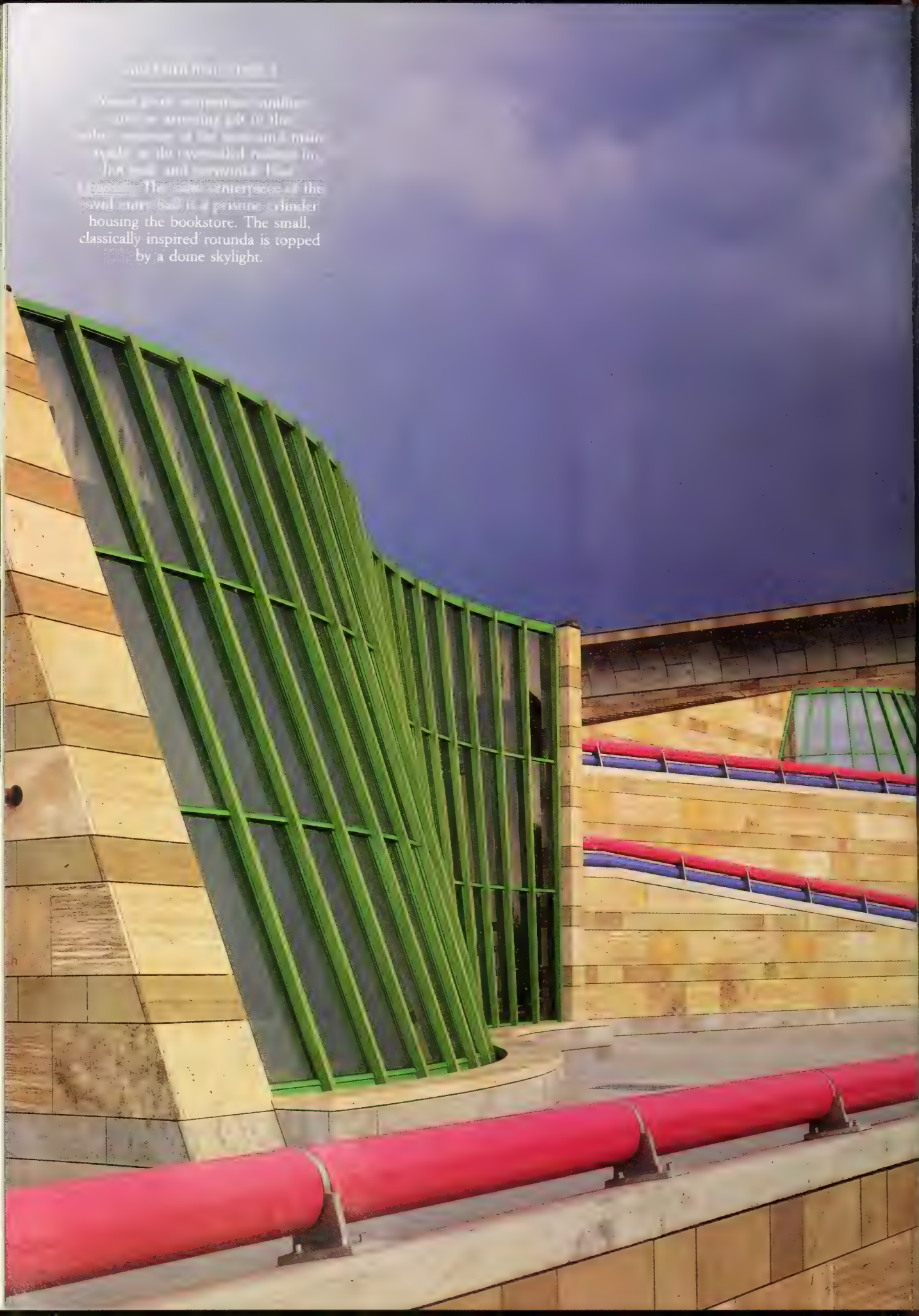




COLLAGE EDUCATION

James Stirling in a portrait by Snowdon. The architects' Stuttgart museum, *opposite*, combines a number of disparate forms and materials with surprising coherence. The old Staatsgalerie building of 1838–43, from which Stirling and Wilford took many of their cues, is at rear left.


Fresko



housing the bookstore. The small, classically inspired rotunda is topped by a dome skylight.





In 1981 James Stirling won the Pritzker Prize, the self-styled Nobel of architecture. He uses its trophy—a small bronze sculpture by Henry Moore—in his London house as a letter holder, since its prior function as a toast rack had begun to ruin the patina. Between mail deliveries, the gap between its two biomorphic forms is inhabited by a small rubber figure of Mickey Mouse. In a profession that takes itself very seriously indeed, such a nose-thumb to pomposity is not at all to be expected, but it is very much in keeping with the Stirling style.

Next year James Stirling turns sixty, and it would be reasonable to expect that he can survey the accomplishments of his life to date with a significant measure of satisfaction. But unlike some of his compeers, his years of struggle on the way to the top have not left a corrosive mark on his personality. His life is most assuredly his work, but he does not give the impression of single-minded fixation to the exclusion of all else. The most devoted of husbands (again a characteristic not to be taken for granted in his calling), he lives in a turn-of-the-century London terrace house with his wife, Mary, and their three teen-aged children, Ben, Kate, and Sophia. One has the certain feeling that there is a private life as well as a public art.

But above all, at the age of sixty James Stirling will be able to savor his standing as the one architect among his contemporaries whose lasting reputation is already unshakably secure. The confirmation given by the widespread acclaim for the Neue Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart by James Stirling, Michael Wilford and Associates is parallel to that lately enjoyed by Jasper Johns; both men's recent work has garnered plaudits not needed to justify reputations established more than two decades ago but welcome nonetheless as evidence of a major artist continuing at the crest of his powers. Since it opened last spring, Stuttgart's Neue Staatsgalerie has attracted over 1.3 million visitors (twice the population of the West German city) as well as a rare unanimity of popular and professional praise, virtually unprecedented at a time of extreme discord over the state of contemporary architecture.

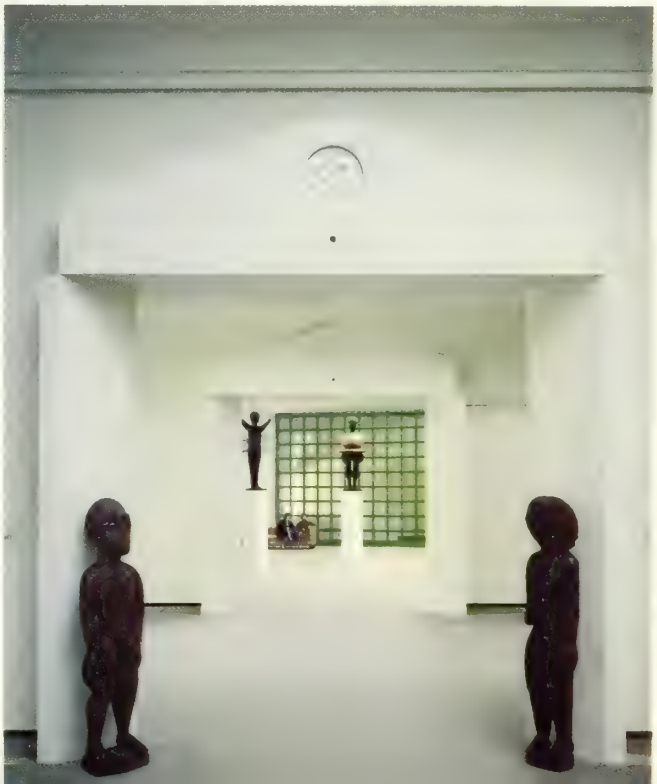
Post-Modernism has been a phenomenon in which criticism has preceded the artifact: both practitioners and the public were primed for it before there was anything to show. Thus the first major manifestations of the style that promised to lead architecture out of the desert of late Modernism seemed greatly disappointing, or at the very least overrated. Much of the problem lay in the detailing and execution of those bellwether works. It does not take a degree in architecture for one to notice a tendency to flatness and schematic oversimplification that gives most Post-Modern buildings a certain cartoonish quality. On the other hand, for obvious economic factors, there can be no question of attempting a return to the level of craftsmanship lavished on even rather ordinary structures fifty years ago.

But Stirling and Wilford's new museum complex at Stuttgart proves that architectural grandeur is neither an unattainable fantasy nor a hopeless quest in a world long unaccustomed to new expressions of the monumental manner. The Neue Staatsgalerie reminds us that when architecture succeeds best it has a power of communication that makes Friedrich von Schelling's famous simile to "frozen music" perfectly understandable.



RING CYCLE

The new museum faces the old opera house, *above,* reforging a link with Stuttgart's cultural center. The galleries, *below,* surround the circular court. *Opposite:* On rainy days, the complex takes on a brooding majesty. In the foreground, a Henry Moore bronze.







COURTESY BRECHT-EINZIG LTD

Stirling's first great triumph was the Leicester University Engineering Building, done in collaboration with James Gowan from 1959 to 1963. It was instantly appreciated by the avant-garde as evidence of an important new architectural talent, but even so faithful a defender of Modernism as Sir Nikolaus Pevsner could deliver the sour and imprescient prophecy that Stirling's early works "have a ruthlessness that militates against their achieving a more than passing success."

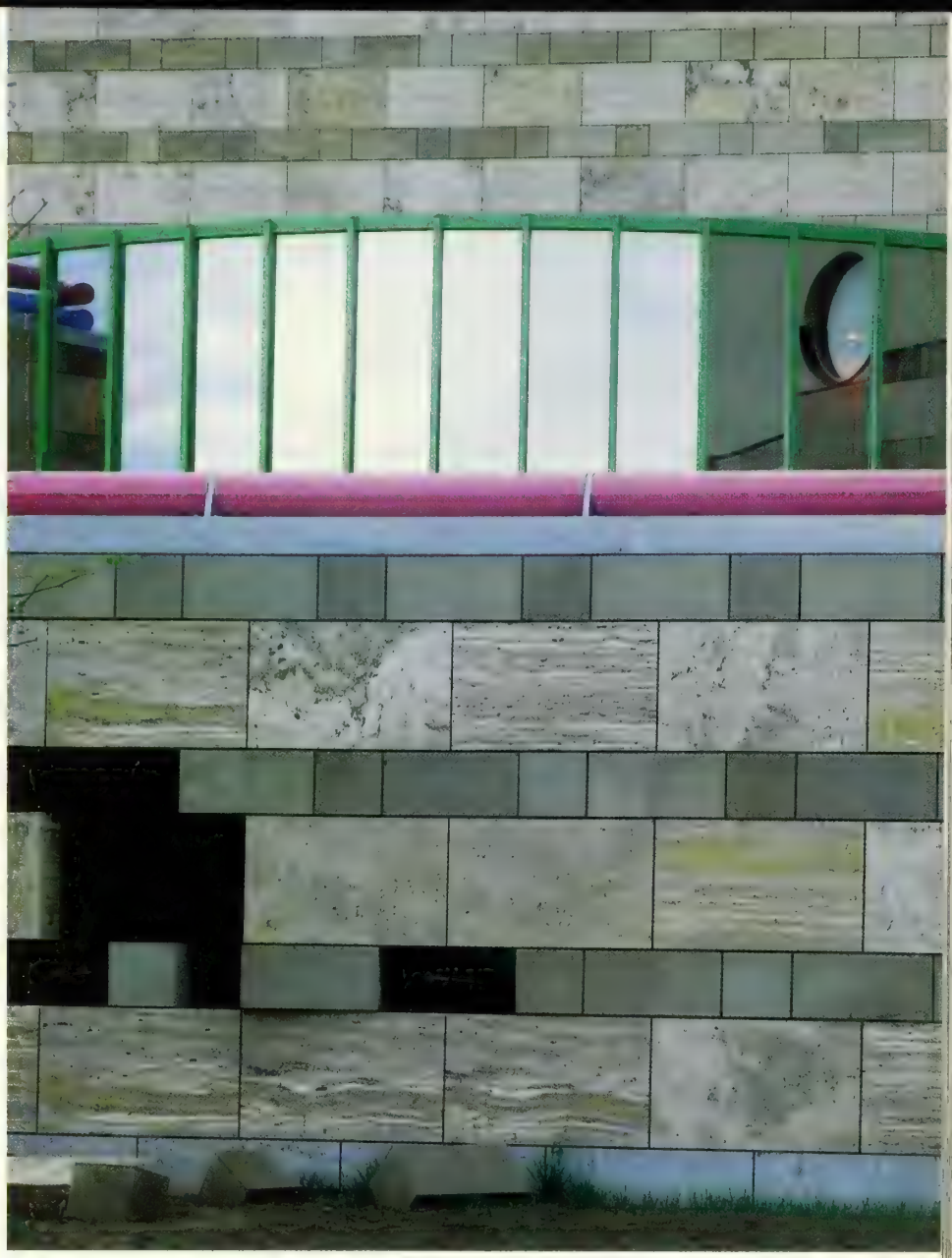
And, indeed, after his celebrated quartet of British university designs (Leicester; the Cambridge University History Faculty Building of 1964–67; the Residential Expansion of St. Andrew's University in Scotland of 1964–68; and the Florey Building at Queen's College, Oxford of 1966–71) as well as some public housing and a handful of private commissions, Stirling's practice in Great Britain ground to a virtual halt. Fortunately for him—and for the course of contemporary architecture—he soon found a more appreciative constituency in West Germany. Beginning with an unexecuted plan for the Siemens corporation near Munich in 1969, Stirling has been asked some ten times to prepare schemes for German clients.

It is interesting to speculate on the reasons for Stirling's adoption by the Germans. One is certainly the tenden-

FAÇADE PARADE

Four very different wall treatments by James Stirling trace his stylistic changes over the past twenty years. His dormitory for St. Andrew's University of 1964–68 in Scotland, *above left,* is a richly textured display of New Brutalist concrete construction. Southgate, *above right,* the second phase of Stirling's housing for Runcorn New Town, England, 1967, might be termed Pop High-Tech. Stirling's turn toward traditionalism since his 1971 partnership with Michael Wilford can be seen in their M.D. Anderson Hall at Rice University, Houston, 1981, *opposite left,* and their Stuttgart museum of 1977–84, *opposite right.* The "fallen" ashlar blocks are an architectural jest.





for a commission in one building
e to beget others of a similar nature.
r example, before winning the Stutt-
rt Neue Staatsgalerie job, Stirling
d Wilford had been invited to partic-
te in limited competitions for muse-
s in Düsseldorf and Cologne.
Another factor, no doubt, was the
rception within Germany of its di-
nished role in world architecture
ce the Nazi era; once the spawning
ound of modern architectural fer-
nt, West Germany since World
ar II has lagged far behind the Unit-
States, Italy, and Japan in the devel-
ment of creative new directions.
ally, there was the conjunction of
architect's new vision and his new
patrons' great enthusiasm for it.

Though not intentionally imitative, the change in Stirling's aesthetic from High-Tech Modernism to Post-Modern Classicism after he set up partnership with Michael Wilford in 1971 evoked many similarities to the German Neoclassical tradition from David Gilly and Karl Friedrich Schinkel onward. The British architects' turn to solidly geometric volume, their increasing use of masonry and simplified historicizing motifs—along with Stirling's gift for urban site planning, always his strong suit—struck a chord that no native German architect had sounded as eloquently. But this is no dour neo-Biedermeier for the Mercedes-Benz bourgeoisie. The products of Stirling and Wilford's new German career are as lively and surprising as architecture can be but are withal as dignified and substantial as architecture should be, especially as it is conceived by patrons thinking in terms of centuries, not decades.

That balance between the immediate and the enduring is perfectly demonstrated at the Neue Staatsgalerie. The original Stuttgart museum, built from 1838 to 1843, once faced onto the royal park at the center of the city, capital of Württemberg before the small kingdom was absorbed into a unified Germany. As the years passed, the street that sep- *(Text continued on page 236)*

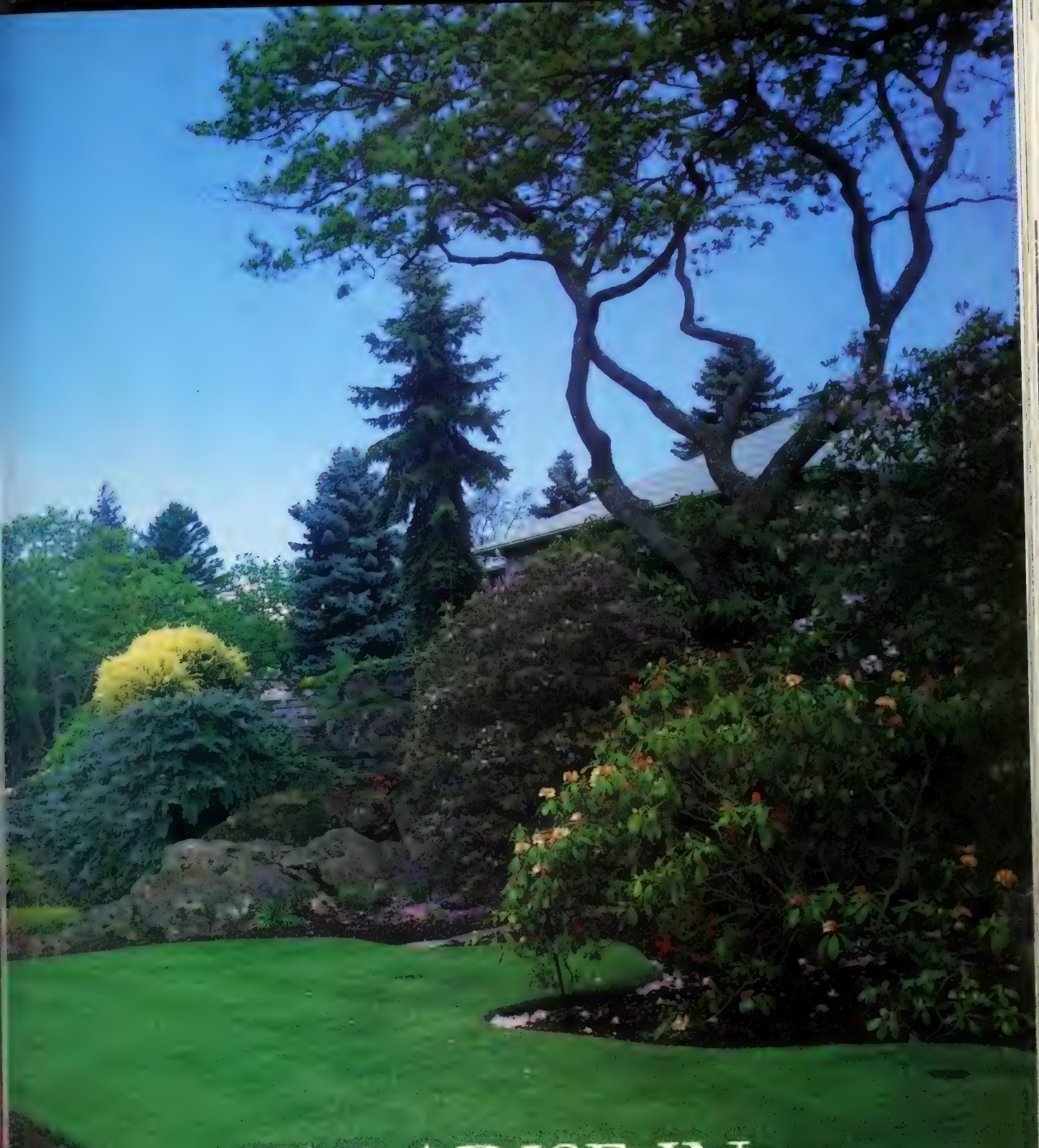


FLIGHT OF GRANDEUR

The heroically scaled front portal of the Arthur M. Sackler Museum at Harvard, *opposite*, leads to the monumental central stairway that ascends the full six-story height of the structure. To be dedicated this October, the Sackler Museum might eventually be linked to the Fogg Museum across the street by Stirling and Wilford's proposed but disputed pedestrian bridge, which would project from the large square window over the entrance.



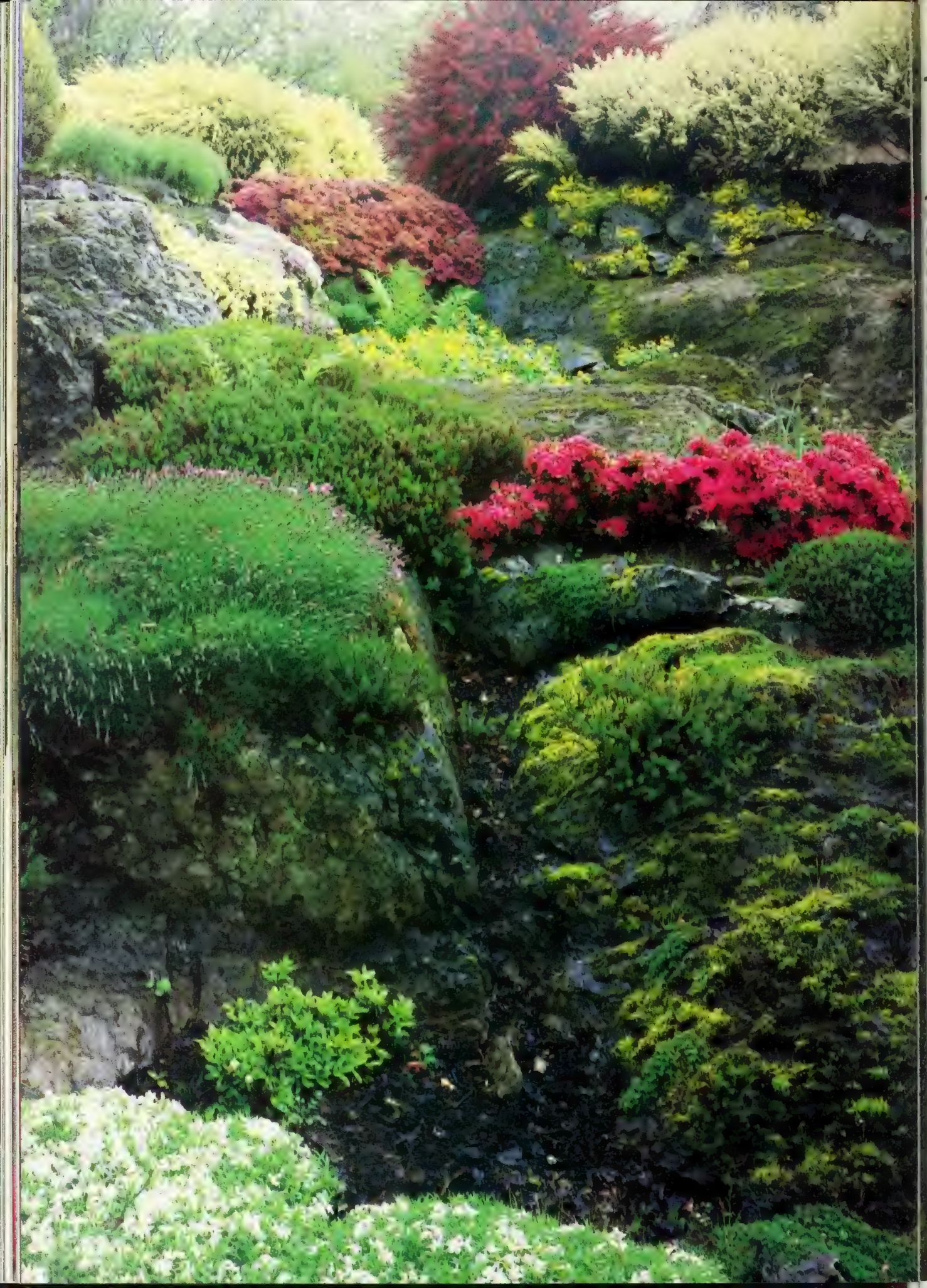




PARADISE IN A LITTLE ROOM

Prince and Princess Nicholas Abkhazi's garden acre in Victoria, B.C.

BY KATHERINE WHITESIDE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



November 1944. . . In spite of laughter from other internees, I have been busy preparing my pocket-handkerchief garden for the spring by collecting wild violet roots and planting them in clumps. . . . Now I shall repose myself for the winter which looms ahead of us bleaker than last year with little lighting, no heating or hot water, and reduced rations."

This entry, from a secret journal kept in a wartime Japanese internment camp, was written by Enemy Subject B2268, a British citizen who very much preferred the name Peggy Pemberton-Carter. Previously, she had enjoyed the sophisticated atmosphere of prewar Shanghai and the idyllic lifestyle of servants, entertaining, and leisure time in that "never-never land of extra-territoriality." But when "the Japanese troubles" began and scarlet arm bands with numbers became an unpleasant *de rigueur,* Peggy realized that this war was going to mean not only the loss of her money and possessions, but also her freedom. In March 1943, her "particular game of blindfold chess" was lost; penthouses and parties were replaced by camp barracks and duty rosters.

Internment camp life involved an endless schedule of mundane chores, but there was one job Peggy grew to love: "The gardening is getting to be really interesting, and no longer blindly exhausting as the back and arms grow stronger and the palms nicely calloused. Gardening. . . can be so restfully silent."

Allied victory ended years of imprisonment and Peggy was forced to leave Shanghai. She learned that many who had enjoyed cosmopolitan outposts were migrating to a small city at the tip of Canada's Vancouver Island. With very little to pack except an especially treasured box of Elizabeth Arden talcum powder, Peggy sailed for Victoria "because I heard that it was a place where one could be as eccentric as one wanted and nobody would notice."

She soon settled into her new life and began seeking out old friends. She wrote many letters to France trying to locate Prince Nicholas Abkhazi, a Georgian noble who had been her favorite escort during visits to Paris in the twenties. Reestablishing contact with him, Peggy learned that he, too, had lost everything, had suffered as a German prisoner of war, and was presently struggling with a repatriation crisis.

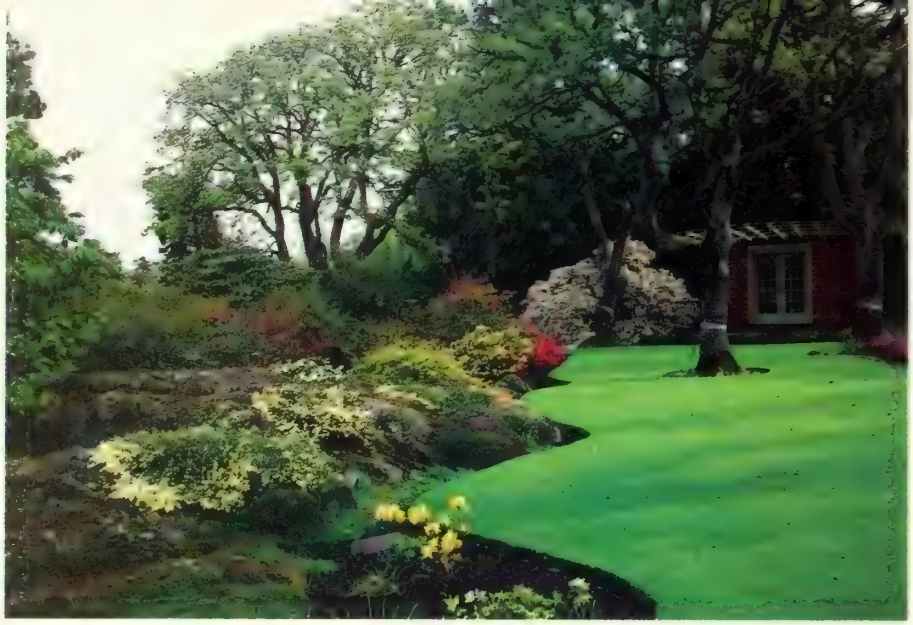
"After Nico got my letters, he looked up Vancouver Island in the atlas and found a comforting name—The Strait of Georgia. He wrote back, 'At least something will seem familiar. I am coming to Victoria.' " In 1946 he arrived and, soon after, former Enemy Subject B2268 became the Princess Abkhazi.

The newlyweds were little more than refugees, but there was hope of a small principality. Secreted within the scented confines of that Elizabeth Arden talcum powder box were several American Express checks. This smuggled money bought a very rocky plot on the outskirts of Victoria; there Peggy and Nicholas started to landscape a garden before they began to build their house.

The Abkhazis, today vivacious octogenarians, continue to plan and plant. They are assisted by Chris Ball, grandson of their first gardener and the third generation in his family to "really love this place." A pavilion-style house on a rocky summit overlooks the entire garden, a well-known favorite in a city famous for horticultural at-



In less than one acre, *preceding pages,* the Prince and Princess have created a feeling of spacious seclusion. House, barely visible at right, offers view of entire garden as tall trees on left screen out nearby buildings. This lower lawn is protected from road behind by rhododendrons and clipped hornbeam. *Opposite:* Jagged outcrop of granite is pocketed with soil holding plants like lichens, pinks, and rare heathers. *Right:* A procumbent spruce, *Picea Abies* 'Pendula', veils rocks and requires no pruning at all.



The curving lawn laps informal plantings, *above,* leading to a potting shed lived in by the Abkhazis while they laid out the garden. *Below:* The Princess has an original pruning style, evoking Oriental shapes and forms, that trains plants to flow along the rocks. Delicate leaves of Japanese maple harmonize in color and texture with prolific Exbury azaleas, and contrast with rugged mats of native ferns, mosses, and heather.



The garden in early morning, *above*. Winter-blooming heather lines the path flowering eleven months of the year. Cool blues and grays contrast with lively, hot colors of azalea collection. *Below:* Creeping broom, phlox, and marsh marigolds surround one of three ponds created from natural basins. Ferns thrive in the gentle, moist climate of Victoria, an island city famous throughout Canada for its lush gardens.

tractions. Portions of the original property have been sold over the years, but an aura of spacious seclusion remains in what is now less than an acre of suburban Victoria.

A mature rhododendron coppice with unusual specimens shelters the property from the road. Peggy and Nicholas chose varieties for leaf texture and tree form as much as for flower color. This assures year-around attraction, with an extravagant burst of color in the spring.

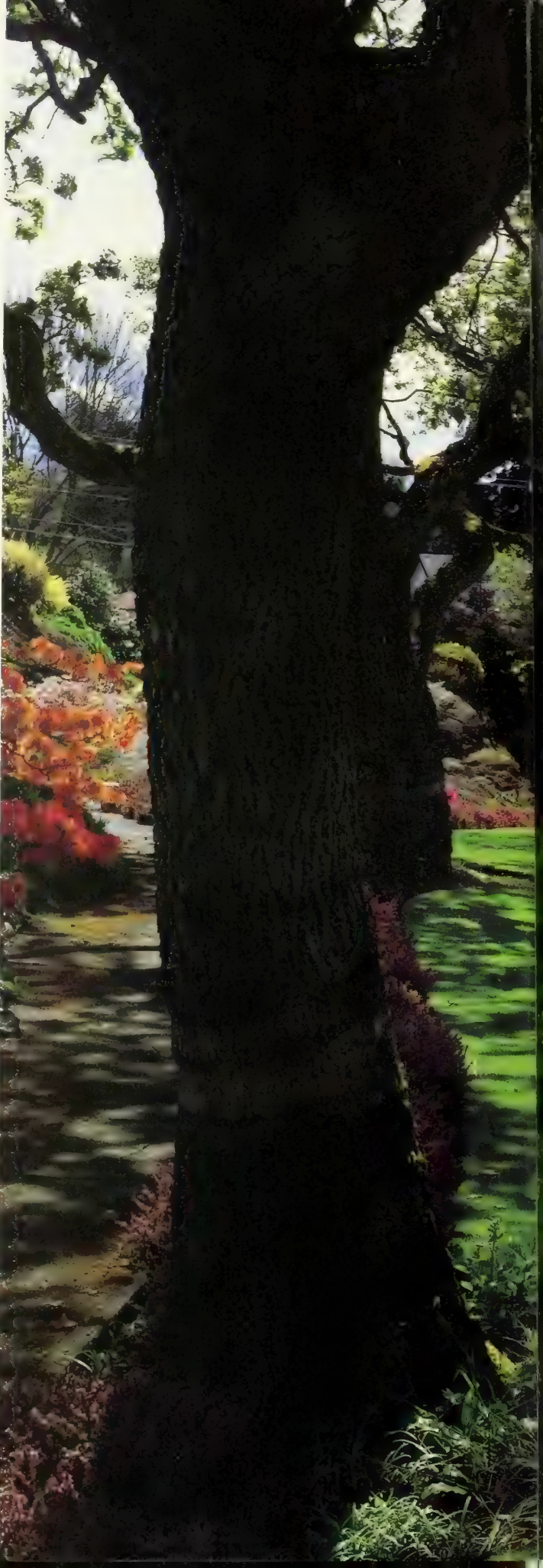
Neighbor Albert de Mezey bred a pale pink rhododendron and named it 'Peggy Abkhazi'. This, along with 'Bow Bells', 'Naomi', and 'Beauty of Littleworth', provides the rosy shades. Masses of dark green interweave with the creamy blossom of 'Moonstone', the apricot buds on 'Unique', and the lemon-yellow stems sprouting from 'Alice Street'. Standing on carpets of Neapolitan cyclamen and English primroses, the rhododendrons are protected by towering oaks that create a third layer of vegetation and an air of grandeur in the coppice.

Peggy recalls that "the large oak trees and the huge rocks initially attracted us to this place. We knew that something interesting would evolve." As she walks from the shady coppice onto a sunny lawn, attention instantly moves to a large outcrop of granite. One is tempted to run to it and scamper up like a mountain goat, but the reward for following a skirting path is the discovery of a very different garden beyond.

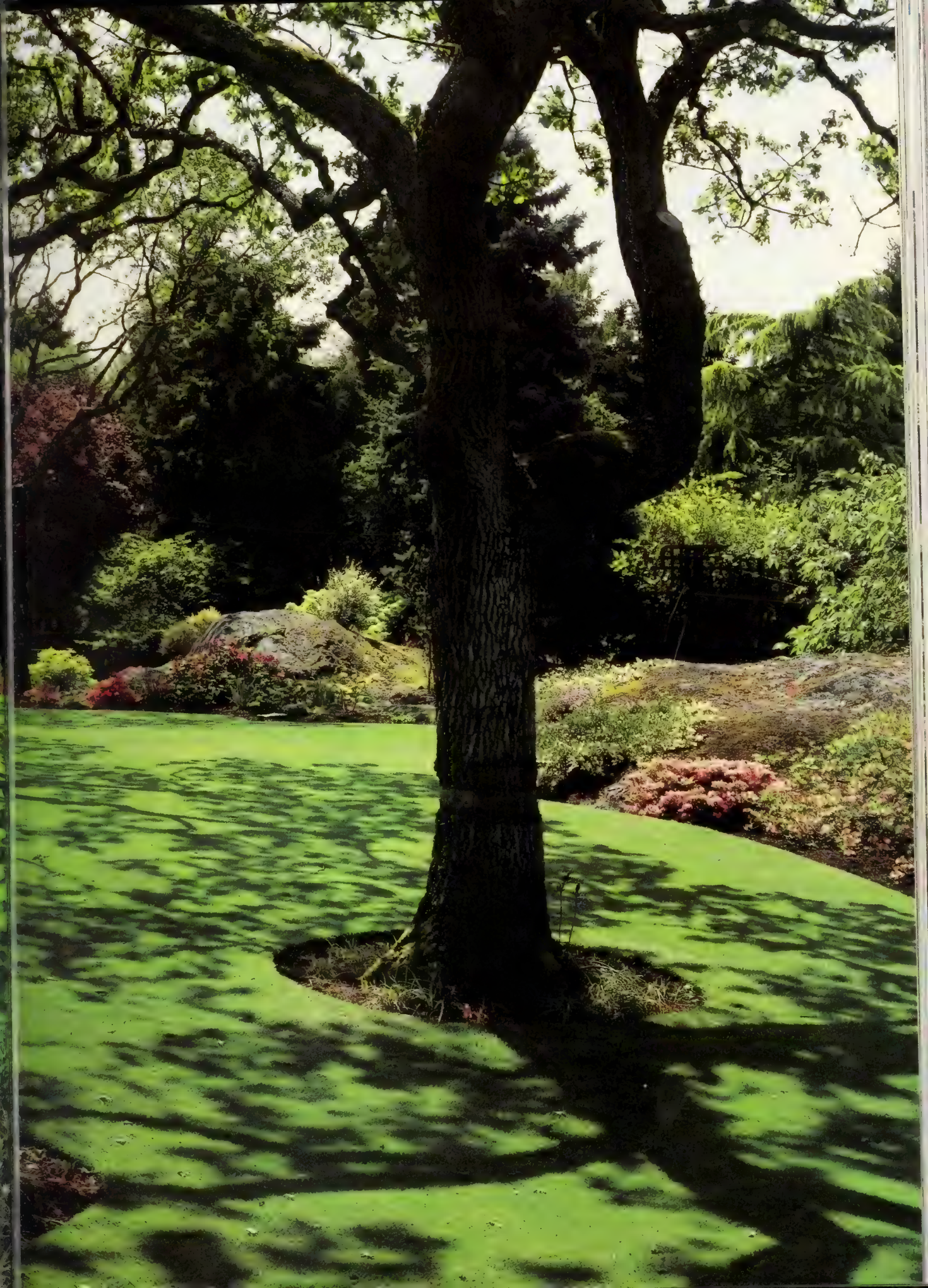
A long lawn divides two masses of glacial granite that undulate gently on one side and, on the other, rise in jagged peaks. The lawn gives the garden its structural backbone while the rocks provide a large variety of plant habitats. A feeling of space, created by the long views, is cleverly juxtaposed with the intimacy of plants cradled in the outcroppings. At this point one feels miles from the rhododendron coppice.

All along the rock face are plants that Peggy has pruned "to veil and soften." Skillfully creating arched and weeping forms, she has introduced into this Western setting an Oriental vocabulary reminiscent of her many years in the East. "Some people are afraid to prune because it is something that you can only learn with practice. But I *love* to prune!"

Here and there these sculptured plants cascade into clusters of wild flowers. Native thyme, mosses, and creeping broom "knit the rocks together" and hold in the soil. Blue camas lilies, resembling delicate agapanthus, must be kept "under *(Text continued on page 222)*



Huge oaks and massive rocks originally attracted Peggy and Nicholas to this spot. A long view from potting shed of upper lawn; rhododendron coppice and lower lawn hidden left of downhill curve. Road and neighbors have been "planted out" with evergreens, trees, and flowering shrubs.





CALIFORNIA COOL

Michael Taylor's way with glossy black granite and creamy white travertine for the house of composer and collector Gil Garfield

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VAUGHAN

In the entrance of Gil Garfield's house, *opposite,* the glamorous mood is immediately established by the gleaming floor, mirrored walls, and gilded English Regency benches. *Above:* The rear façade is as formal and symmetrical as the front. A Roman sculpture presides. Table is limestone with canvas umbrella.



Entrepreneur/songwriter/art collector Gil Garfield knows what he would choose if he were offered either a fine painting or a fine house. "I'd go with the house," he says. "I couldn't even live with a Van Gogh if the surroundings were drab. Anyway, a good space is a piece of art itself."

Garfield's own good space is a small stucco pavilion he bought two and a half years ago. Interior designer Michael Taylor has transformed it into a setting for Garfield's ancient and twentieth-century sculpture and paintings. Taylor says, "Black and pale colors are a perfect foil for works of art." The house, on the edge of Beverly Hills, already had black granite floors, large windows, and several skylights. Taylor emphasized the blackness by designing tables, buffets, and pedestals of the same material; they seem to grow out of the floor. To these he added black lacquer finishes, and black window blinds.

To soften the hard surfaces, Taylor designed oversized sofas covered in a burlap-weave, terra-cotta-tinted off-white silk, which provide contrast in both texture and color. Wicker, a favorite material of Garfield's, was used in the dining room and office, not in its natural state but lacquered black.

There are touches of Italy, too, in this Californian's house. Garfield was Gil of "Gil Fields and the Fraternity Brothers," a popular recording group in Italy in the sixties, and he grew to love the country he sang in. "The simple contemporary lines of my house remind me of a villa on the Mediterranean. The classical pieces—the Roman sculpture—seem to reinforce that. The worn ancient stone feels very right with the black granite." There are also paintings and a bronze sculpture by

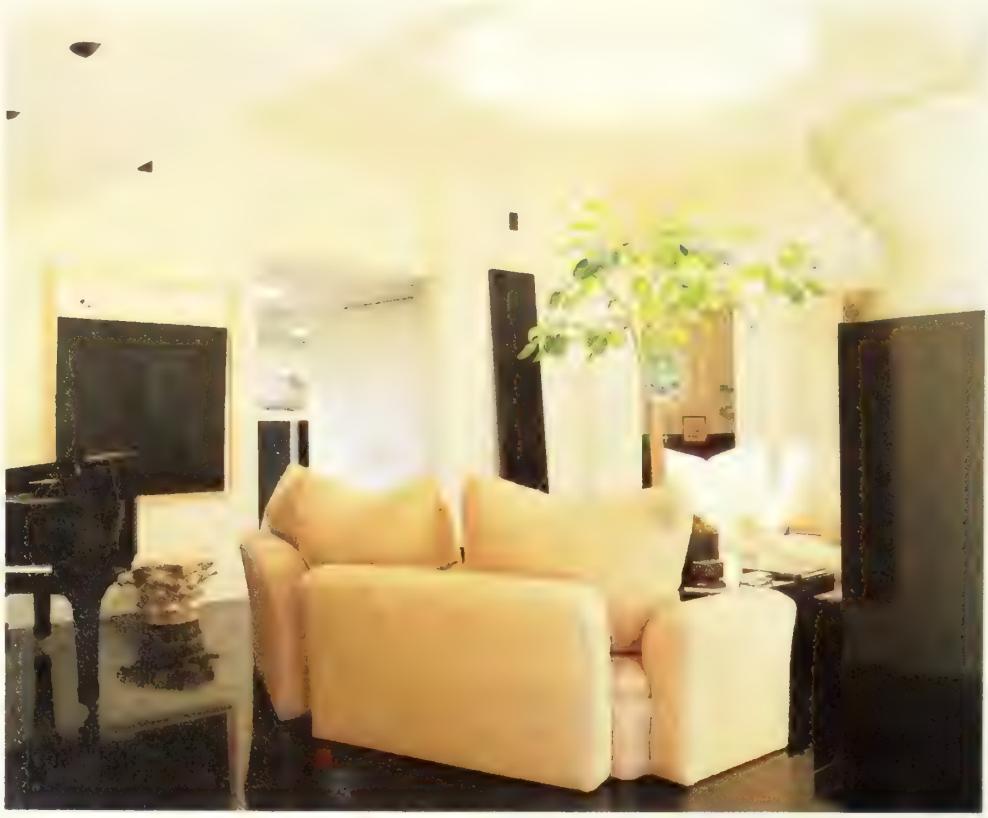


Michael Taylor's silk-covered living-room sofas and his hexagonal table were designed to fit together. The table displays a Roman fragment and a live Banyan tree. A pair of granite pedestals support stone lighting fixtures. Propped on the mantel shelf, an early pen-and-ink drawing by Oskar Schlemmer.





A vibrant oil-on-paper painting by Sandro Chia hangs in the dining room, *opposite,* where black lacquered wicker chairs encircle a granite table. "The living room was designed with piano playing in mind," says Michael Taylor. Flanking the Yamaha baby grand is an oil painting by Sandro Chia, *above,* and an oil-stick painting by Richard Serra, *below.*







the contemporary Italian artist Sandro Chia who, Garfield found out, has a collection of Garfield's recordings. Other works also find a place and some almost match, such as a shiny black acrylic plank by John McCracken and a strong black-and-white painting by Richard Serra.

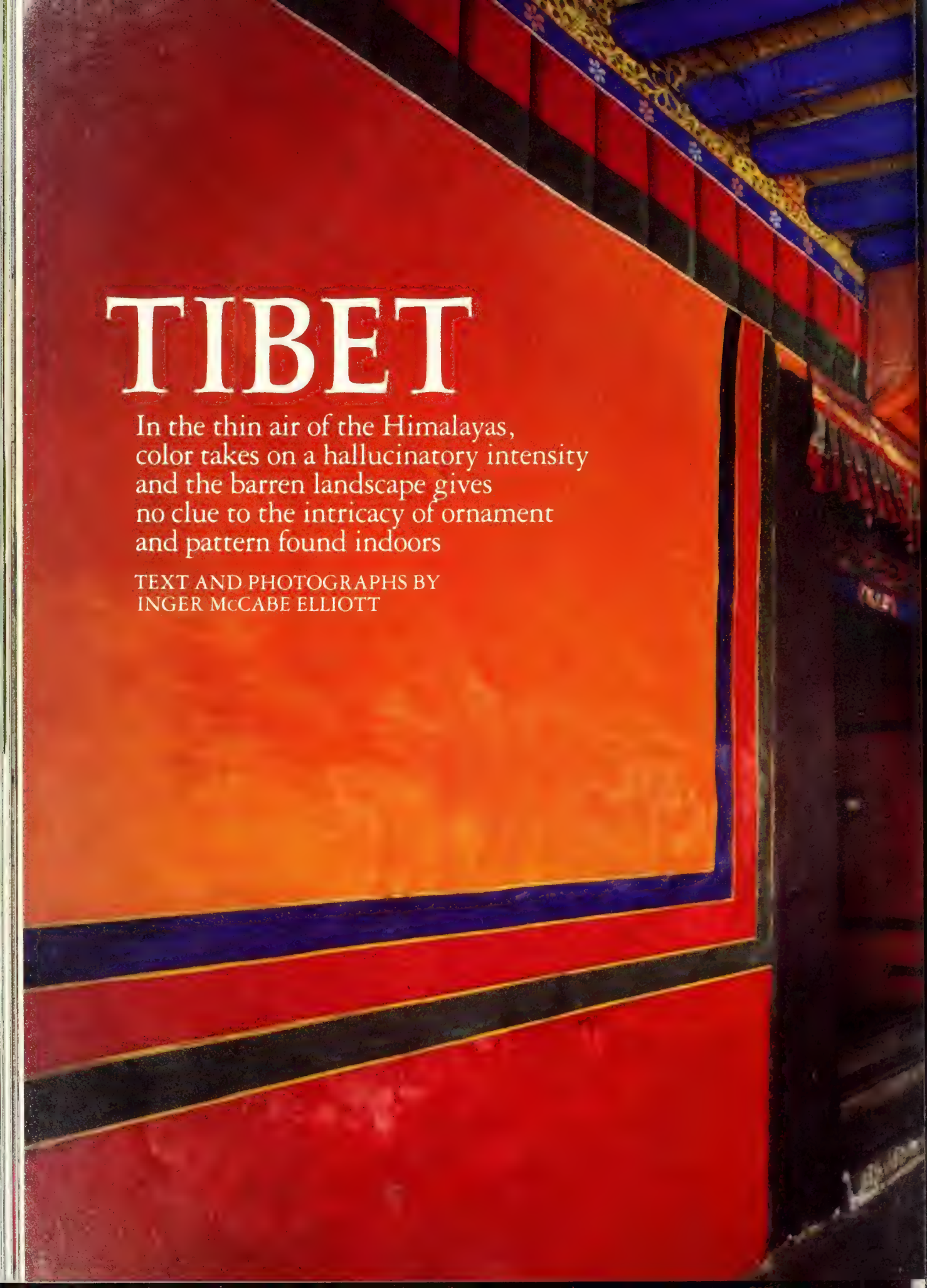
Garfield still writes songs and plays the piano at his frequent parties, joking when he says, "I can play anything in C." As a host he finds that the stretches of black granite combine with wall mirrors "to make the house seem like one large space, encouraging guests to drift from room to room and outside." There, around the swimming pool, the limestone paving echoes the rooms' granite squares.

"My acres and acres of shiny surfaces make an ideal house for me," says Garfield. "It's as light and bright as a glass prism. Every place you look there's a reflection—in the blinds, the McCracken plank, the floors. Guests may jump at seeing their faces everywhere, but they get to like it." □

Editor: Eleanore Phillips

Varieties of form fascinate Garfield, including, *opposite,* an old geode seen through the doorway; an acrylic plank by John McCracken; a Roman fragment on a granite buffet. *Above:* The mirrored walls in the bedroom conceal a wardrobe. Ceramic by Peter Voulkos and oil on linen by Max Cole are reflected in the mirror. Bed is covered in Indian raw silk; furniture is travertine including a pedestal for a stone fragment flanked by cubes used for seating.





TIBET

In the thin air of the Himalayas,
color takes on a hallucinatory intensity
and the barren landscape gives
no clue to the intricacy of ornament
and pattern found indoors

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY
INGER McCABE ELLIOTT



Inside the Jokhang Monastery in Lhasa








At the Drepung Monastery, *top row left to right,* canvas protects a painting; "battered" doors and bright beams complete scene. Two details of the brilliant décor at Norbulingka, formerly the summer palace of the Dalai Lamas. Nomads tending yaks on a snowy windswept mountain.

Silently she materialized, dressed in dusty black, silhouetted in the door of the crumbling monastery. Hands clasped in prayer, high over her head, then to her chin, her chest, and to the ground as she prostrated herself in the dirt of the ancient doorway. She lay there motionless. Then she pulled herself forward and to her knees and to her feet and the prayerful hands soared skyward again and another obeisance commenced. And so in the high reaches of Tibet, the pilgrim made her painful way through the courtyard of the eleventh-century Zhalu Monastery whose foundations were built before the first stones were laid for Notre Dame Cathedral.

It was a scene that evoked the Middle Ages, and so does much of Tibet. The sheer emptiness of the place—a vast plateau surrounded by the Kunlun Mountains on the north and the Himalayas on the south, where great rivers such as the Yangtze and the Brahmaputra rise. The lingering vestiges of theocracy—nearly one third of its people were involved in monastic life before the Chinese conquest a quarter of a century ago. The mysticism. The fantasy. The reality. The dirt. The grandeur.

Tibet's landscape is grim, gray, tan, dusty, rocky, sandy, snowy, muddy, hard, mundane—and heart-stopping. Your vehicle suddenly lurches into a view of lush valleys, green and yellow with rapeseed and surrounded by white-capped peaks. A sudden snow from the Himalayas at 17,000 feet can whiten the landscape and hide the tents of nomads and then vanish in hours, leaving the hillsides all the greener. The yak and the nomad share a rugged life. Nomads make their simple tents from the hair of yaks. Like all Tibetans they drink yak milk and flavor their tea with yak butter. They use the yak as a beast of burden, and eat its meat, usually raw. For sport, they mount these hairy, awkward animals and race them wildly across the countryside.

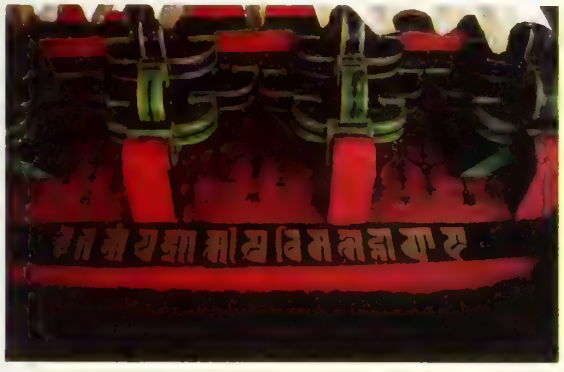
Even today, Tibet is the preserve of a very special type of Buddhism. During ten awful years of the Chinese Cultural Revolution, thousands of monasteries were sacked, and their ruins scar the landscape. Exact figures are not to be had in this land, but it is said that of some 27,000













Apartment house in Lhasa, *bottom row left to right,* with many-paned windows and typical overhang. Fretwork covers windows at Jokhang Monastery. Irish lace hides interiors at Norbulingka. Massive brackets painted in primary colors. Potala Palace seen from the golden-roofed Jokhang.

monasteries in 1959, only about fifteen are now in use. In the most remote areas, the white-painted sayings of Chairman Mao Tse-tung still cry out from the mountainsides, years after Mao's officially endorsed disgrace. Yet pilgrims still count their prayer beads (108 of them to a string), still twirl their prayer wheels, still chant their mantras as they hike many miles, in rags and sneakers, to the handful of monasteries still functioning. The worshipers carry yak butter to replenish the holy candles, and a few yuan to pay for a special prayer or two.

In the highest mountain passes, little piles of rock are draped with gauzy scarves—*hadas*—left there by passing pilgrims as makeshift shrines. On Bao Jiao Street in Lhasa, the dusty main thoroughfare of the capital city, little boys—apprentice monks—squat practicing their prayers in piping voices among the market stalls stacked high with Chinese clothing, green plastic cans, exotic furs, and peasants in from the countryside displaying their hides, saddles, and trinkets.

Down the street and around the corner, the pilgrims prostrate themselves over and over again at the Jokhang Monastery, a blend of Tibetan, Chinese, and Nepalese architecture, and Lhasa's oldest monument. A bright sun glints off the white and blue banners hanging on its front; gilded deer and bell-shaped *gyantschen,* symbols of flourishing Buddhism, sparkle on its rooftop. And everywhere, the rancid, musty smell of yak butter.

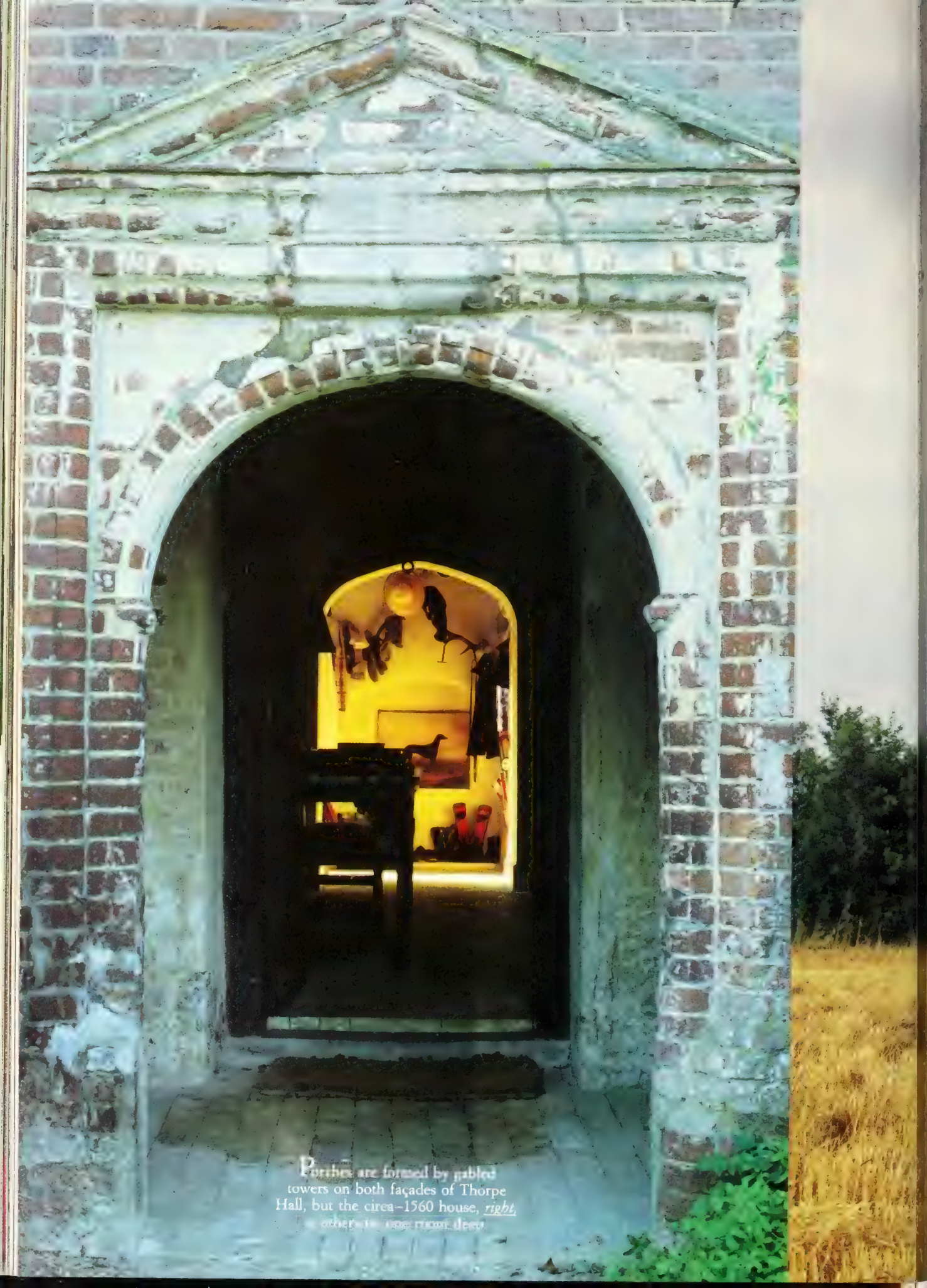
The huge Potala Palace, with its one thousand rooms built and rebuilt since the seventh century, is Lhasa's looming landmark. Once the winter palace of the Dalai Lamas, its massive white and raspberry-washed walls shoot heavenward; the palace hovers over the city like some magical spaceship come to visit.

Unlike the Potala, Tibet's smaller monasteries tend to blend into the barren landscape, their exterior colors muted beneath the golden ornamentation of their rooftops. Within lies a rich statement of belief: magnificent frescoes and golden figures inlaid with turquoise and pearls, towering wooden statues, porcelains and paintings, and manuscripts and *(Text continued on page 220)*





Typical Tibetan monastic architecture with giant beams, cornices, and canvas overhang, here at Tashilungpo Monastery in Shigatse. *Opposite:* Entire surfaces are often painted with primary colors in glossily intricate detail. This example is in Lhasa's Jokhang Monastery.



Porches are formed by gabled towers on both façades of Thorpe Hall, but the circa-1560 house, *right*, is only one room deep

LESSONS OF RESTRAINT

A sixteenth-century house in East Anglia restored by David Mlinaric

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY SNOWDON



It may come as a surprise to those who know only his later scholarly work to learn that David Mlinaric made his name in the "swinging London" of the sixties decorating for Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, and others who wanted "display decorating—bright, eye-catching, and transitory." Mlinaric notes that "only one London flat survives from this period; it has a red study and a shiny plum-black drawing room."

It was just a decade later that Mlinaric was being called upon by the National Trust to restore and decorate such great holdings as the Assembly Rooms at Bath, Beningbrough in Yorkshire, and Castle Coole in Ireland... and a British design writer was describing the Mlinaric palette (exaggerating, as anyone who knows his Baroque and Edwardian work can attest) as "running the gamut from off-white to further-off-white." What happened? Not only was the transitory style of transitory interest, but David Mlinaric was given two eighteenth-century buildings to work on and they taught him what he fondly calls "the lessons of restraint." Thorpe Hall, the mid-sixteenth-century, moat-encircled manor house he restored and decorated for himself, his wife, Martha, and their three children came next and not only profited from those lessons but taught him more.

David Mlinaric's romantic yet down-to-earth nature is revealed in his description of Thorpe Hall and its setting. "East Anglia, now the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, resembles Holland—a low landscape under a clear north light. Thorpe Hall looks Dutch, too. It's a brick house rising from a big flat field with steep gables and tall chimneys. Some people say that Dutch religious refugees brought their architecture to East Anglia, but we must remember that people from this region were seafarers who sailed to the Lowlands themselves. To get to London long ago they had to go by boat because the fens were impassable much of the year and brigands roamed the forests of Essex. The people of East Anglia sometimes sailed across the North Sea to nearby Holland instead of hugging the coast to get to London."

After the Second World War, Thorpe Hall was saved from almost certain ruin by an Indian Army major who took the house on as a retirement project. When the Mlinarics found it in 1969, its handsome exterior was marred by modern single-pane glazing and its interior was a labyrinth of small rooms clumsily inserted into the noble spaces. Yet it seemed the perfect setting for raising children, far enough into the country to be outside of London's social sphere and near enough for David Mlinaric to pursue his career.

When he speaks of the lessons of restraint, he recalls that he "learned a new *(Text continued on page 216)*



Two entrance porches lead to the hall (a corner is seen here), one of two original main rooms on the ground floor. Hall is the medieval English name for a multipurpose social room. At right: an antique working model of a thresher made to display at country fairs. Interior arches are Tudor style.









The sitting room, *left,* is one of the two original ground-floor spaces flooded with daylight through windows on the north and south. Family furniture from both sides is gathered here, and the floor is covered with Norfolk rush matting. New leaded glass in a historically appropriate block-and-lozenge pattern was installed by Mlinaric. Over the old fireplace, wide enough to store logs in, hangs a painting of a Suffolk landscape designed by Capability Brown and still in existence: "We drive through it," says Mlinaric. *Above:* Another view of the hall, where dinner parties for more than eight take place. Wheelbarrow wearing its original paint is an old French piece. "Tree light" for candles can be taken off its hook and hung outdoors on a branch.







A rocking horse stands in the library before a screen decorated with pictures of Martha Mlinaric's grandfather's horses, *left,* which he kept in Nottinghamshire. The painter was Lynwood Palmer, who in Edwardian days would visit country families for a month at a time to paint the horses and dogs. *Above:* The children's drawings and handmade dolls are displayed in the kitchen's play corner. The large kitchen (also seen on the cover of this issue) was added to the left side of Thorpe Hall when it was about a century old.





The master bedroom, *left*, contains an 18th-century Irish bed, a circa-1690 Dutch bureau-bookcase from Martha Mlinaric's family, and a 19th-century Italian sofa once owned by David Mlinaric's Yugoslavian-born father. Ebony chairs are probably from British India. *Above:* A new armillary sphere on an old Dutch pedestal in the geometric vegetable/flower garden.

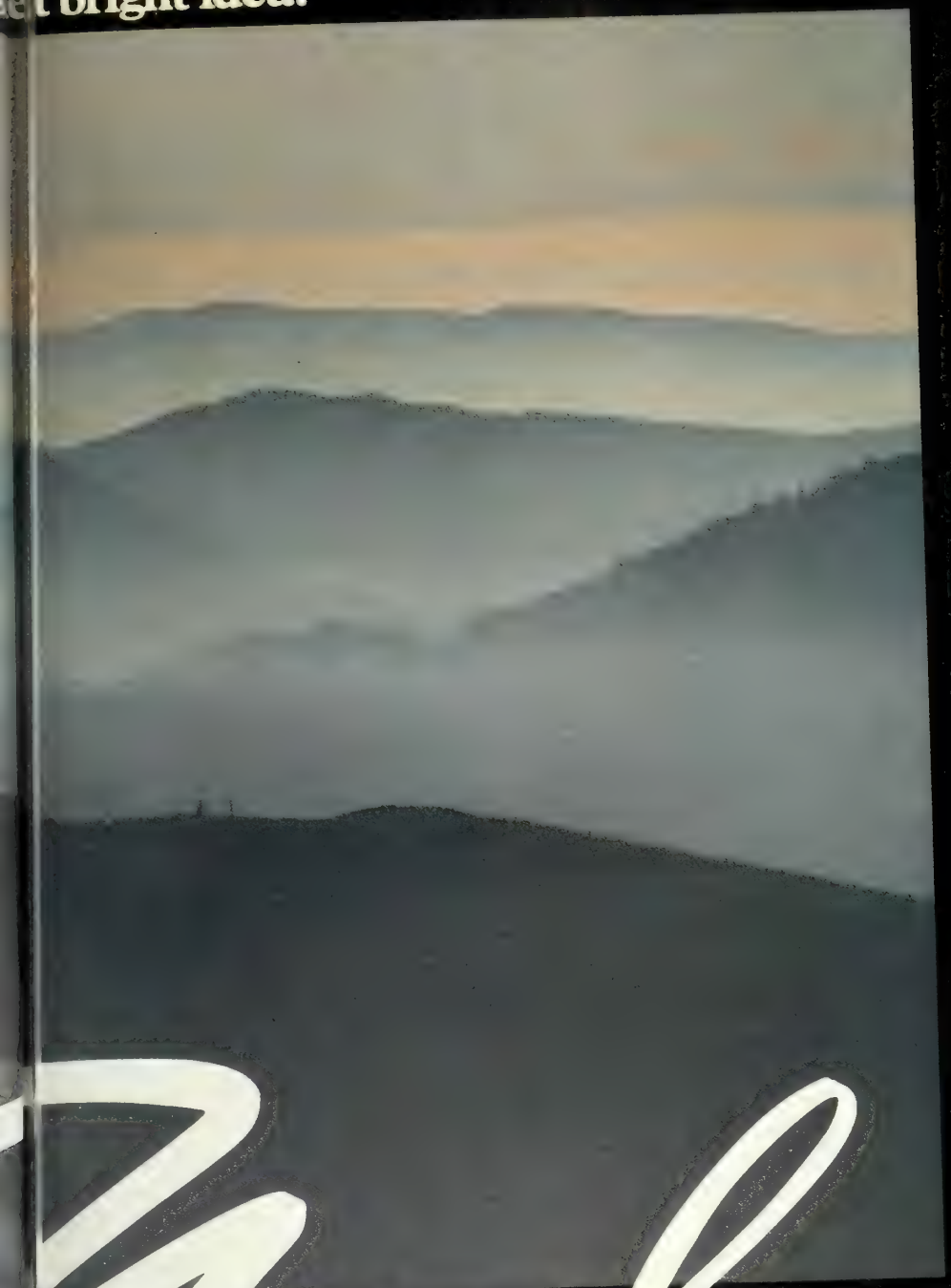
Grays.

According to our design board, it's black and white: gray is the color of the '80s. Gray, they say, is destined to outshine beige as next year's neutral. So we've come out with Rhianna. Thirty soft, misty, muted, tinted grays. In fact, just about every shade of gray between dawn and twilight. Winter Sky. Mountain Stone. Sea Fog. Woodland Rose. Pebble and Slate. And the quality of our latest line is just as appealing: 100% spun Monsanto Ultron® nylon. Tight, tough—a pin-point saxony that's Wear-Dated. And then treated with Scotchgard for extra protection against soil, stains or static. Rhianna. Another example of something we've tried to offer every year since 1866: next year's colors. This new collection is available at fine stores or through your interior designer. Or write C.H. Masland & Sons, Box 40, Carlisle, Pennsylvania 17013.



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AUCTION CALENDAR

M A Y

WED 1 & THURS 2	**Contemporary Art**
TUES 7 & WED 8	**Old Master, Modern & Contemporary Prints**
THURS 9	**French Furniture & Sculpture**
TUES 14	**American and European Printed Books & Manuscripts**
WED 15 & THURS 16	**Impressionist and Modern Paintings**
WED 22	**Chinese Export Porcelain**
THURS 23	**American Decorative Arts**
FRI 24	**19th Century Paintings**
THURS 30	**Latin American Paintings**
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LESSONS OF RESTRAINT

(Continued from page 206) gramm to follow in dealing with old building One thing I strongly feel is that the i terior should fulfill the promise of t exterior. The outside of a modest farm house tells you there are small room inside; one mustn't gut it. The exteri of a manor house tells you there a large rooms inside; one mustn't subd vide them. At Thorpe Hall we had t undo such an error."

Mlinaric and his small staff (abou half a dozen) do not remove origina structural elements unless forced to d so by modern heating or plumbin needs (such needs defined by stalwar nonpampering British standards o comfort). That which is removed— fitted cupboard, for example—is pre served and used elsewhere in the build ing. A corollary to this rule is tha nothing is added unless the same sta wart standards dictate it. Mlinaric pon dered these things very carefully a Thorpe Hall. "Yet this is unmistakabl a Tudor house of today," he says. "W put in unobtrusive heating; Sir Gu Thorpe had to hang heavy tapestries."

Mlinaric's aim in his residentia work is to create rooms that are "agree able, reassuring, undemanding, and never pretentious or envy-making. In our studio we often speak of the 'ef fortless look.' I am certain that people in stiff, overdressed rooms do not en joy them. They worry about damage and about impressing visitors."

Mlinaric realizes that the quiet deco rating he aims for "requires a good room, made by good craftsmen. Oth erwise there is nothing to look at." The complaint of nothing to look at could never be made of the Mlinaric restora tion of Thorpe Hall. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



David Mlinaric in one of the tower porches at Thorpe Hall.

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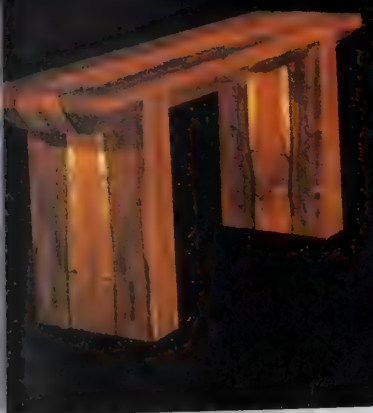
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the company... the designer... the product...

(Continued from page 152) and Macau. She divides her day between her bedroom on the main floor and the morning and dining rooms below. From all of them she enjoys a wonderful panorama of eighteenth-century houses with their distinctive curling tiled roofs, ornate Baroque church towers, and the distant view of the river with all the activity of a busy waterway. It is a beautiful sight often bathed in the most luminous of lights. There is something very special about the quality of the light in Portugal, particularly at certain times of the year. The views from her house are a never-ending source of pleasure to her and were one of the main reasons that attracted her to it when she came to live there in 1947.

"There was only one bathroom then," she recalls, "and one wall outlet. The rooms were bare and whitewashed and the woodwork was painted a rather unattractive shade of yellow. But the views! I noticed them as soon as I entered the place. They changed with each room, each level. I was absolutely enchanted by it and arranged to lease it from its Portuguese owners, the Croft de Moura family, as soon as I possibly could. That was almost forty years ago and here I still am."

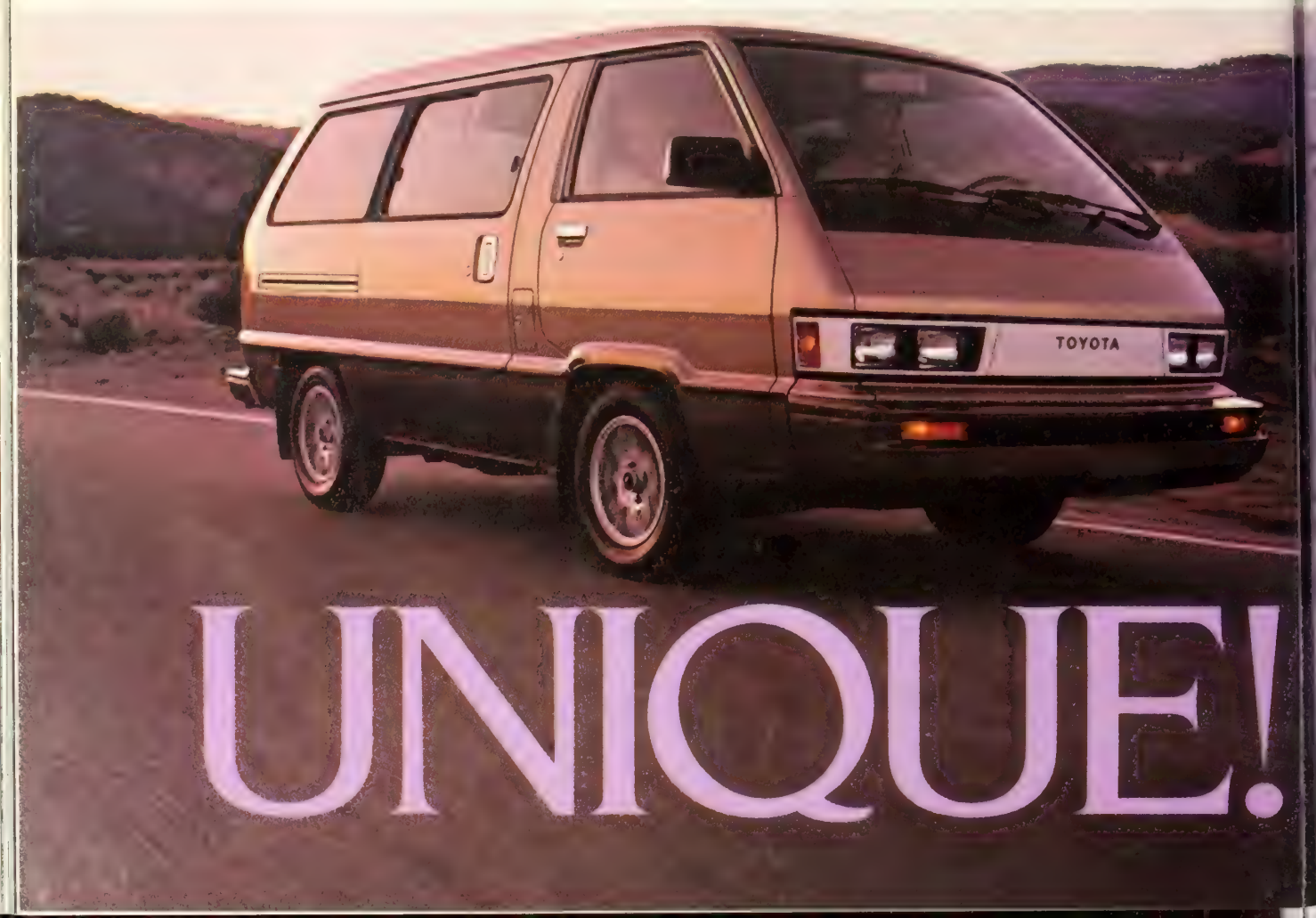
Over the years she made a lot of changes, put in extra bathrooms and wall outlets, placed small mirrored panels in the doors of the main rooms, marbleized some of the woodwork ("the Portuguese do that kind of work beautifully"), added color to the bald white of the rooms, and generally gave the house the distinctive charm it has today, filling it with furniture she brought from England and mixing it with traditional Portuguese elements, about which she knows a lot. The result is very much a reflection of the owner's personality rather than any particular decorative style.

Although Lady Elles was born and brought up in England, her background is cosmopolitan. Her mother was Portuguese; her father, John Hornung, was of English and Hungarian descent and had gone to Africa at the turn of the century (taking his you family with him for a while) and carv out a sugar estate in Mozambique th later became one of the largest of kind in the world.

Her family often spent their holida in Portugal and for many years own the Quinta dos Azulejos near Lisbo which is renowned for the beauty the eighteenth-century tiled deco tions in the garden.

"Portuguese society followed a pr ty set pattern in those days. Th moved with the court to Sintra in Ju and then promptly on September 1 e eryone descended on Cascais, whi really was an untouched fishing villa then. I remember seeing King Carl playing tennis in *black* flannels, b cause like most royalty of the time l seemed to be almost perpetually mourning for a relative of one kind another."

Lady Elles remembers those far-c Edwardian days with great clarity ar humor but without any particular no talgia. "Life was pretty leisurely," sh



lls, "but you grew up rather sud-
ly and that was a blight for me. One
your hair was down and your skirts
t and the next you had to put your
up and your skirts down and that
the finish. You were grown up.
re was no transition stage. And
having to parade around balanc-
a parasol in one hand and a cart-
el hat and a trailing skirt in the
er, didn't really make one a very
sible proposition."

In 1909 she married Lieutenant Col-
l Arthur Houssemayne du Boulay,
later died in the First World War,
ing her a widow with three small
dren by the time she was thirty. She
nt most of the twenties bringing
m up in London and at her parents'
ne, West Grinstead Park in Sussex,
ich is one of Nash's more imposing
stles," set in a magnificent three-
ndred-acre deer park.

With her children almost grown up,
l with time on her hands, Blanche
Boulay, as she was then, decided to
her hand at interior decorating. She worked first with Margot Brigden, the head of furnishings at Keeble's, who had been trained by Mrs. Bethell, one of the leading decorators of her day. Margot Brigden told her, "I can't pay you but you can learn." And learn she did, especially about the practical side of the business. She enjoyed work. A woman of instinctive good taste, she was never dogmatic about it, although, as she recalls with a smile, "I do remember once telling someone with great finality that they just *couldn't* have white damask curtains in a pure Adam room."

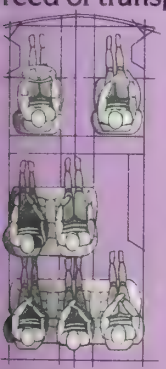
She is a great believer in not striving too hard for effect. "It always seemed to me that it was so much more important to know how people lived, how many children they had and how many pets, before one started making any decisions. Often they didn't know what they wanted, so one started backwards and found out what they *didn't* like, especially with regard to things like colors, and then you could work from there. The important thing was to make them think that they had done it themselves. Margot Brigden always told me that if anyone could ever recognize that I had decorated a place then I would have failed."

She gave up working when she remarried in 1939. Her second husband was General Sir Hugh Elles, who had been the first commander of the Tank Corps in World War I. During the war they moved to Bristol where Sir Hugh was in command of the civil defense for the western region of England. They saw out the savage bombing of that city and her own home in London was totally destroyed in the blitz.

After her husband's death in 1946, she moved to Lisbon. Her house is now getting "a bit shabby," she cheerfully admits, "but cared-for shabby, if you know what I mean. I rather like it that way. I don't know what a decorator would make of it. Probably want to tidy it up to begin with. But it's comfortable, it's home, it's the way I want it, and it suits me. Could one ask for more?" □

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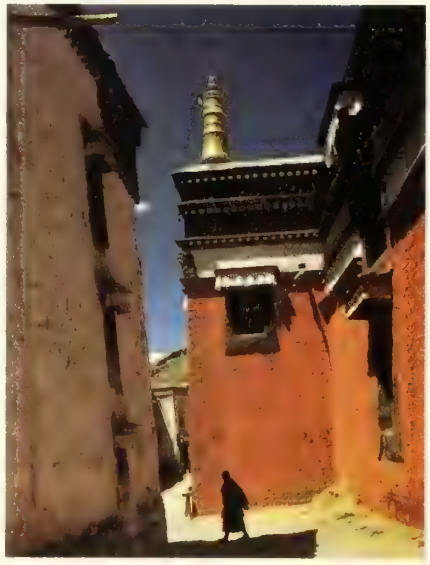
(Continued from page 201) silks. To the pilgrim, church and state are one and indivisible. For the designer, there is a feast of color and pattern.

There are three levels of seeing Tibet, each set apart from the others. The awesome, harsh, lonely landscape sets the scene. Then there are the monasteries and homes which present their façades in matte colors of white and terra cotta. And finally one comes into the interiors—of the noble and the holy—which glisten with glossy primary colors that decorate nearly every surface in a splash of patterns.

Does the harshness of northern winters perhaps *demand* the visual relief of brilliant colors? So it often seems in Scandinavian or Russian homes, with their brilliantly painted wooden interiors—and so it often seems in the houses and monasteries of Tibet. Although Tibet's noble houses are now mostly in ruins, photographs of fifty years ago show a striking resemblance to the interiors of existing monasteries. One can only surmise that these brilliant colors were a denial of nature and a statement of belief in man's spiritual life.

Just as in northern Europe, much use is made of primary colors—red, blue, and yellow—with secondary hues of orange, green, and violet emphasizing pattern and line. Painted wooden carvings, statues, frescoes, and columns are everywhere. In the courtyard of the Tashilungpo Monastery in Shigatse, Tibet's second-largest "city," brilliant frescoes depict one thousand and one images of Buddha, in five traditional poses. In the Palchor Monastery at Gyantse, a large caravan stop dominated by a fortress, 48 pillars support the large hall, and in Lhasa's Jokhang Monastery, hundreds of tiny golden statues of Buddha can be found in a gallery of their own.

In Tibet, doors and windows are not mere conveniences to go through or see through; they are treated as special vehicles for an artist's inspiration. The eye is invited to focus on them not only by splashy color, but by design as well—by a kind of trompe l'oeil that creates a "forced perspective." While doors and windows themselves are



Street outside the temple of Tashilungpo

perfectly symmetrical, their painted or structural frames are made wider at the bottom than at the top; they seem to lean away from the viewer, like a skyscraper in a camera lens.

Often, parallel lines of paint draw the eye from one architectural feature to the next—from a window to a door to a painted panel alive with flowers and abstract designs. Windows are multipaned and sometimes filigreed with wooden patterns, causing the eye to pause before moving on to comprehend the vast space outside. The hard, bright light of Tibet—there is a lack of gray—further accentuates this forced perspective and seemingly exaggerated proportions of doors and windows.

What is evident is that windows and doors, each with their little roofs and intricate details, imitate the shape of an entire building. Each opening is an architectural "surround," a diminution of the building itself, much as in classic Greek temples. These exaggerated proportions of the windows and doors reflect the battered walls which bear the vertical weight of the building. Because the base is always broader than the top, as in the famous adobe-built Saint Francis Church in faraway Taos, New Mexico, Tibetan architecture—especially in the grand monasteries—seems to sweep upward, sometimes even higher than the mountains.

As in other northern countries, heavy emphasis is placed on structu especially on the ingenious Chine bracketing for roofs. These beams, l tels, dentils are brilliantly painted w intricate designs; where structural i peratives call for strength, the hea beams are often lightened by glorio blues, reds, and yellows, accentuat by stark black at the windows a doors. Windows are sometimes secr ed behind a fretwork of other colo and other woods; sometimes the inte ors are shielded, as in the Norbuling Palace, by something as ordinary Irish lace curtains; and often clerest ries allow brilliant light to flood hu hallways, thus ruining the pricele Ming Dynasty tribute silk that festoo walls and ceilings.

The monasteries of Tibet stand brilliant contrast to the subsistenc level existence of most of the land two million people whose average a nual income is two hundred dolla Where do the people live? Some li within the monastery walls, but mo are huddled together in stone or mu villages that blend into the landscap Much as in medieval Europe there a only the bare necessities of life. Whet er attached or semidetached, hom are strictly for human and animal hou ing at the most basic level—four wal and a roof with perhaps a windo Good housing with perhaps some pr tension to aesthetic taste belonged t the few, to the rich nobles and to th church.

For a Westerner visiting the land i its 26th year of Chinese dominatio Tibet is like opening a curtain on ele enth-century Europe. The land is qu et, as in an Ingmar Bergman film Sweden in that period. Tibet invite you to turn inward. Inward on the inte riors of monasteries and noble home where sparkling, shiny colors deny th harsh world outside. □

Author's Note: *There are no universally a cepted correct spellings for Tibetan plac names. Written Tibetan is based on seve teenth-century Indian script. Numerou changes have occurred since but little attemp was made to romanize place names. In 1951 th Chinese translated their versions into idio grams and then romanized them. Confusio persists. I took what seems to be the most com fortable to Western and Tibetan ears.*

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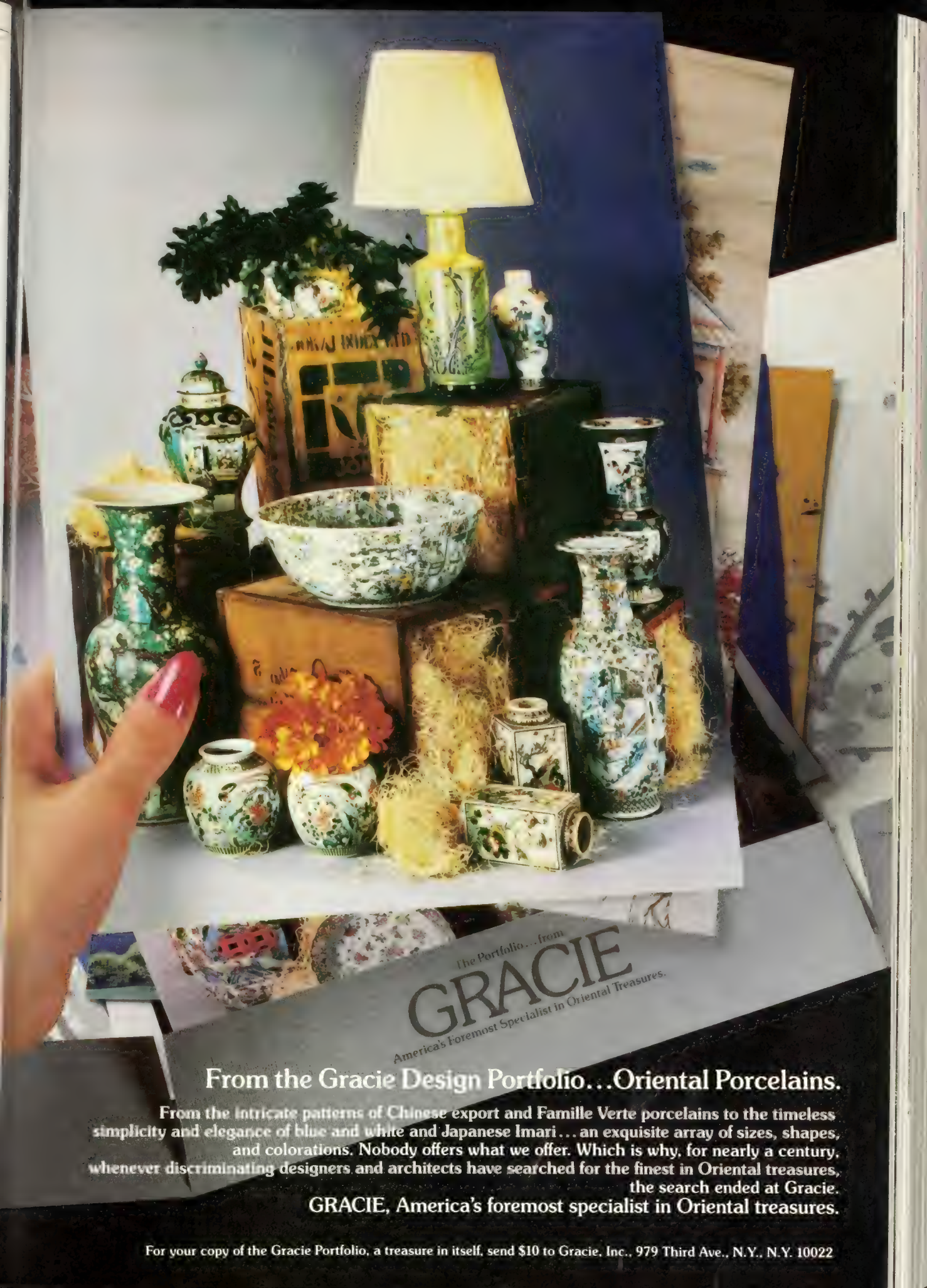
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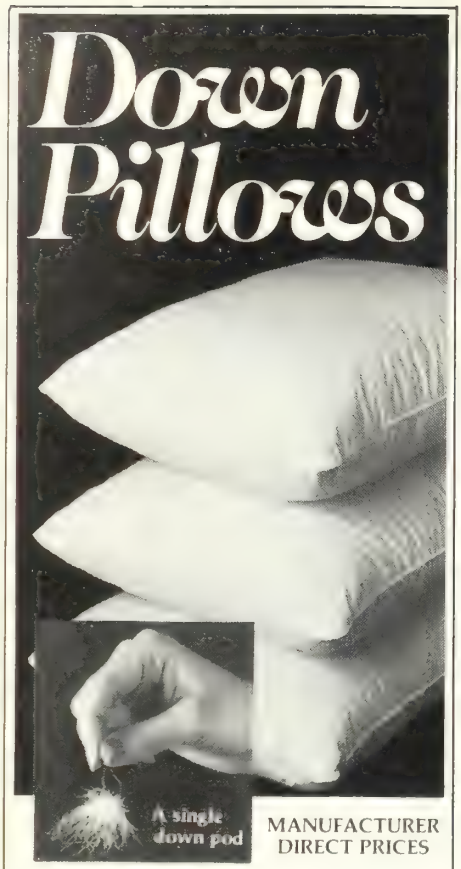
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ARTFUL BALANCE

(Continued from page 166) features of the apartment is the unprepossessing balance created between art and furniture. Neither the owner nor the decorator sought to impress friends with a hoard of treasures each more costly than the last but rather to bring into right relation a relatively few fine things. Take, for instance, the constellation of art and furniture in the master bedroom. Above the fireplace hangs *Morning,* 1959, a pearlescent Baziotes whose technique is flawless and perfectly attuned to its Surreal conception, presenting as it does the sense of a delicate membrane to our inner thoughts. On an adjoining wall hangs another ambiguity, a charcoal sketch on canvas for a painting Mondrian never completed. It is especially elusive seen from across the room, beyond the calligraphy of wood furniture spread diagonally—calligraphy created by a Ming coffee table and replica, and desk and chairs by Josef Hoffmann, whose bold, clear verticals seem to give rise to the mauve Daum lamp and otherworldly Mondrian above.

Last but not least, in this room appropriately designed to invoke in-between states of consciousness, is *Music—Pink and Blue, II,* 1919, a painting by Georgia O'Keeffe. One often comes across a painting that is dark and mysterious, but rarely one that is light and mysterious, and much else



A lively interplay among Léger oil, Dubuffet sculpture, and Giacometti table

besides. "I've always thought she mu have painted it at the height of her r mance with Stieglitz," says Emily La dau of this radiantly beautiful work.

It says much about Emily Landa that she not only decorates around a she honors it. As she walks from roo to room commenting on the object she unconsciously nudges one or a other of them a quarter inch to resto the proper exactness she had in min for the harmony and balance amon carefully acquired things.□

Editor: Carolyn Soll

PARADISE IN A LITTLE ROOM

(Continued from page 188) strict control." Maidenhair and chain ferns thrive under constant showers, and clumps of wild violets like the ones planted years ago in Peggy's pocket-handkerchief garden flourish in the mild climate.

Marsh marigolds' yellow cups decorate the shores of three tiny ponds captured in the rock. Feeding resident Mr. Duck, Peggy says that "we dammed up the basins to make the ponds because it just seemed right for the pretend mountains to plunge into water. This reflects our larger view of the Olympic Mountains descending into the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Uprooting a wayward plant, Pegg remembers that "when we first came t Victoria, the uplands were covered i blue fields of camas lilies. But now the have been dug up to make parks. It's shame . . . the blue fields would hav been nicer."

But she quickly defends her adopte home: "Victoria is a wonderful place It's charming, eccentric, and cosmo politan. This is what we were used t before we moved here, so we have bee most comfortable." Concluding he walk about the garden she adds, "You see, I am a gardener, and everyone knows that we gardeners are just a littl crazy."□ *Editor: Marilyn Schafe*

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JOURNAL



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KING OF THE JUNGLE

Henri Rousseau, The Museum of Modern Art, NYC, through June 4.

Unlike Gauguin, another late bloomer, Rousseau the toll pensioner got no nearer the tropics than the Paris *Jardin des Plantes.* But what Mesozoic greenness—and haunting allegoric dreams—he conjured up. Most of Rousseau's jungles are not Peaceable Kingdoms. Darwin has intervened. And Freud: in *The Merry Jesters, above,* circa 1906, apes drop a baby bottle and brandish a back scratcher, as if surprised playing house in their Green Mansion. An otherworldly light and foreboding hush prevail.

Rousseau's primitivism seduces our subconscious. One-point perspective sucks us into *The Mill at Alfort.* Exaggerated foregrounds anticipate de Chirico; smokestacks, Léger. *Luxembourg Garden*—the strollers self-possessed as chess pawns—recalls Seurat's *Grande Jatte.* Yet, as this first major retrospective of Rousseau's work makes clear, this one-time Sunday painter was truly a one-man show. *Margaret Morse*

TRUE IN HIS FASHION

Erwin Blumenfeld, 1935–1969, Staley-Wise Gallery, NYC, through May 18.

The glassy gaze on the left figure's face should prompt a second look at this *Vogue* cover study, *below*—an example of how Erwin Blumenfeld (1897–1969) characteristically plays with our perceptions. His participation in Berlin's Dada movement in the 1920s and '30s set the tone for his radical experiments with composition and photographic techniques. Later work, both personal and commercial, reflected Blumenfeld's eye for abstractions that virtually redefined his subjects.

Anne Rieselbach



THE WHITE HOUSE EXPOSED: NORTH PORTICO, OVERDOOR DETAIL

PRESIDENTIAL COVER-UP

By the end of May the last coat of paint will be applied to the now-bare columns and carvings of the North Portico of the White House, *above,* and the marbly blush-beige of its Seneca sandstone walls will again be covered with the requisite white. The stripping and repainting of the mansion's exterior began in 1980 on the east side, built at the end of the eighteenth century.

Paint on these walls was over fifty layers thick in some places, and cleaning exposed scorch marks from the fire set during the War of 1812 as well as intricate carvings once veiled in paint. The North Portico, about thirty years younger, revealed more delicate details. Part three of this restoration won't begin for several years, and the entire project may not be finished until the turn of the century. Also in progress: William Seale's definitive history of the White House to be published in 1986.

Amy McNeis



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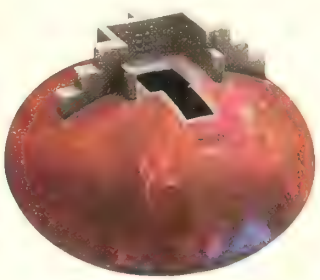
Japanese architect Shin Takamatsu had an allegorical walk through nature in mind when he designed this construction in a hallway at the recent Traditional Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Kyoto. For visitors crossing from one gallery to the next, this room of Japanese cypress columns rising from a floor of stones and rounded light fixtures reflects the Japanese belief that divinity is felt in the presence of tranquil, natural surroundings.

Donovan Webster

CAPITAL CRAFTS

The 1985 Washington Crafts Show, Departmental Hall, The Smithsonian Institution, through April 28.

This third annual juried event presents the work of 100 American craftspeople in an olio of media, from jewelry to furniture.



RAKU VESSEL BY RICK FORIS



ANIMAL PASSION

Twenty-six-year-old Jeremiah Dine took his 35 mm camera into the galleries of New York's American Museum of Natural History and came away with *Natural Selection* (Hansjorg Meyer, Stuttgart), a book of terrifyingly beautiful photographs. With skewed croppings and an extremely shallow depth of field, Dine delivers black-and-white images of skeletal baboons, lowering eagles, and snarling marsupials in postures from a child's favorite nightmare. The above photo shows the artist's reinvention of a museum ornothological showcase. *D.W.*

CONSTRUCTIVE ATTITUDE

Donald Shambroom, Clark Gallery, Lincoln, Mass., May 7–June 1; Markel Gallery, NYC, Jan. 1986.



SHAMBROOM'S *HEXAGONAL TOWER,* OIL ON CANVAS, 48" × 64"

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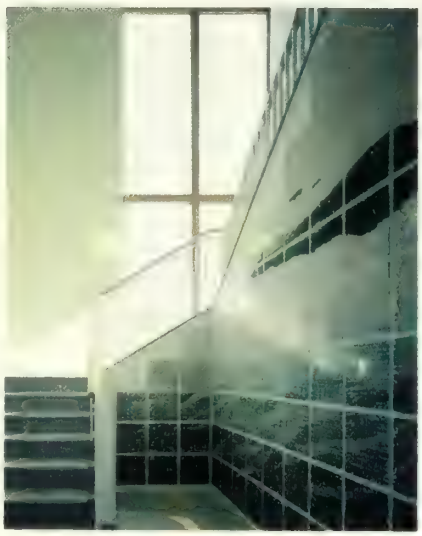
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(Continued from page 156) involving so many people on the Giurgola and Volvo staffs that the term "communal collaboration" is not far-fetched. Yet Bartlett also produced a work completely consistent with her sensibility, and—as the contents of her Paris studio and her spring exhibitions at New York's Paula Cooper Gallery and the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis should confirm—launched a new phase in the development of her art.

From the beginning, Pehr G. Gyllenhammar and Volvo had some very specific ideas. They wanted from Giurgola a structure that would depart radically from the bulky, vertical downtown HQ so frequent in corporate architecture; a building that would reflect the company's new character as a diversified international corporation; and a building that would keep the heads of Volvo's new divisions in contact with the company's "roots" and one another in a creative way. The site they chose, on the outskirts of Göteborg, overlooks one of Volvo's original automobile factories and a classic Swedish view of granite and heather, with archipelagos and sea visible in the distance. Giurgola responded to Volvo with an idiosyncratic, unusually intimate building that juxtaposes international forms with local treatments and leaves the landscape as untouched as possible. In effect, he improvised on the ground plan of a Roman villa, using the granite, teak and copper so prevalent in Swedish buildings.



The Volvo commission begins with a shimmering view of the archipelagos at sunset, stippled onto Bartlett's signatory foot-square steel plates and located at the bottom of the stairway leading to the visitors' wing.

Much about Giurgola's building dovetailed with and influenced Bartlett's own sensibility: the unadulterated materials and assertive details, the careful attention to site, the discursive, implicitly "narrative" layout that will not reveal itself from any one viewpoint. Equally fortuitous was Giurgola's long-term practice of involving artists in his projects early on. Bartlett visited the site on four separate occasions—including one time before construction was under way—taking photographs to work from, noting unusual characteristics, absorbing atmosphere. Furthermore, at crucial points Giurgola encouraged or discouraged certain of Bartlett's ideas, sometimes setting her off in new directions.

When, for example, Bartlett decided that the proposed dining room would only be "junked up" by the addition of paintings, Giurgola was receptive to her idea of placing objects in the landscape to be viewed from the dining room. (Bartlett had always considered converting her most frequent motifs into three dimensions but says, "The idea never made sense before.") Giurgola also agreed to Bartlett's request that the commission be expanded to encompass the entire executive wing—which in her mind formed "one thing" and needed to be dealt with accordingly. But when Bartlett proposed large landscape paintings for both the lounge area preceding the dining room and the relaxation room following it, Giurgola objected: the rooms were too different in use and proportion for such symmetry; the art would be too dominant in the final chamber. This led Bartlett to a drastic revision and her strange and witty denouement: the idea that the last room would seem to contain no art at all but actually would offer a recapitulation, in a minor key, of the entire commission.

This commission, ending with a reprise of itself, is in a sense a reprise of the entire Volvo building project. It re-



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iterates, in its own terms, Volvo's mandate and Giurgola's response, mirroring aspects of the building and its functions as well as its natural and cultural environs. And it does this in the guise of an increasingly complex examination of the role of art, craft, and especially craftsmanship that is at once real and symbolic.

The piece proceeds in three big movements, or meditations. It starts, as Volvo and Giurgola did, with the land itself. In the lounge area the viewer encounters four big landscape images of the surrounding scenery—depictions, in Giurgola's words, of "things we were very aware of in that place." A painting on Bartlett's well-known foot-square enameled-steel plates shows the archipelagos in the pinks and greens of sunset; a densely detailed pastel represents sun-dappled birches by a rocky stream; an oil painting bodies forth an image of fjord and sea at once abstract and redolent with morning dampness. And in an alcove that affords the first view of the real outdoors, there is a rough, spirited fresco of white clouds against the blue sky.

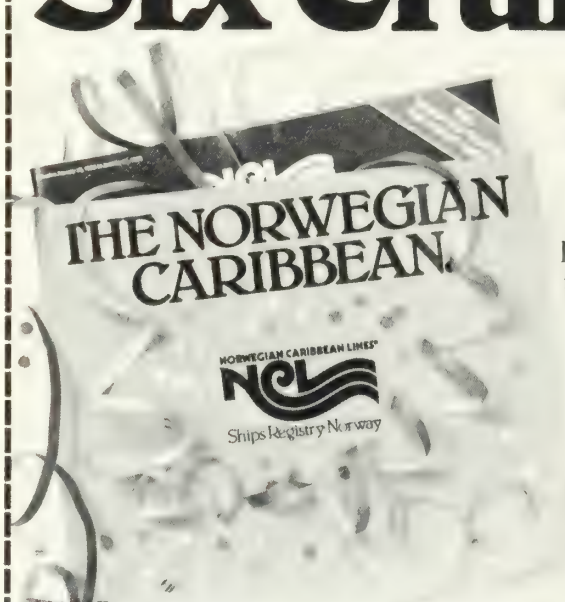
Having introduced the major elements of the uninhabited landscape inside the building—and also within the perimeters of painting's high-art tradition—the commission then proceeds to inhabit that same landscape with a series of three-dimensional tableaux that evoke all kinds of human activity.

The first visible outdoor elements are a table and a pair of chairs made, like the building itself, of two colors of granite; next, a wonderful white-slatted, copper-roofed house in indigenous summer-cabin style, which also contains another table and chairs, this trio in copper; and finally a pair of life-size clinker-built boats in Cor-Ten steel, which lie on the rocks as if pulled up for the winter. Together these three-dimensional symbols posit the domestic and everyday quite literally between office and factory. Combining elements of a typical Swedish country view, they evoke certain givens essential to both life and pleasure—the sea, shelter, and food—plus local t- ditions of design and craft. And, s usual with Bartlett, these sophisticat cross references are infused with compelling innocence. For Bartle emblematic forms also have the pur and awkwardness of toys done lar conjuring up memories of childho games and fantasies. Furthermo part of their awkwardness comes fr a combination of impeccable craft a inappropriate materials, which is its fantastic. Swedish summer cabi don't have copper roofs; real tab and chairs don't come in granite n real boats in Cor-Ten steel. Such twi indicate the way Bartlett both uses a misuses the givens of a site, artificial ing the real into art.

In its final "movement" the comm sion's various parts and levels of rea ty, artifice, and art are densely layer and humorously confounded. Two mensions meet three, high art mingl with craft, real-life size with handhel form with function—and the art of all can be downplayed to the point invisibility. Having surveyed high-a depictions *of* the landscape and the a plied arts *in* the landscape, Bartle moves indoors again for a series of de orative, rather light-hearted "finishi touches" in which her various moti are disguised as furnishings or a pointments—things that are, after a the end stage of any building project.

On a wood screen is painted a depi tion of the landscape just passed b complete with Bartlett's additions to i the table and chairs, house, and boat In front of this is a final version of th table and chair—this time in woo painted a popular Swedish yellow. O the table rests a portfolio containing 2 unframed drawings to be browse through at the viewer's discretio which review the surrounding lan scape and its contents in more intimat detail. Also on the table are two echo of the outdoor pieces, now truly toy sized and exclusively pleasure-orient ed: a white-enameled wood hous whose roof flips open to divulge a dec of playing cards and a pack of ciga rettes, and a delicate silver boat tha doubles as an ashtray. With this m lange of forms and images to be used contemplated, or ignored, Bartlett' Volvo commission casts a last loo over its complicated progress an makes a quiet exit.

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JENNIFER BARTLETT MOVES INTO SCULPTURE

The Volvo piece constitutes Bartlett's most inspired and subtle handling of a site thus far, and succeeds, in part, by an unusual suspension of artistic ego. Yet, by giving in so completely to the indigenous possibilities offered her, Bartlett has found a new freedom for her art: moving into three dimensions has made her work less site-dependent. In her latest efforts, Bartlett continues to experiment with objects and these scaled-down vernacular houses, boats, paths, and fences generate their own portable plein-air scenes for the artist to draw and paint. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byrd

THE PARIS ATELIER OF JENNIFER BARTLETT

(Continued from page 158) In his plans, Sauvage described his creation as a *maison à gradins sportifs,* or house with setbacks for sporting activities, and provided ateliers in the apartments, apparently hoping to attract sport-loving artists who also happened to be rich enough to afford space in his scheme.

The most sportive member of the Carrière ménage is an Abyssinian cat named Kanga, who, disdainful of the six-story drop, prowls the building's parapets in a heart-stopping display of acrobatic skill. But at the time they saw the apartment Jennifer and Mathieu had a more serious deficiency as prospective tenants. They were not rich. Furthermore, what they describe as their "scramble" for financing after their impetuous offer had been accepted was complicated by the fact that neither of them is a French citizen. They found themselves dealing with bankers and lawyers in three different countries, two different time zones, and several different languages. Then, since that was not complication enough, they asked Max Gordon, an old friend, to draw up a plan for the space. Mr. Gordon is an architect known for creating spaces with reticent elements, serene proportions, and a practical layout. He also lives in London.

Between cash-flow problems and a commuting architect, there were countless changes of plan and few firm arrangements while work on the apartment was in progress. Mathieu recalls: "We did everything without one single written contract. We didn't even have insurance. If anybody had broken a leg here it would have killed us. We were lucky because everything sort of fell into place."

"Of course, there are mistakes," points out Jennifer. "The fireplace is too small . . ."

"Now it doesn't look too small, it's perfect," says Mathieu.

"But originally it looked like a pizza oven," says Jennifer.

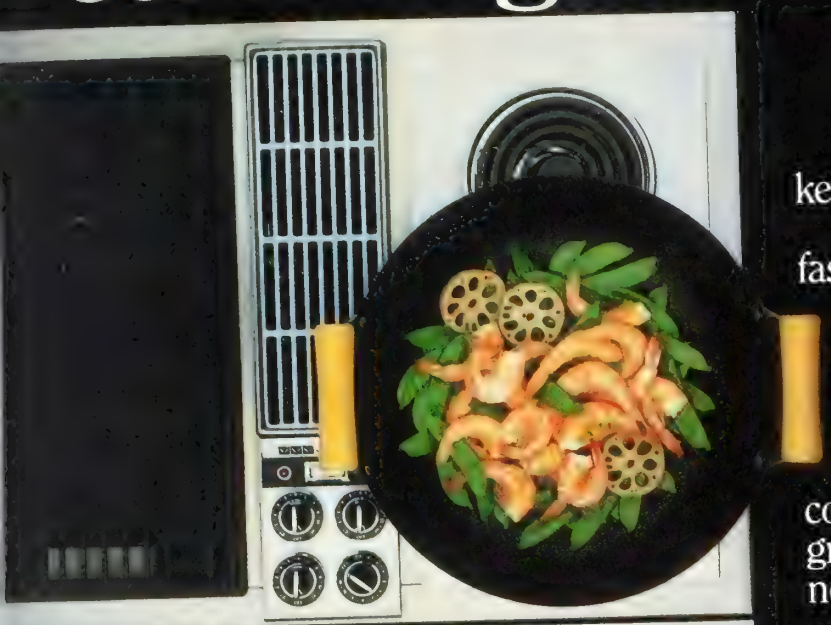
"Yes, a pizza oven in the middle of a Hopi village," agrees Mathieu.

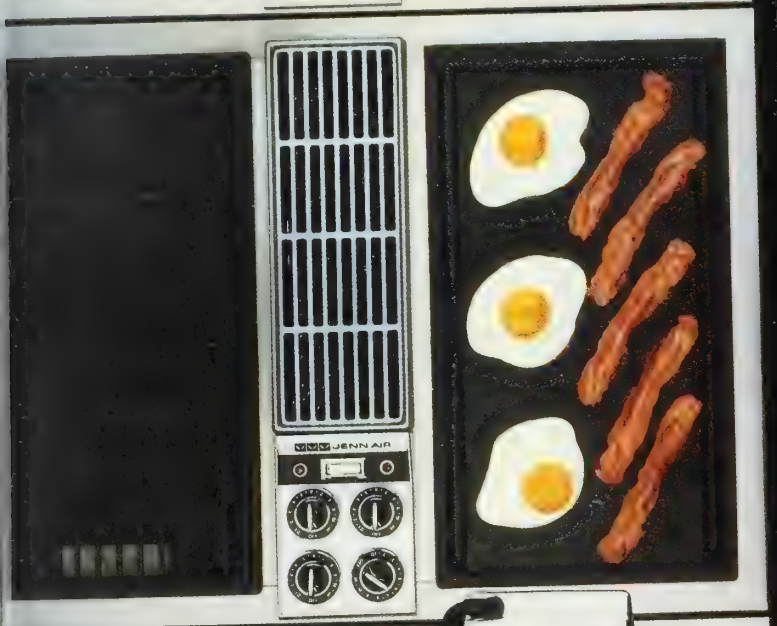
The Hopi village with a pizza oven in the middle of it, a stepped construction that is a raised fireplace and hearth on one side and a kitchen wall on the other, is the core of the apartment. "I knew when I started," says Max Gordon, "that Jennifer and Mathieu were both used to living in a very fluid kind of way, and that is something which is demonstrated in the place. The kitchen is part of the living room and leads very easily to the other spaces. What corridors there were have been totally suppressed. I took Sauvage's building and its façade very much into account when I made my design. My starting point was the external expression of the building, and the idea was to carry it right the way through the apartment, which accounts for the bald appearance of the interior, the use of the white and blue tiles, and the stepped form of the kitchen and fireplace element."

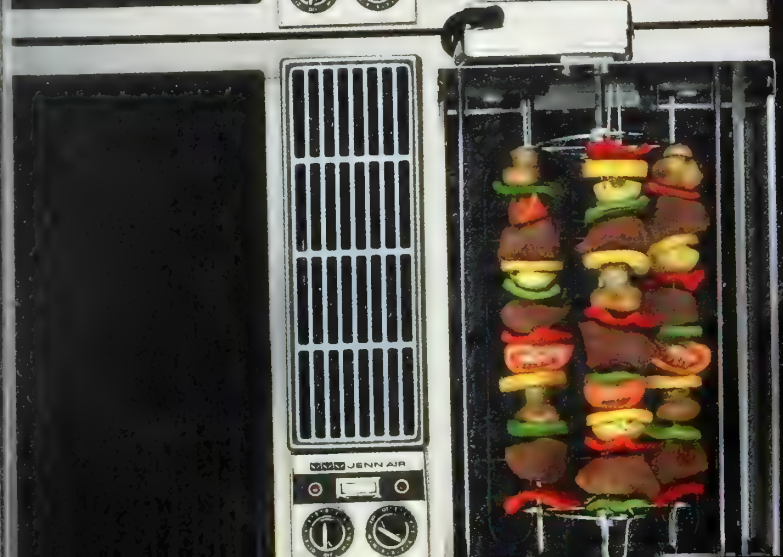
Casual as the design may appear, it follows a certain logic. "The tiles on the exterior of the building," continues Mr. Gordon, "are set in a curious kind of rhythm, which has to do with the floor levels and the terraces. They were used as a replacement for architectural detailing like cornices and friezes. In the apartment I used a loose interpretation of the pattern as a marker for different levels and surfaces of the space."

Even getting just the right tile was harder than it may seem. "Mathieu gets impatient," says Jennifer. "I was determined to find the tile I liked, so we searched all over Paris and I dragged

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Mathieu along with me and we couldn't find them. The color was wrong or the size or the surface. But I just kept pushing and pushing to keep looking for the right ones."

"When we found them I thought they cost too much," adds Mathieu.

"I kept saying it's worth it, it's worth it," counters Jennifer. "I spent three months raving and ranting about everything. I would have these real tantrums and, in fact, Mathieu was more scared about how it would all come out than I was."

While Jennifer and Mathieu were fighting about the tiles, Max was engaged in a battle of his own to protect the deliberate baldness of the space from the attentions of the French team carrying out the work. "There's a kind of French attitude toward design which is rather finicky and doesn't try and solve problems but gets involved with chic little details," he says. Though the space is mostly as he intended it to be, he is not convinced that his solutions make it better than the



Henri Sauvage's 1912 building totally altered the traditional image of the city street and possibly influenced later, more famous architects like Le Corbusier.

way it was. "It's always difficult," notes, "to give a space a sense of pla when you're using very basic materia I have a tendency anyway to desi places which don't seem to be in a particular location."

Such a tendency suits Mathieu pa ticularly well. "I like the neutrality this space, you can't even tell whi person uses which area. I've really be a nomad, never marked my territo very well, but now if someone asks n where my home is, it's not a countr it's this place. My dream was always have an apartment where I could wor I've just finished a film script abo Beethoven. When you collaborate wi someone on a script, as I did, you ha to walk and fight. Here it was a ve nice experience because my collabor tor and I could scream at each oth across a lot of space. I'm writing a con edy now, set in this apartment." Abo an American painter and a German a tor? "It's about an American writ and his French mistress and a Polis photographer and the Mafia and th



GB and the CIA," he says.
Whatever the KGB and the CIA get
to in the apartment, Alvar Aalto
ys a leading part in each scene. Ev-
single household object was de-
gned by the Finnish architect.
nifer explains: "I knew that Math-
and I were capable of squawking
squabbling over one piece of furni-
e for a whole day, so the idea of hav-
g to exercise one's taste so many
es over seemed to me so painful. I
t imagined trying to get a sofa and
ing to another store for a chair, then
cking the china, then finding it
esn't work out together."
"I agree with Jennifer on that," de-
res Mathieu. "I was making a movie
Finland and Jennifer was working
her Volvo installation in Sweden, so
e came to visit and we just walked
to a store that sells Alvar Aalto de-
gns and bought everything."
"Part of Aalto's genius is that his
rly pieces go with pieces he designed
irty years later," says Jennifer. In a
amatic version of one-stop shop-
ping, she and Mathieu sat in their Helsinki hotel room and improvised situations in the apartment so they could order everything they needed at once. The order was just about right, except that dinners chez Carrière are not lit by candles because Jennifer could not find candleholders she liked. And they underbought by a hair. "I wish I'd gotten twenty-four cups instead of twelve," says Jennifer. There are often a lot of friends for dinner in the Carrière home.

In fact, the Carrières have a lot of visitors at all times of the day. Sometimes they are Japanese tourists who ring the bell asking for a close-up view of the apartment that looks so intriguing from the street. A friend may call to finish off an interrupted chess game with Mathieu in his alcove office. Jennifer's assistants work in the studio, perhaps wrapping paintings for shipment to a show in England, while Jennifer discusses plans for a roof garden with a landscape gardener at the dining table. Bruna, the Italian housekeeper, comes every day, often preparing fresh pasta for lunch. An American journalist arrives for an interview.

With so much activity going on all the time, Jennifer and Mathieu may never get to settle down in their Sauvage apartment. But they feel very much at home there. "The color of Paris up here, this metal-gray blue is a great color for moods," observes Mathieu. "And with the terraces it's like living outdoors, on a boat."

"The nicest garden in Paris, the Luxembourg, is at the bottom of the street," says Jennifer, "and the store where I buy my paints [Lucien LeFebvre-Foinet, where Matisse and Picasso bought their paints] is just opposite."

"We're exactly on the corner of four different neighborhoods," adds Mathieu, "so there are good restaurants all around and twenty movie houses within a five-minute walk . . ."

As the list of attractions grows, exit Kanga to the terrace for a little leaping and bounding. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron


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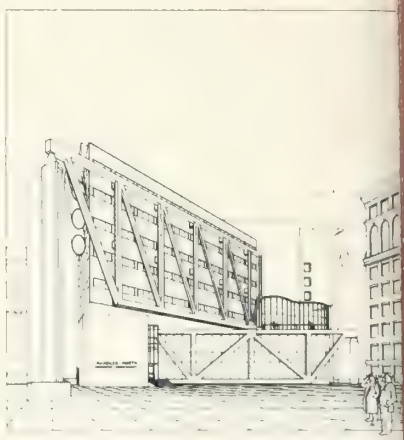
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(Continued from page 179) arated museum and park was gradually widened, until by the 1960s it had become a highway, marooning the gallery from Stuttgart's other estimable cultural institutions. Buoyed since 1958 by income from the state of Baden-Württemberg's lottery, the museum had begun to amass a significant collection of twentieth-century art by the time it was decided in 1977 that a major new addition was called for.

Among eleven firms to submit proposals, Stirling and Wilford made the most convincing case for resolving the site's inherent drawbacks. Without resorting to any physical links across the busy Konrad-Adenauer-Strasse, the architects managed to create a sense of presence so strong and engaging that the intrusive roadway pales to insignificance, if not, alas, to invisibility. (Since the outpouring of approval for the new gallery, the city is now considering plans for submerging the thoroughfare, turning the street level into a pedestrian mall.)





Stirling and Wilford's 1980 design for Columbia University is quietly contextual on the street side, *above left,* and strongly structural on the campus side, *above right.*

At first glance there is much—perhaps too much—to take in. Rather than presenting an imposingly unified façade to the street, the Neue Staatsgalerie offers a veritable collage of initially disparate elements. Undulating glass window walls framed in poison-green mullions, fat tubular metal handrails painted shocking pink and periwinkle blue, and high-tech sawtooth canopie of steel and glass clamor for immediat attention. But the shock quickly sub sides, for holding the jumpy compos tion together with imperturbabl gravity is the building's predominan cladding: alternating bands of trave tine and sandstone, at once sumptuou and restrained.

Even a half-century of reinforce concrete construction has not bee enough to supplant the appeal that finely built masonry structure pos sesses. But Stirling being Stirling, th stone is used here in a most unusua way. At a distance, the stripes of tawn mineral recall the solid rustication o classical foundations through the ages but a closer inspection reveals it to b quite another thing. Far too brittle t be used structurally, the locally quar ried stone is applied as a thin venee over precast concrete. Toying with th Modernist obsession with the "hones ty" of materials, the architects attache the plaques of Weiler sandstone an Canstatt travertine to the walls wit brackets, leaving the joints betwee them devoid of grouting. Thus the ma sonry hovers in contradiction to it age-old handling. This is architectura wit of exceptional subtlety, especiall when gauged against the puns an pratfalls of Stirling and Wilford' American Post-Modern counterparts.

The focal point of the plan is the cir cular sculpture court, which withou fear of hyperbole can be called one o the most majestic spaces created by a contemporary architect. Stirling's avowed intention for the Neue Staats galerie to be "monumentally informal" is perfectly realized here. Although un

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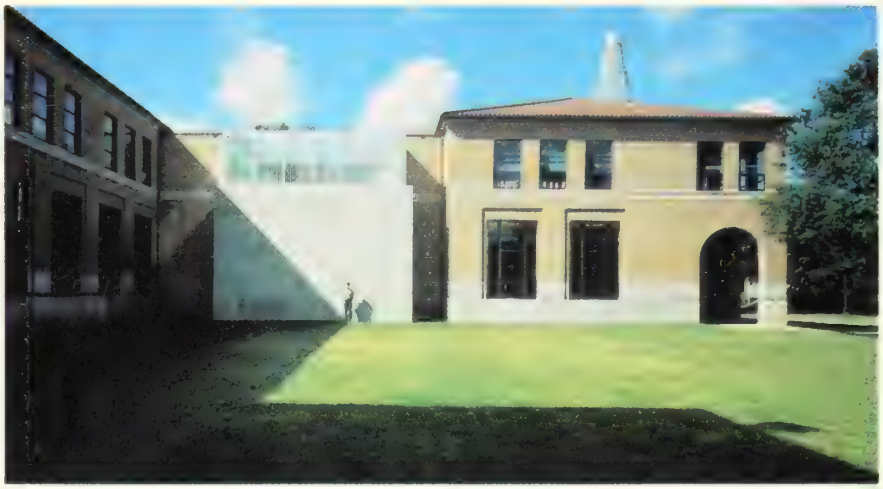
A PRIVATE ARVIDA COMMUNITY AT THE BOCA RATON HOTEL AND CLUB.

Void in all states where prohibited by law. Artist's representation.

questionably magnificent, it is also invitingly human, as the contingent of dawdlers invariably to be found there bears out. And despite its having become a gathering place, it was intended from the first to be also an aid to transit. One of the requirements of the client's brief was that the new wing not impede pedestrian traffic between the residential neighborhood to the east of the site and the city center to the west. Accordingly, the architects wrapped a sloping walkway around the inner perimeter of the roofless rotunda, adding a stimulating feeling of propulsion to what might otherwise have seemed a solemnly static enclosure.

The interiors of the museum are no less intelligently considered. The new exhibition galleries, in rectangular wings surrounding the sculpture court on three sides, mark a return to the traditional enfilade that had been scorned by architects for years, resulting in a generation of confusing museum layouts. Orientation to one's route (such a problem in the East Building of the National Gallery in Washington, for example) is unmistakable here, allowing one's attention to be fully devoted to the works of art. The Stuttgart collection, which excels in its holdings of Picasso, Oskar Schlemmer, and American Pop Art, is seen to optimum effect under skylights augmented with artificial illumination. In its clarity of conception the plan is an obvious homage to Schinkel's Altes Museum of 1823–30 in Berlin (as much as the overall scheme is indebted to a host of other historical influences) but functionally it is as advanced as any completed during the recent worldwide museum boom. Stirling's vast knowledge of the architectural past and his sharp intuition as to its current pertinence are the twin wellsprings of his inspiration. As a synthesis of problem solving and image making, this is one of the finest demonstrations in many years of the container of art as a work of art in itself.

There can be no doubt that a flurry of gallery offers will descend on Stirling and Wilford after the soaring success of Stuttgart. Scheduled to open this November is their Clore Gallery addition to the Tate Gallery in London. Built to house the museum's definitive collection of the paintings of J.M.W. Turner, the handsomely proportioned wing is reminiscent in its various passages of epochs ranging from the Mycenean to the Elizabethan to the Modern. Even before its completion the Clore has become the latest animus of the "young fogeys," the aging High Tory reactionaries to whom modern architecture, and Stirling's in particular, has long been anathema. In spite of, or perhaps precisely because of, Stirling's rising stock abroad, it would seem that his long-overdue honor at home might continue to evade him.



The startlingly recessive addition to the Rice University architecture school, 1979–81

In the United States, where Stirlin
influence began to be felt in ava
garde circles after his stints as a visit
critic at the Yale architecture schoo
the early sixties, his building career h
gotten off to a much slower start, b
clients here seem determined to ma
up for lost time. In six years he has g
nered four college commissions akin
the reputation-making sequence of
glory years: M.D. Anderson Hall
Rice University in Houston, complet
in 1981; a new chemistry building
Columbia University, designed in 19
but since put on hold; the Arthur
Sackler Museum, an addition to t
Fogg Museum at Harvard, to be de
cated in October; and the Cornell U
versity Performing Arts Center, expe
ted to be finished in 1986. Each
those designs is different from the o
ers, characteristic of the Stirling a
Wilford output as a whole in their
most fifteen years of partnership: re
ognizable by its quality rather than
easily identifiable motifs.

The most startling—if that is not t
active a term—of their American d
signs is their addition to the Rice arc
tecture school. Its respectfulness
context is total. Astonishingly cham
leonlike amid the original twenti
Hispano-Lombardic concoctions
Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson, th
building has more than once elud
would-be visitors who "couldn't fi
it," so convincingly does it mimic
surroundings. In fact, it is a very w
worked out scheme, and Stirling a
Wilford's rejection of the unbridl
showmanship indulged in by the arc
tectural stars of the fifties and sixti
(on campuses that have come to reg
it) makes the Rice design a fascinati
turning point in the annals of archite
tural taste.

The Sackler Museum at Harvar
across the street from the original Fo
Museum, suffers by comparison in se
eral important respects. The entran
façade is colossally scaled and exud
the primal vitality of its architects
their most vigorous. How this elev
tion will appear if their proposed p
destrian bridge to the Fogg is bu
remains to be seen; less speculative
their unfortunate handling of the tw



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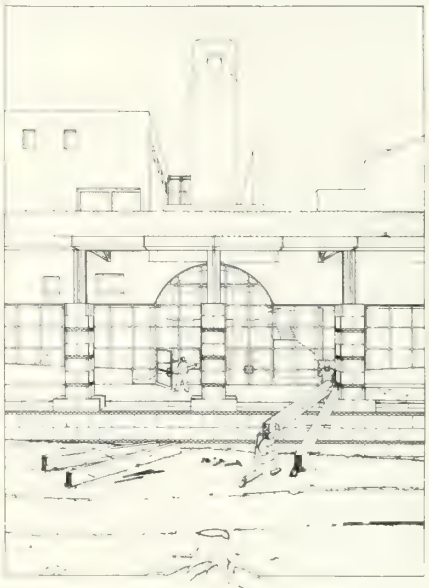
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other street façades. Faced in alternating horizontal stripes of orange and purple brick that turn the rounded corner, the walls look low-budget, a depressing result of mediocre bricklaying and stock window frames more suitable for public housing.

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Much more promising are the plans that Stirling and Wilford have devised for the Cornell campus, where the sense of conflict has always been between the breath-taking natural setting and the thoroughly boring architecture. The new Performing Arts Center seems likely to remedy that. Its design-



The Cornell University Performing Arts Center, scheduled for completion in 1986.

ers' ability to meld several smaller buildings into cohesive larger ensembles—so brilliantly demonstrated at Stuttgart—seems operative here agai

This vaguely Italianate groupin which will include a traditional prosc nium theater, an experimental theate a dance studio, classrooms, and o fices, avoids both the cloying cutene of some of Michael Graves's villag compositions, as well as the chilling anomic constructs of the Italian *Te denza*. One can imagine that the nort facing loggia of the Cornell Performin Arts Center, on the rim of a spectact larly romantic gorge that slashe through the campus, will be a provoc tive vantage point from which to po der the interaction of architecture an landscape.

Despite his deeply disappointin loss to Richard Meier last October c the prestigious commission for the ne J. Paul Getty Trust Fine Arts Center i Los Angeles, James Stirling at sixty ca afford to take the long view of his ove all contribution. The publication ne month of a handsome new Rizzo monograph, *James Stirling Building and Projects 1950–1980,* edited by Pe ter Arnell and Ted Bickford, will serv as yet another reminder of the centra place its subject commands in twenti eth-century architecture. Stirling wa once heralded as the most importan British architect since Charles Renni Mackintosh, and that assessment stil stands (with the possible exceptio that many might now say he is th greatest since Sir Edwin Lutyens, re flecting the Classical realignment tha has affected Stirling's designs in partic ular).

As is always the case with all but th most demonically prolific architect (like Frank Lloyd Wright), there seem to be not nearly enough of the work o James Stirling yet. How, then, does he see the years ahead of him? In his ac ceptance speech for the Gold Medal o the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1980, Stirling predicted a continua tion of the qualities that combine so sympathetically in the Neue Staatsga lerie at Stuttgart. As he hopefully put it, "If we have a future, I see us going forward *oscillating*. . . between the for mal and the informal, between the re strained and the exuberant." Now that that rhythm has been firmly set in the world of architecture for 35 years, we can be certain that Stirling's work will continue to resonate among the most authentic and compelling of our time. □

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(Continued from page 124) decoration.

So much for the challenge of a new career. The other challenge that Federico took on at virtually the same time was the creation of this house in Cetona. When he bought the property in 1970, it consisted of a small holding: three hectares of terraced land in a beautiful situation, a small tumbledown farmhouse and an even smaller store for farm implements. Federico added a second floor to the *casale* and built a swimming pool (a discreetly colorless one). Just as well: nowadays no additions of any kind are permitted. At the same time he gutted the main house, remodeling everything from scratch. After ten years in the fashion business, Federico set his heart defiantly against fashion: "anti-chic" is how he describes his approach.

Wherever possible the designer has used traditional materials: Roman tiles and earthenware paving from local kilns, and simple stonework from local quarries. And he has made great play with such local techniques as the naïve stencils—adapted by himself but cut and applied by local artisans—which crop up in one form or another in every room of the house. What Federico likes about these stencils, he says, is that they traditionally provided less prosperous communities with a rustic equivalent of frescoes and tapestries: "poor people's decoration." The broad yellow stripes in the hallway—a sort of peasant brocade—are a particularly attractive example of this technique.

In order to keep everything low-key, Federico has furnished his rooms with things that draw little attention to themselves but always prove to be worth a second look. And he has hung the walls with botanical drawings and prints and nineteenth-century specimens of dried ferns and grasses which are no less faithful to the spirit of the place. In addition there is a number of charming local views—topography with Surrealist overtones—by a great friend and frequent visitor Enrico d'Assia. "I am lucky," Federico says, "to live surrounded by so many tokens of friendship." This helps to expl why the house has such spiritual as w as physical coziness, such *Stimmung* the sense of intimacy that Mario P prized above all other qualities i room.

The garden proved to be even m of a challenge than the house. A though he had little experience w horticulture, Federico was determin to have not just a good, but an exc tionally good garden. No easy task. F all its air of timeless cultivation, Ceto proved to have very chalky soil—o good for olives and cypresses, acco ing to the locals. However Federico nothing if not persistent. He studi the problem in great detail and dec ed that everything would litera "come up roses" if enough truckloa of topsoil and fertilizer were brou in. He also consulted the late Russ Page, but only for the proportions the little gardens—"monk's garden Federico calls them—which conn the larger house with the smaller o These have turned out to be one of t



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most attractive features of the place—a perfectly scaled enfilade. "Since the authorities no longer allow me to build onto my house," Federico says, "all I can do is add more 'rooms' to my garden."

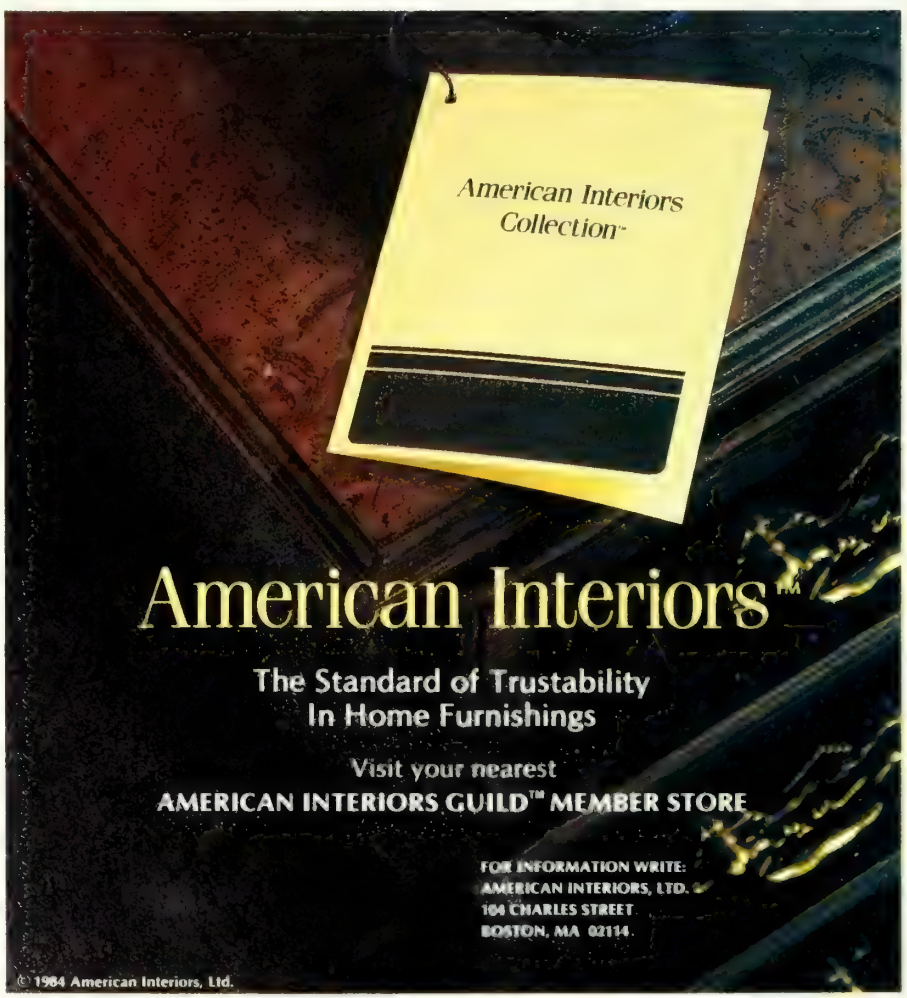
Federico has turned out to be an instinctive gardener—painstaking and methodical, scholarly and tasteful, and, no less important, resilient in the face of disappointment. Although he aimed at a look that would be more English than Italian, he abstained from the usual herbaceous borders. Instead Federico decided to specialize in irises, roses, and lilies. He now has two iris gardens which between them include more than two hundred varieties. Since as much scientific experimentation as artistic imagination has gone into the plantings, the garden is as interesting as it is beautiful. In the course of spring and early summer the colors merge kaleidoscopically in constantly changing harmonies. The subtle range of conventional blues and unconventional pinks and the *demi-deuil* gamut of mauve to black do credit to the eye of the designer.

No less impressive is the variety of roses, although it is limited as to species: gallica and bourbon ones. Does he have 'Variegata de Bologna' (the bourbon rose with mauve-and-white-striped petals), a guest will ask. Federico leafs through the notebook in which he systematically records his rose collection, all 250 of them. "Over here," he says, but he stops again and again en route to point out the rarities that he has come upon while studying eighteenth- and nineteenth-century books on horticulture. The rediscovery of old varieties has become an obsession. Here Federico has been greatly helped by his aforementioned friend, Enrico d'Assia (Prince Henry of Hesse), who has given him various volumes from the library of his grandfather, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. The forgotten varieties described in these royal (mostly English) tomes have been a constant challenge to Federico's stalking instincts. If he often runs his prize to earth, it is thanks t Hillier's, the English rose growers, ar Margheriti Fratelli in Chiusi.

Federico restricts his lily garden t the variety traditionally associated— Italy at least—with Saint Anthony. H has done this partly out of local piet for this is the flower that constantly a pears in the gold ground paintings the Tuscan and Umbrian schools, an yet is not as much of a feature of loc gardens as it deserves to be. But lili are not the only sweet-smelling flowe that Federico collects. The garden ha been thought out in terms of fragranc Different varieties of lavender cascad over *intrecciata,* the hurdles made interwoven twigs which local peop use instead of stones for terracing. An the courtyard in front of the house perfumed with the white flowers *Rhynchospermum fragrans* and mande villa as well as the more conventiona jasmine. Step out of the dining roo into yet another small courtyard an take your choice of being over whelmed by the vanillalike scent of th Chilean *Azara microphylla,* or by tha monster, the 'Kiftsgate' Rose, whos white panicles erupt in psychedeli abundance.

Although Federico's garden is of re cent contrivance, it already blend seamlessly into the landscape and pay homage to the genius loci that preside over this numinous valley. For we ar at the heart of ancient Etruria—hom to the gentle Etruscans who, Federic claims, were so much more sympathet ic than the warlike Romans. Home, es pecially, to Lars Porsena, the Etrusca leader who challenged Rome and i conceivably buried on Mount Cetona Traces of his people are everywhere Dig a well, plow a new furrow and th chances are you will come up with a least a shard or a votive figure—garde produce that is well represented on Fe derico's shelves.

Nor should we forget that this par of the world is also associated wit Saint Francis of nearby Assisi. Sain Francis appreciated the beauty of Ce tona to the extent of founding a her mitage on the slopes of a local hill Who in the circumstances can blam Federico and his discriminating neigh bors for following in the footsteps o this gentlest of saints and sharing in th ancient virtue with which this Renais sance landscape abounds? □



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(Continued from page 146) and inspiring environment but also a three-dimensional education in architecture and history, which he himself had necessarily got mostly from books.

Though equally instrumental in the development of the intimate academic campus life, the hotels on the ranges were simpler in style and initially more pragmatic in function. In a description accompanying a plan of the campus issued to prospective students, Jefferson stated merely that the hotels were "to be let to housekeepers for dieting the students [and were to] have their own offices, below, with each a backyard and garden." Jefferson later expanded upon this, proposing that a different language be spoken in each of the six halls, with students free to dine in the hall of their choice, thus broadening the opportunities for interaction. The hotels evolved into centers for all kinds of exchange—casual and arranged—conducted during mealtimes, study hours, evening performances. All was presided over by a junior master who occupied a suite of rooms generally across the hall from the activity.



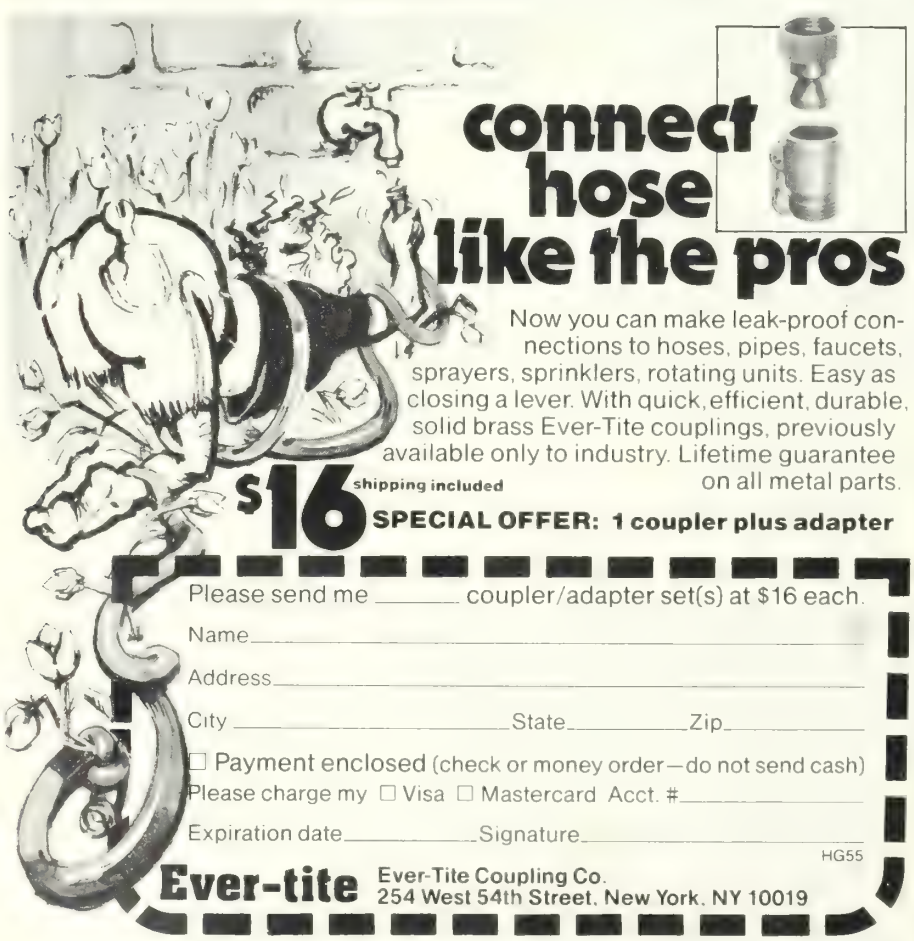
Dean Robertson at a seminar in his living room at the University of Virginia.

As visionary as his plan was, Jefferson had no way of knowing that architecture would gradually become a specialized subject taught in a separate school within the university rather than remain part of every student's curriculum. Nor could he have predicted that, as subjects grew into schools, architecture being one of the last to be founded independently, a tradition would develop whereby the pavilions on the lawn were assigned deans based on the founding dates their schools. In other words, t deans of the architecture school, th who would most appreciate living say, Pavilion IX, an exemplary bui ing in which Jefferson paid certa homage to his contemporary Claud Nicolas Ledoux, were denied the pri lege. In fact, no dean of architectu had lived in any pavilion or hotel of t original campus.

The irony of this did not escape t notice of Dean Jacquelin Robertso Six months after assuming office January 1981, and after some delica and well-directed persuasion, he d lightedly "settled" for taking up re dence in the center hotel of the thr on the East Range, Hotel D.

Long after outliving its usefulness a dining hall, Hotel D had served as temporary residence for such illustr ous visitors and writers-in-residence Lewis Mumford, Sir John Wheeler Be nett, and William Faulkner but had lo much of its physical Jeffersonian cha acter. Robertson's main task was to r store the original plan to the hote Now, as before, a center hall divid the main floor into halves, one bein taken up by the spacious living roo formerly the dining/study hall, whic has regained its fireplace and mold ings. The other half comprises a sittin room and bedroom, one a reflection the other. Downstairs are four room of roughly equal size: kitchen, dinin room, office, and guest bedroom.

Next to any of the pavilions, Hotel is a plain Jane, but to Robertson, it is " very jolly house." To his credit, th dean has gone far beyond restoring th architecture; he has reawakened with in the hotel a degree of academic fe lowship and dialogue that would hav delighted Jefferson. Hotel D no longe serves up meals to students, but it more than just a dean's residence. It the setting for seminars and meeting with students and faculty, conference and concerts (Dean Robertson rente a piano for one guest and found it presence so pleasing that another i emerging from storage to be installe in the living room) and parties tha flow so smoothly through the main floor rooms, often spilling out onto th arcade or into the garden above, that i seems Hotel D was always intended a a demonstration model of Virgini



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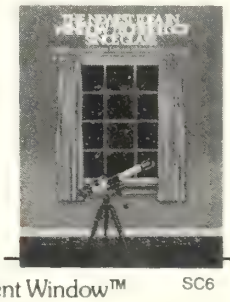
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hospitality. Once again, the hotel is home for distinguished guests and, not surprisingly, the envy of most, since the majority are architectural critics, architects, and visiting professors Robertson has brought to the School of Architecture.

Undoubtedly, these guests would side with Harry Cobb, then Dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Design, who put it to Robertson, "It's going to be hard to move you out of here," but none would dispute that few have better claim to Hotel D than Jacquelin Robertson. For the dean is a man remarkably like Jefferson—a gentleman from an old Virginia family for whom, in the eighteenth-century manner, there is a natural connection between art, academia, business, and socializing; an architect and teacher and administrator, a lover of gardens, a traveler and collector. Whereas Jefferson's walls, in the words of William Wilk, "hung thick with art," Robertson's rooms are piled high with it. Stacks of books occupy every stool ar table, architectural prints and engra ings enrich the walls. Together with f vorite family pieces and exotica fro travels, it all forms, the dean says, "cornucopia of culture."

Before becoming dean, Jacquel Robertson had been City Plannir Commissioner of New York, and b fore taking up architecture as his pr fession, he was a student of politics ar philosophy at Yale and Oxford. Lor before then, he was growing up in Ch na, but Robertson's earliest years we spent near Charlottesville. As a chil he often wandered the campus, sketc ing its buildings. For this dean, there no question that you can go hom again. Like Jefferson, Robertson ha traveled the world but prefers alway to return with his treasures and ideas t Virginia. For Mr. Jefferson, home wa Monticello and the University of Vi ginia. For Mr. Robertson, for the whil it is the University and, especially Hotel D. □

BIG SKY IN MANHATTAN

(Continued from page 139) those years, the survivor of that marriage had lived in the charmless first-floor study, surrounded by her collection of fans and what Di recalls as "eighteen layers of green and pink paint." Had she been willing to climb the narrow stairs to the second floor, this woman would not have done better; the upstairs had only a small bedroom and a depressing little bath.

Still, the apartment was a prize. Most Fifth Avenue apartments the Cummins had seen were deep, giving their occupants views east and west. This one was so deep it featured a huge laundry room with big drying racks, but it was also wide—the dining room, living room, study, and guest bath all overlooked Central Park. And the vast terrace, though set on the second floor, offered an imaginative buyer the opportunity to create an extraordinary bedroom hideaway separate from guests, children, and staff.

The Cummins knew this apartment would take two years to renovate. This did not faze them—as Di had learned, "If you're doing it right, *everything* takes two years." And the crucial time they knew, would be during the deco rating process, for Owen, eschewin tricks, had correctly put his energie into opening the rooms up and empha sizing the views of the Park and th West Side. To do this, he turned tw small living-room windows into on large one, designed a big empty foyer and drew a wide, curving stairway t the bedroom floor. The Cummins only modifications were on the secon floor. Di Cummin, a self-describe "bath freak," had Owen raise th mammoth tub so she could look ou through the window-walls while bath ing. And by adding an equally larg shower and separate steam room, sh reduced the size of the bedroom, re quiring Owen to curve one bedroom wall to create the illusion of space.

The original plan was to build on greenhouse across the bath and bed room. Owen suggested that breaking it up would give the master bedroom a greater sense of depth. And, because the Cummins had no immediate plans for the larger terrace alongside the bedroom—"When you have a country

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house, that space doesn't mean as much," explains Di—the small terrace between the bath and bedroom greenhouses would give their daughter a cozy open-air play space.

Enter John Saladino. Because this wasn't their only residence, he said, they had the opportunity to be freer with color and furnishings. And because it was important to him not to duplicate his past successes, this apartment was a splendid opportunity for the Cummins to experiment with him—"to walk the tightrope together."

Which meant a dramatic transformation of the Bauhaus-clean space. "In the 1960s and 1970s, 'modern' was seamless," Saladino says. "Everything looked as if it had no doors—only walls, some of which opened. Now those rooms look like walk-in refrigerators for humans. So I try to take those anonymous spaces and make them ceremonial."

Color, then, was Saladino's first priority. "I saw the apartment as a painting you walk into," he explains, "so I suggested a floating blue-gray for the living room, amethyst for the dining room and sage for the study. We sanded the floors, then gave them a pale green wash. And then we watched the colors metamorphose as the light outside changed."

These colors gave these rooms a museum-quality environment that works well for the Cummins' carefully chosen contemporary collection: paintings by Frank Stella and Donald Sultan, a Claes Oldenburg drawing, and a Donald Judd construction. There is room for more art, but because they regard their travel memories as their most valued possessions—"Most of what we have is in our heads," Di says—the feeling here is of elegant monasticism.

Until you open the door of the first-floor bath, that is. Here, David Fisch has re-created Pompeii, and Saladino has used a stone ram's head for a spigot. "Well," says Di, breaking into full-throated Australian laughter, "this is the 'Oh, my God' room."

Fisch has continued the trompe-l'oeil theme on the mock-baron[ial] front door and, upstairs, on the se[ven] doors of the dressing-area closets. Sa[ladino] selected these areas for Fisc[h] folly for very specific reasons: [If] you're adventuresome, there are o[nly] two places where the Walter Mitty[s] you can come out—in corridors, [be]cause you don't live there, and in [the] powder room, which is for guests." [To] from overwhelming these spaces, th[e] paintings suggest other, more sub[tle] uses of hand craftsmanship—spec[if]cally, on the large unused terra[ce] where Nancy Huang and Karen Lu[k] have undertaken a stenciling proj[ect] that will, when finished, give the Cu[m]mins a year-round wisteria garden.

Saladino's contribution was not j[ust] color and humor. He redesigned t[he] greenhouse doors so they became sl[id]ing glass walls that, when open, seem[ed] to disappear. He told Arch Cumm[in] the most boring thing in the world is [an] apartment filled with brown furn[i]ture—and, "kicking and screaming[,]" Cummin opted for eighteenth-centu[ry] painted Italian furniture. In the livi[ng] room, Saladino eliminated the cent[er] of the backrest of the couch, allowi[ng] guests to sit facing the fire or looki[ng] out the window. And, not least, [it] made the Cummins rethink the fun[c]tion of the dining-room table. "I woul[d] have done a large table, with a lot [of] chairs," Di says. "John knew the two [of] us often have meals here alone, so [he] made a small table, had it painted wi[th] iridescent Du Pont car paint, and put [it] in the corner, by the window. An[d] when it expands, it's at an angle."

The only change the Cummins ha[ve] made since the apartment's compl[e]tion is that they're here more than th[ey] planned—two or three months in th[e] fall, a month or two in the spring. B[ut] even if they were to change their liv[es] radically and become penthouse sta[r] at-homes, Arch Cummin doubts th[at] he would ever find himself waking u[p] here without pausing to admire it. "I l[ie] in bed and look through the gree[n]house to the park," he says, "and [I] can't believe it's really mine." □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gra[y]



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CORRECTION

The caption under the photograph on pa[ge] 202, March 1985, should have read, "Th[e] Hon. Garech Browne photographed in th[e] stairway of the Irish Embassy in Londo[n] which was formerly his grandfather's house."

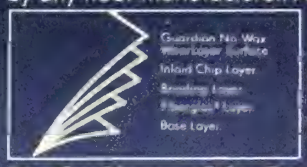
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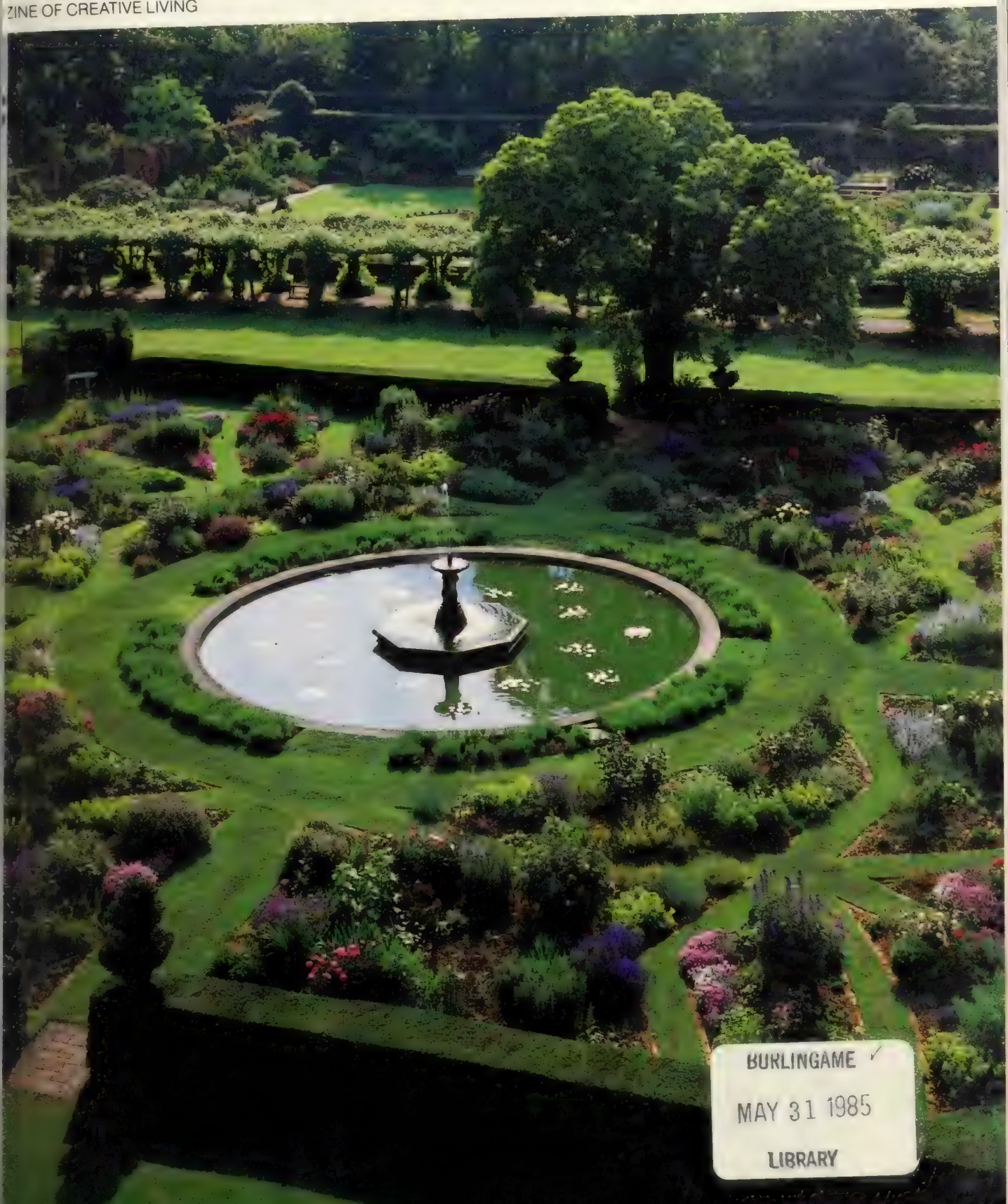
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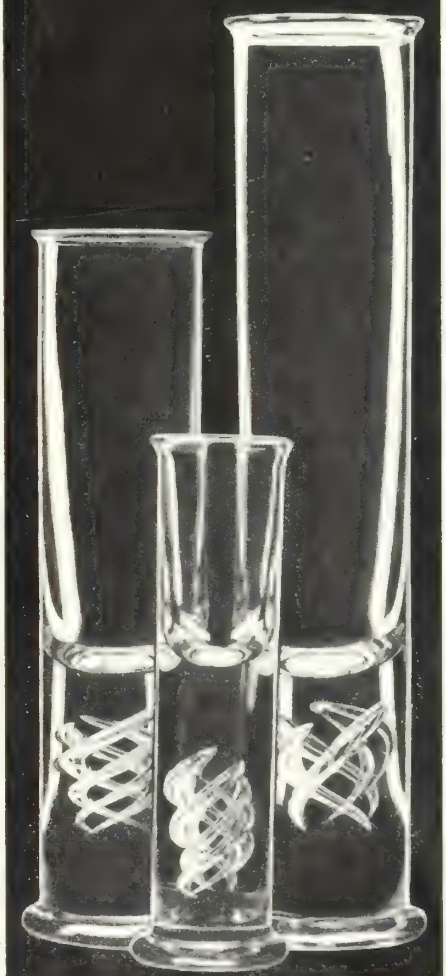
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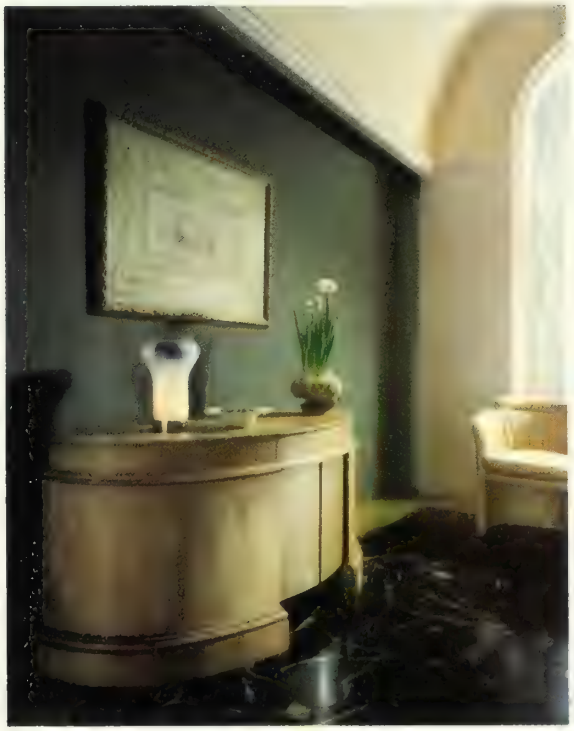
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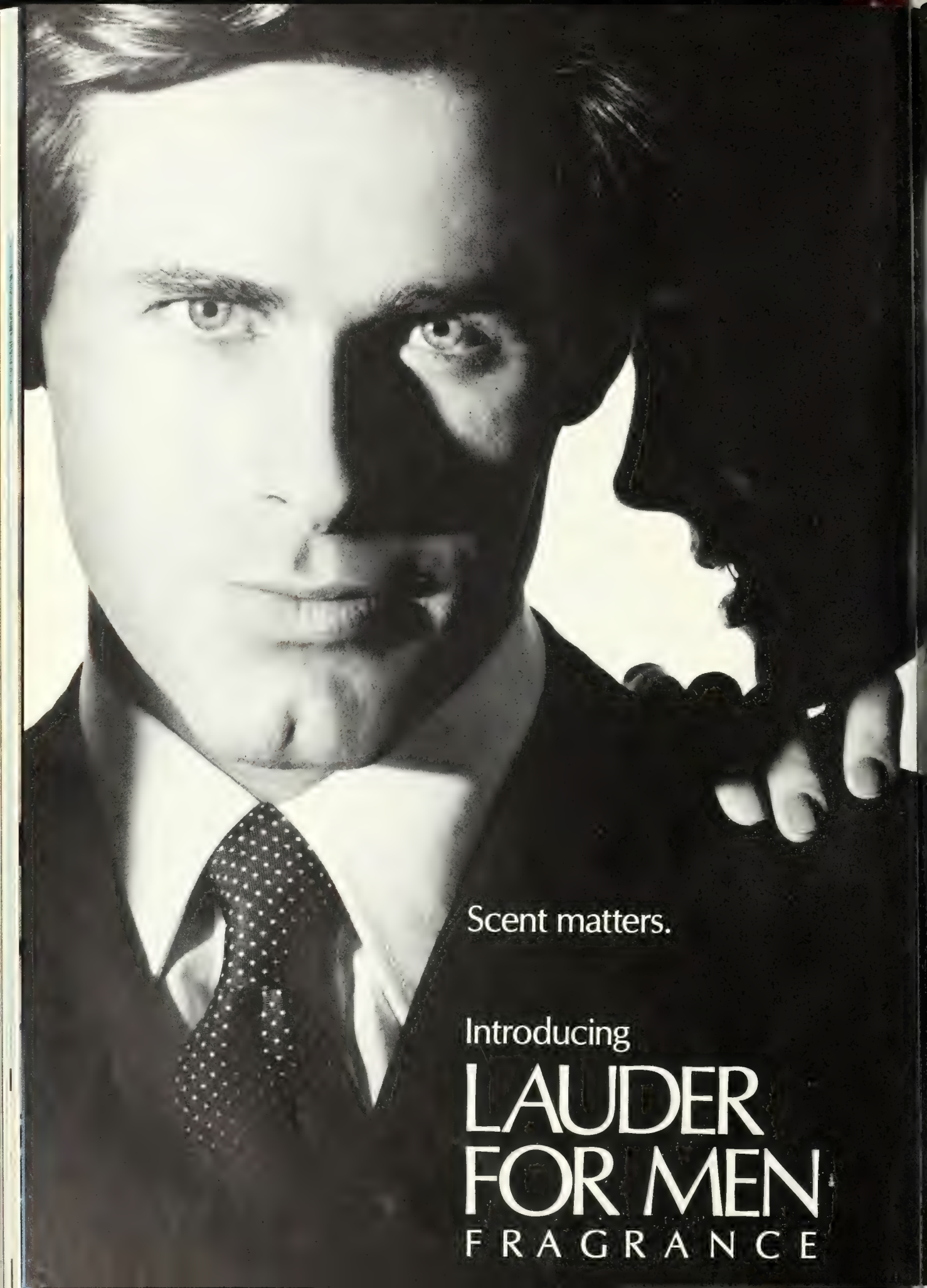
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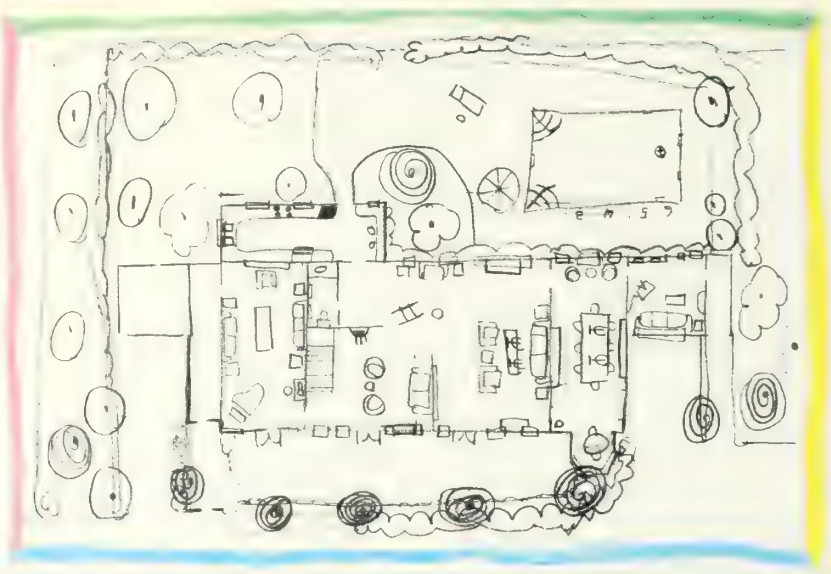

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE



A floor plan by one of our youngest readers, Anne Koshalek of California, eleven this month.

When House & Garden Editor-at-Large Rosamond Bernier was at large in Los Angeles recently, she got together with Richard Koshalek, director of the city's Museum of Contemporary Art, who introduced her to a young lady who may be House & Garden's youngest subscriber, his daughter Anne. For her eleventh birthday, Anne asked for her own subscription to House & Garden. When she's not reading House & Garden, Anne pursues her interest in design and decoration by drawing floor plans (which I doubly appreciate because that is exactly what I did at her age, and still do).

On the opposite side of the country, Madame Bernier spent a day with Vincent Fourcade, the interior designer whose new house on Long Island opens this issue, page 102. Her story traces Vincent's journey from a childhood house outside Paris to his adult house outside New York City, and it tells how the famous designer utilizes his photographic memory. "I learned my trade by going out every evening as a young man," he reports, "to dinners, dances, balls in every pretty house in France and Italy . . . and I remembered them all, even down to what was on each little table." The fruits of that photographic memory are now seen all over the country in rooms by Vincent Fourcade, many of which we've published, and if Anne Koshalek continues to do her floor plans, I wager we'll also see her work again in the pages of House & Garden.

Many are looking forward to the arrival of the treasures from Britain that will make up the National Gallery of Art's exhibition this fall, documenting five hundred years of private patronage and art collecting in England, Scotland, and Wales. One important aspect of life in the English country house will be impossible to transport, however, and that is the gardens. For that reason we begin our coverage of the Treasure Houses with the Gardens of Hatfield House, one of some two hundred houses to be represented in the Ford Motor Company–funded exhibition being mounted by J. Carter Brown and his colleagues in Washington, D.C.

The Gardens of Hatfield House, page 124, have just been restored to their seventeenth-century origins by the Marchioness of Salisbury, who contributes the text accompanying our photographs by Mick Hales. In future issues, we will be showing treasures from many of the houses included in the show, which is scheduled to open November 3, 1985, and continue through March 16, 1986.

A treasure of another kind is Strachur House in Scotland, page 180. A retreat where three members of the Maclean family write—Sir Fitzroy his histories, Lady Maclean her cookbooks, and son Charles his novels—it is also, especially in the summer, a kind of open house for friends making their way up north from England. One room wide, it is a house that light pours into from all sides when the sun is out, and it lends itself easily to the spirit of Highland hospitality.

We've all been following the controversy surrounding I. M. Pei's extraordinary glass pyramid designed to become the new entry to the Grand Louvre in Paris, but when we started hearing about the wonders unearthed by construction workers during excavation in the museum courtyard, we knew it was time to dispatch a photographer and writer to document the history now in progress in Paris, page 170. Olivier Bernier's text not only brings us up to date on what is happening but reminds us of the centuries-long evolution of that fortress-turned-palace-turned-museum on the Seine.

After taking his startlingly beautiful photographs of the excavations at the Louvre, Adam Bartos went up to London to photograph the world's newest museum, at 98A Boundary Road, page 136. The Louvre in Paris, dating from the twelfth century; the Treasure Houses in Britain, dating from the fifteenth century; and now the Saatchi museum, with its twentieth-century art collection, make for quite a spectrum of art and architecture, decoration and design in one issue of this 84-year-young magazine.

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Editor-in-Chief



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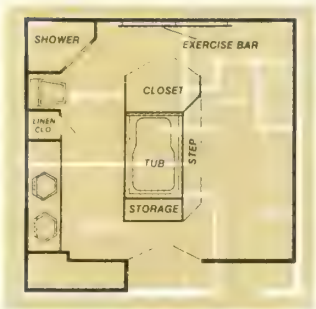

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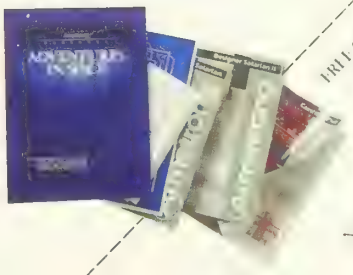
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THOMAS HOPE

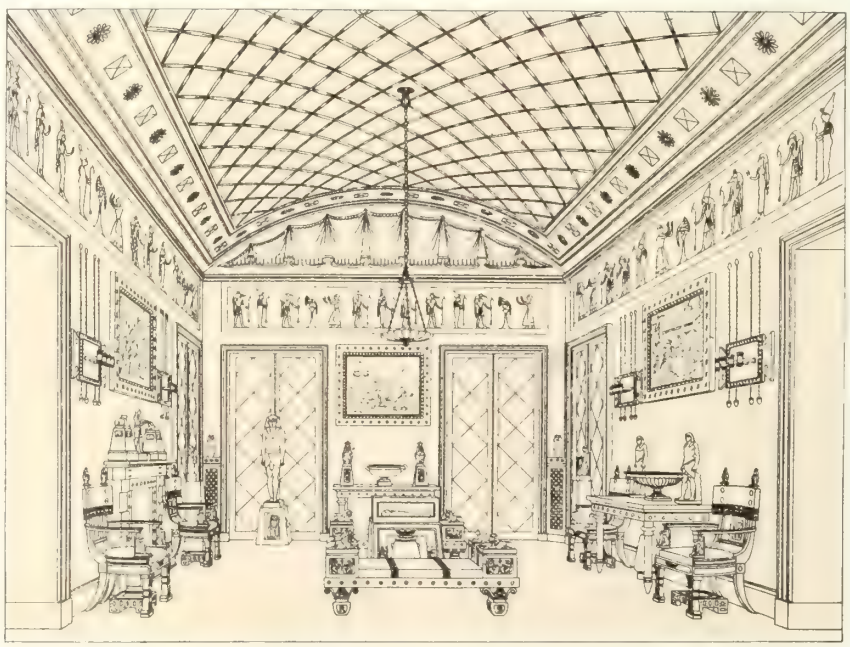
The peerless Regency dilettante who, among other things, invented the term "interior decoration"

By Christopher Hemphill

"Regency, as in 'bucks,' means something roystering, disorderly and full-blooded. When applied to furniture it too often denotes 'heavy,' 'cold,' 'impersonal' and 'tidy.' " Thus in the thirties the art historian Lord Gerald Wellesley appreciatively resurrected Thomas Hope, the great Regency "virtuoso," then a largely submerged figure in the history of taste. Now, several Regency revivals later, Hope's reputation has been thoroughly rehabilitated, but the old epithets about Regency furniture often still adhere to his name. The historical Hope was a far more complex figure. While never precisely a "buck," he fully embodied the contradictions of an era when, to quote J.B. Priestley: "Wellington is having fifty men flogged while Wordsworth is gazing at a celandine. Jane Austen is sending *Mansfield Park* to her publishers; Lady Caroline Lamb is sending Byron clippings of pubic hair."



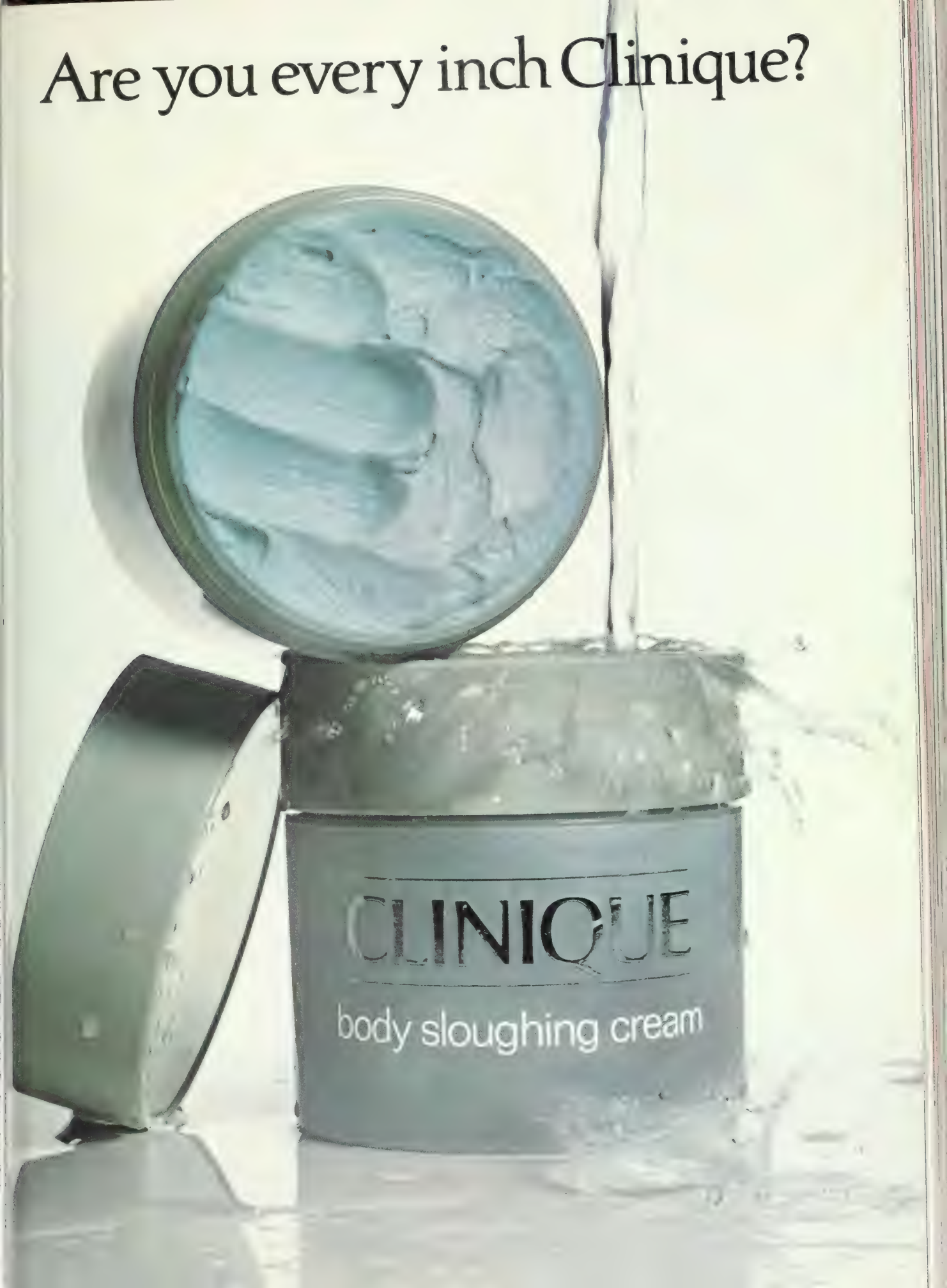
Above: Sir William Beechy's Moroccan-style portrait of Hope, circa 1798. *Below:* Hope's Egyptian model room at Duchess Street, circa 1800.



Like his era—indeed like our own—Hope looked both forward and back. In many ways he was the last of the line of great Georgian dilettanti descending from Lord Burlington. Simultaneously, however, Hope was one of the first furniture designers to address himself to the changes wrought by the Industrial Revolution. Both a man of letters and an *arbiter elegantiarum,* possessing a proselytizing zeal that w altogether new, he was the most avan garde art patron of his day. Not th least of his contributions—if that what it can be called—was his intr duction of the phrase "interior decor tion" into English.

That single moment came with th publication in 1807 of *Household Fu niture and Interior Decoration,* th book by which Hope is best known t day, a precise inventory in words an engravings of the Adam house o Duchess Street that Hope bought i 1799 and completely did over in ac vanced Neoclassical taste. This tast owed much to his inheritance. Born i 1769 into a banking family that had se tled in Holland in the seventeenth cen tury, he was the son of John Hope, connoisseur of note who had a Loui XVI interior in Amsterdam, one of th few in Holland, containing, amon other things, a extraordinary chim ney piece commis sioned from Pira nesi (now in th Rijksmuseum). I obviously had a great influence o the young Thomas who was to cite i the bibliography o *Household Furni ture* "Piranesi's work in general; and particularly his vases, candelabra, and chimney-pieces." Indeed, his father's chimney piece contains virtually the entire repertoire of Neoclassical motifs that

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Hope arrived in London as an outsider, a status he never completely overcame

he was to catechize in that book.

In 1787 he had begun an uncommonly Grand Tour not only of Europe but of North Africa and Asia Minor as well. It lasted eight years and ended when the Hope family returned to England in 1795. Speaking accented English, Hope arrived in London as an outsider, a status he never completely overcame. He possessed, however, a distinct advantage over his peers; almost alone among them, he had actually visited Egypt, arriving there a decade before Napoleon and Denon. Along with Piranesi, that country was to remain his greatest source of inspiration.

The Grand Tour gave him a taste for exoticism that only intensified with the years. While on the tour he had written an extravagant three-volume romance, *Anastasius,* set in Constantinople, Cairo, and Mecca; it was to be published with great réclame more than twenty years later. In 1798 he had himself painted in Turkish costume by Sir William Beechey. Although the result, which hung in the entrance hall of Duchess Street, shows him to be inoffensive-looking, this must have been flattery on the painter's part; most agreed with a contemporary who described Hope as being of "enormous wealth, supreme taste, and almost abnormal ugliness." Socially ambitious, he used the first two assets to overcome his liability.

Duchess Street was his instrument. His first efforts there were earnest but maladroit. In 1804 he issued tickets of admission to Duchess Street to members of the Royal Academy, the body he most wanted to join, who considered the invitation a crass violation of the codes of gentlemanly connoisseurship. Despite this gaffe, Hope continued his program. Like Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, he opened his doors to anyone with references establishing "known character and taste." In effect, the interiors became what we would now call "model rooms."

Although worldly, Hope's ambitions always had no less high-minded a purpose than a general reform of taste. For these ambitions, a suitable marriage became a necessity. Wil Beckford had tried to arrange a m between his daughter and Hope Caliph of Fonthill undoubtedly sa him a kindred spirit as well as a bo to his own fortune. Instead, in 1 Hope chose one Louisa Beresf who, apart from her high birth (she the niece of a marquess) and he valuable abilities as a hostess, was markable beauty. Her union with husband was cruelly lampooned b painter Dubost, who had been pat ized by Hope and then dropped. retaliated by exhibiting a painting monster, recognizably Hope, offe jewels to a woman, recognizably Hope. Entitled *Beauty and the Bea* created a large scandal. A more app ing view of Mrs. Hope is offered b observer who recorded her presen a ball at Carlton House, home of Prince Regent, on Christmas E where she wore "solid gold with birds flying in different directions of her head." Hope, it must be m tioned, designed all her clothes.

Like many marriages of con nience, the Hopes' seems to have n ertheless been a happy one; th presence at Carlton House shows outward success at least. By the tim the publication of *Household Fu ture,* Hope's authority matched his rogance. The subsequent popularity tripod tables, curule benches, a most particularly klismos chairs can be traced to his book. George Smit pattern book containing forthright somewhat prosaic adaptations Hope's designs appeared the very n year. Within a decade, his influen had become international and is se for instance, in many of the later p ductions of Duncan Phyfe's worksh Copies of Hope's work, however, h appeared even before he published book; in it he decried the "extravaga caricatures such as of late have beg to start up in every corner of the ca tal." His intention instead was "to f ciliate the imitation of objects" providing "a more general initiati into the mysteries of taste."

Furniture designs had been dissem nated through pattern books in En


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Hope was one of the first furniture designers to address himself to the changes wrought by the Industrial Revolution

land for more than fifty years, but none had dealt with complete rooms, nor had they argued their case so categorically. Hope alone concerned himself with the enormous change of the preceding decade, namely, he wrote, the "substitution of machinery to manual labour." Like William Morris much later in the century, however, Hope acknowledged the Industrial Revolution only to scorn it. His designs, he hoped, would offer to those who "had for ever lost the inferior kinds of employment" no less than "a nobler species of labour." His faith in his ability to enlighten "the mere plodding artisan," however, cannot have been complete; he had the molds for the furniture's Piranesian ornaments subcontracted to craftsmen he knew from Rome.

The book's engravings in the outline technique served Hope's heuristic purposes. The technique is associated with the sculptor John Flaxman, whom Hope had met in Rome in the early 1790s, commissioning from him that year a statue of Aurora. In that cosmopolitan city, Hope had also met the envoy and antiquarian Sir William Hamilton, who started him collecting Greek vases, and Charles Percier, who was to begin publishing *Recueil des décorations intérieures* with P-.F-.L. Fontaine in Paris in 1801. Illustrated with engravings in the same style, Percier and Fontaine's work is conventionally described as the immediate inspiration of *Household Furniture.* David Watkin, the author of *Thomas Hope and the Neo-Classical Idea,* believes that the style was simply in the air, stemming from the influence of Hamilton's Greek vases. In any case, for Hope and Percier and Fontaine alike, this archaizing style was harnessed to a thoroughly modern preoccupation, indeed an invention of the French Revolution: publicity.

Household Furniture's black-and-white engravings have undoubtedly done more than anything to stigmatize Regency taste as chilly, but a cursory glance at the often purple prose of Hope's accompanying text shows that the actual rooms at Duchess Street must have been highly theatrical, perhaps in places even lurid. Only the several Vase Rooms displaying the so-called "Second" Hamilton Collection—an 1801 purchase that did more than anything to establish Hope as England's ranking collector—could be called "chaste." The main enfilade consisted of the Indian Room, the Flaxman Room, and the Egyptian Room. The first contained a series of Indian views by Thomas Daniell. "In compliance with the Oriental taste," Hope wrote, it was decorated in rich variations on the primary colors; it was lined with low banquettes, "after the Eastern fashion." The Flaxman Room contained the statue of Aurora and was supposed to create the illusion of dawn itself. This was affected by orange, azure, and black satin curtains hung against mirrors; the chimney piece was of black marble inlaid with gilt-bronze stars. The Egyptian Room, decorated in "that pale yellow and that blueish green which hold so conspicuous a rank among Egyptian pigments," according to a contemporary contained several of the Hope furniture designs that are best known today as well as his Egyptian antiquities. Its focal point was a glass-encased mummy. Watkin wonders about this room's disposition during Mrs. Hope's many gala routs. "Were the funerary urns and mummies," he asks rhetorically, "removed for these occasions? Probably not. The Regency man of taste could take these things in his stride."

Neither the purblind Neoclassicist nor a swooning Romantic, Hope seems to have been rather a strange combination of the two. Indeed, to his contemporaries, there seemed to be two Thomas Hopes, the Hope of Duchess Street and the Hope of the Deepdene, his equally extraordinary country house. Hungering all his life for a title, he had to content himself with the latter noble-sounding tag. He had bought the Deepdene in 1807, perhaps emboldened by the success of *Household Furniture,* but apparently did not begin his reconstruction of it until 1818, the year before the publication of *An-*



"Diamonds are wild."

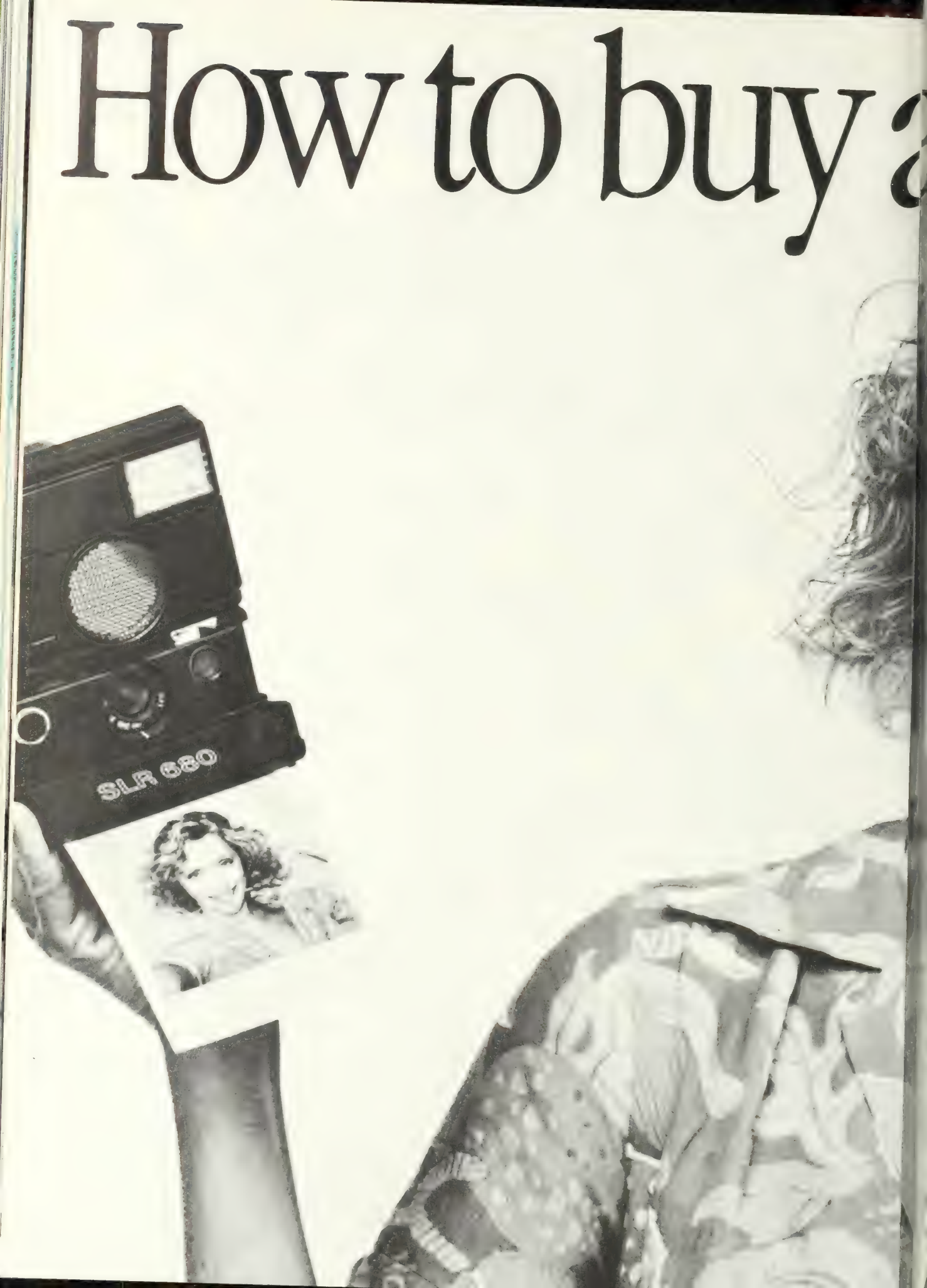
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astasius. Here the Romantic impulse never far from the surface at Duches Street came to full flower. Hope's fir addition to the house was a centra tower. Although prefigured by th Gothic towers of Fonthill and Straw berry Hill, Hope's was in the Tusca style, anticipating the internationa fashion for "Italianate" villas by twen ty years. Each succeeding addition t the house served to heighten its asym metrical, picturesque aspect. Perhap its most startling feature was an im mense conservatory in which it was im possible to tell whether one wa indoors or out. Intended not for show but for Hope's intimate circle, the inte riors of the house were equally pro phetic; surviving watercolors depic rooms we would call "Victorian," done more than a decade before Vic toria ascended the throne.

In later years Hope spent more and more time at the Deepdene. The fame of *Household Furniture* had been over-shadowed in the public eye by the pub-lication of *Anastasius*. At first thought to be the work of Byron—who wept because this was not the case—it was a spectacular best seller. This was the Hope the Victorians remembered. As late as 1899, when *Country Life* pub-lished photographs of the Deepdene, Hope was identified as the author of *Anastasius*. Such are the vagaries of history and reputation; today the novel daunts even specialists like Watkin.

Hope's taste was—and remains—a minority one. Had he taken the side of machinery, he might have become a sort of Corbusier *avant la lettre;* as it happened, however, with his alliance of taste, wealth, and arrogance, per-haps only Charles de Beistegui, the great and similarly megalomaniacal connoisseur of the thirties, forties, and fifties, can be called Hope's direct de-scendant.

In the sphere of mass culture, Hope's influence has been more dif-fused. His final, most enduring contri-bution will probably remain the idea of the "model room," the province now of great museums and great depart-ment stores alike. David Watkin goes farther. In the last chapter of his book on Hope, addressing the preoccupa-tion with death that was Hope's inheri-tance from Piranesi and the Egyptians, he sees as Hope's ultimate legacy For-est Lawn Cemetery in Los Angeles. □

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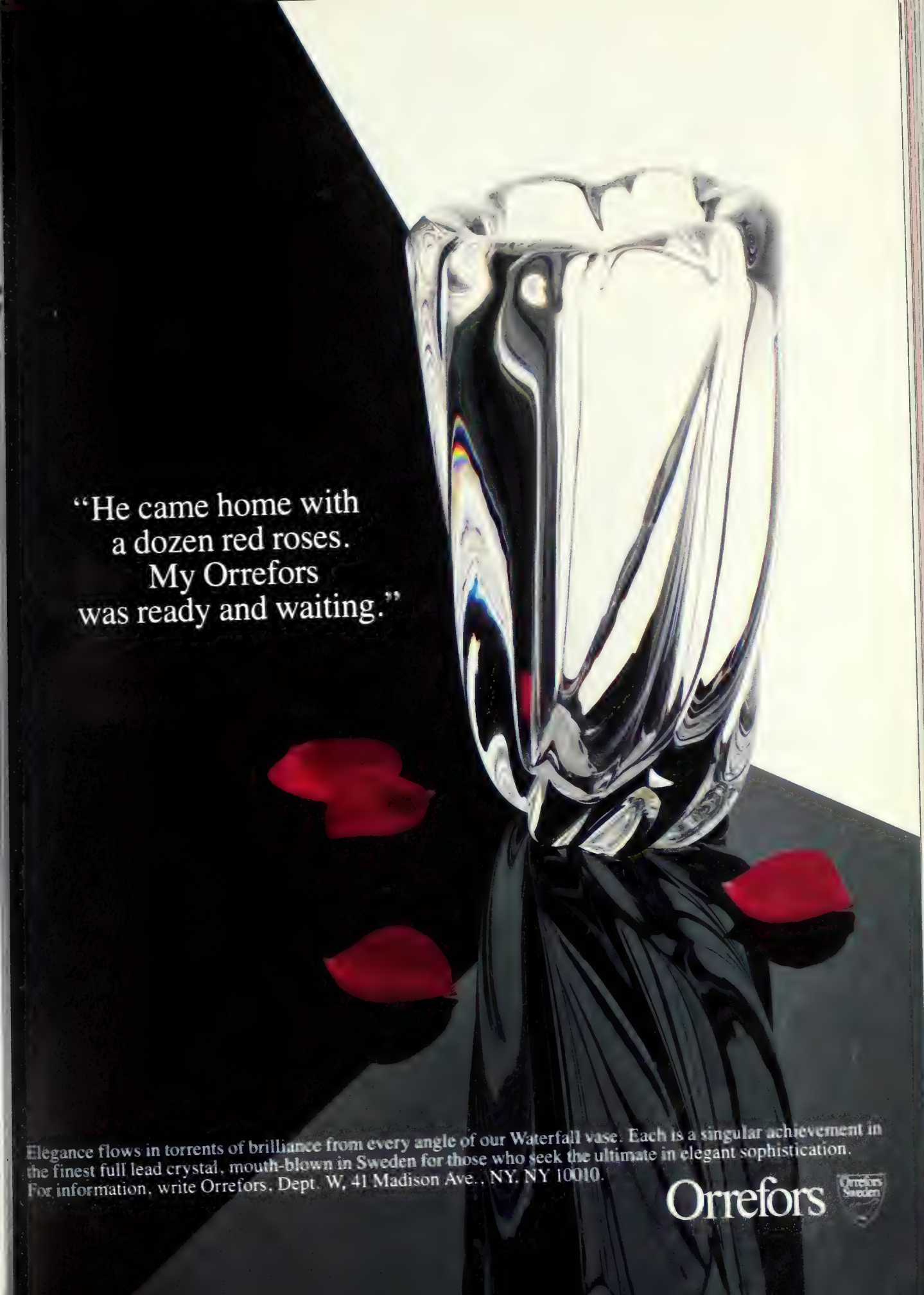
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LIVES OF THE MODERN ARCHITECTS

Do personal affairs affect professional practice?

By Martin Filler



FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

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ARCHITECT: THE LIFE AND
WORK OF CHARLES W. MOORE
by David Littlejohn
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
356 pp.,$22.95

Throughout modern times we have known much more about the lives of artists than about the lives of architects. Starting with the Renaissance, when painters and sculptors grew in regard from mere craftsmen to divinely inspired creators, considerable interest came to be focused on both the personal and professional activities of these privileged cultural characters. Thus we have not only a great deal of information about Picasso and the way his romantic liaisons influenced his art, but also surprisingly much about Rubens, who lived three hundred years earlier. The biographical sketches by Giorgio Vasari, Giovanni Pietro Bellori, and Carlo Cesare Malvasia (who might be called the Aubreys of art history) give us a host of revealing anecdotes about Italian painters, both famous and obscure, during the late Renaissance and the Baroque. And since the Romantic period's apotheosis of the artist as the new superman, we have been subjected to innumerable life stories, ranging from worshipful to debunking.



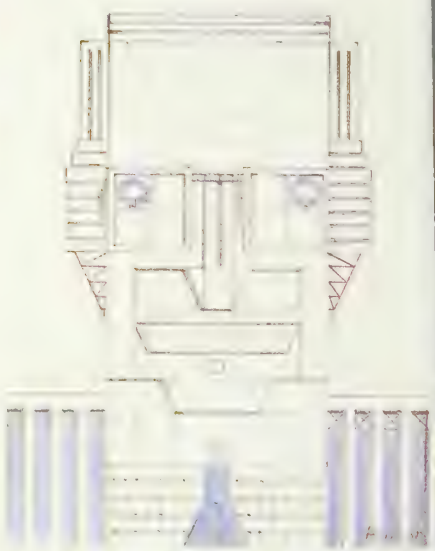
CHARLES MOORE

But with a few rare exceptions, we are left in the dark about the personal motivations of architects, the makers of our most enduring art form. One probable reason for this imbalance is that architects didn't achieve the status of professionals until the nineteenth century; before then they ranked with (or in fact were) the carpenters and masons who executed their designs.

Even a titan like Frank Lloyd Wright still has no definitive biography (the architect's own highly inventive account of his life is in many ways th most instructive). For Wright's grea Modernist rivals, including Le Corbu sier and Ludwig Mies van der Rohe there is substantially less to go on, whil their less epochal but highly influentia contemporaries Antonio Sant'Elia an Gerrit Rietveld, for all we know of thei personal characters, might just as wel have lived in the time of Giotto.

Now two new books on the lives o three twentieth-century American ar chitects—Frank Lloyd Wright, Michae Graves, and Charles Moore—attempt to revive biography's neglected role in assessing the varying contributions o its subjects. Each volume is a mass o contradictions, at once perceptive and obtuse, pertinent and extraneous, ob-

Louis Hellman's Archi-Têtes, *twelve post-card caricatures of twentieth-century architects based on their most familiar motifs, have recently been published by* The Architectural Review *in London. Here are three examples.*



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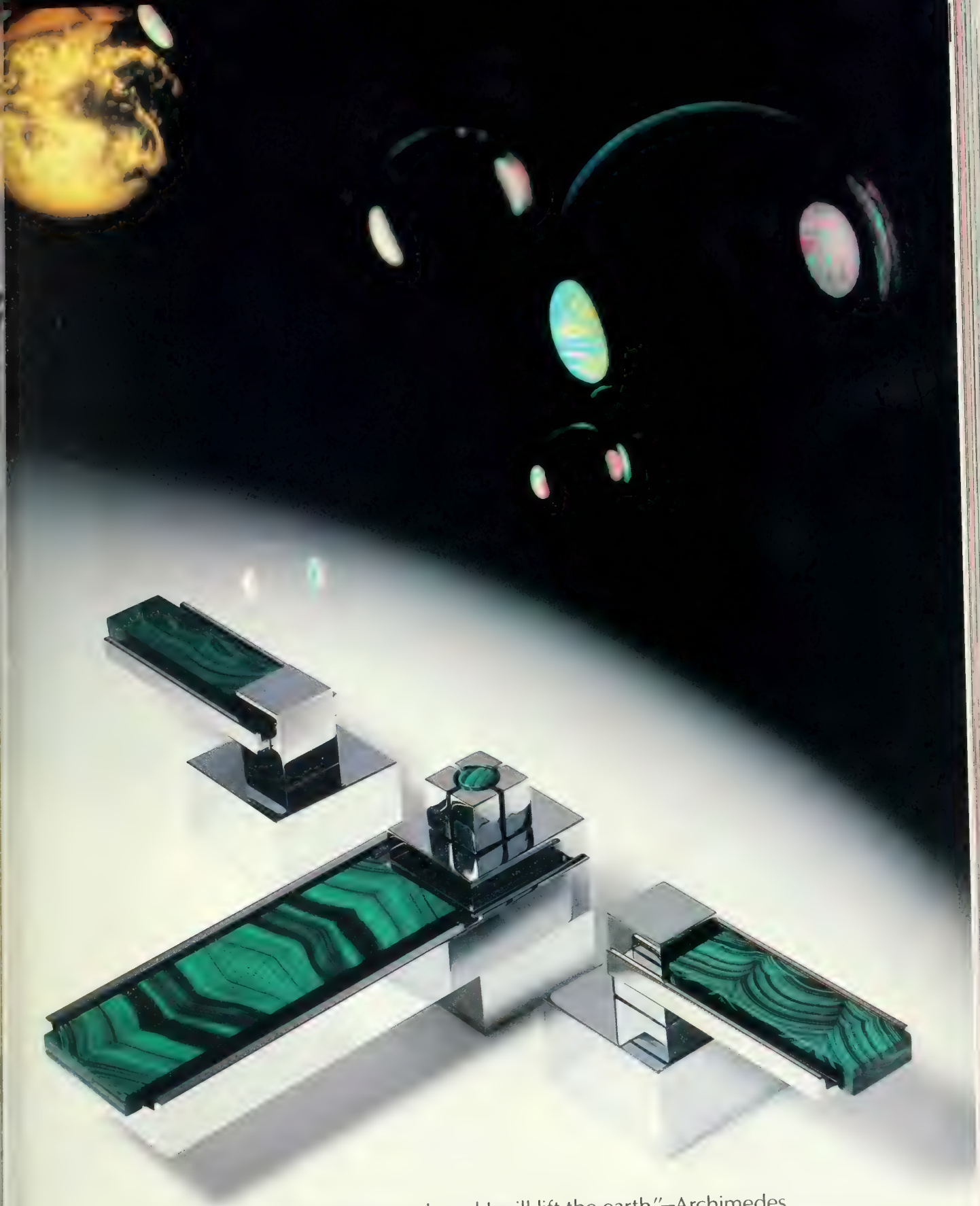
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jective and biased. Neither is a model architectural equivalent of biographies that elucidate the meaning of works of art, but each is a source of fascination in its own way.

As the primary polemicist of the Post-Modern movement, Charles Jencks has established for himself a unique role on the contemporary architectural scene. A prolific journalist and prodigious lecturer, he is not so much an architectural historian as a kind of one-man Reuters agency. He brings an exhilarating immediacy to his breathless reports on the latest directions of the architectural avant-garde, but only a few of the dozen or so books he has written over the past dozen or so years (such as his insightful *Le Corbusier and the Tragic View of Architecture*) have stood the test of time.

Jencks emits ideas with amazing rapidity, but unsurprisingly, not all of them are very well thought out. That problem is exemplified by *Kings of Infinite Space,* a slender volume that began life as a BBC documentary. Both film and book seek to prove that the contemporary heir of Frank Lloyd Wright is none other than Michael Graves. This astonishing premise is based both on what Jencks sees as striking affinities between both architects' use of ornament, symbolism, and polychromy, and on the author's "new attempt to link domestic crises, sometimes very personal affairs of the heart, with changes of philosophy and style."

In truth, that notion is not so original. As early as 1966, Norris Kelly Smith, in his *Frank Lloyd Wright: A Study in Architectural Content,* pointed out quite convincingly how the architect's changing marital (or extramarital) arrangements had affected his residential designs. It was seen most clearly in the way he designed a dining room, which for Wright was the sanctum sanctorum of familial communion. In his early days as dutiful suburban husband and father of six, Wright's dining tables—massive altars surrounded by thronelike chairs—expressed his role as Victorian paterfamilias. But once his first marriage dissolved, the dining rooms he designed became notably less formal, taking up part of a larger living area. After 1932, when he founded the architectural brotherhood of the Taliesin Fellowship, Wright and his third wife, Olgivanna, took their meals at a high table raised above the level of their lessers, or sometimes dined in their private quarters in a cocoonlike alcove that said all about their intense, exclusive bond.

But so direct a translation of life into art is not to be taken for granted with all architects, especially since the most telling facts of their private lives are often not disclosed until their deaths (the publicity-seeking Wright was an exception). Thus Jencks stands on shaky ground when he tries to demonstrate how certain episodes in Michael Graves's life equal the galvanizing upheavals that punctuate Wright's saga. Exactly how those crises have occasioned new directions in Graves's design is even less clear.

Harder to swallow, however, are the likenesses Jencks tries to establish between Wright's and Graves's designs. The very title of his book signals trouble, for although Frank Lloyd Wright was indeed one of architecture's greatest geniuses in his manipulation of interior volume, the spaces in Michael Graves's work to date are anything but infinite. In fact, they have a pronounced tendency to claustrophobic compression, obviously antithetical to Wright's ceaseless search for new ways to make architecture "break out of the box." Jencks's attempt to legitimize Graves's interesting but thus-far unproven experiments by looking for likenesses in a figure of such talismanic power as Wright is at once overreaching and belittling.

Yet Jencks, like Vincent Scully (the architectural historian whom he most takes after), can be an affecting writer, and his emotional involvement with his subject is never very far from the surface. His sympathy for what Michael Graves is about, both as a man and an architect, is quite real, and it affords him some interesting interpretations. Take, for instance, his description of Graves's symbolic fireplaces and the muted colors that have become his trademark: "A certain sad irony seems to accompany some of these wistful



nd beautiful altars. They seem to be telae to a lost centre, to the family life nd its sacred permanence that cannot e obtained in our society. The drawngs of these icons have a melancholic ir, the blues and terra-cottas and vispy outlines convey a lost dream." .ike Scully, Jencks seeks after a poetic s well as a literal truth, and how credible the evidence seems depends largely on which of those verities one values nore. Perhaps the most instructive entence in this book is the author's itle-page epigraph, from Act II of *Hamlet:* "I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams." That's some but.

Charles Moore, the avant-garde American architect who turns sixty this year, might well have thought David Littlejohn's *Architect: The Life and Work of Charles W. Moore* to be a bad dream as he browsed through its pages, so indiscreet a portrait of its subject does it paint. In his instance, the resort to biographical interpretation is certainly an apt one, for there is no other living architect whose work is so personal and whose private life is so public. Moore, as was once said of Richard Wagner, is the sun in a solar system of his own creation, a vast network of friends, colleagues, assistants, students, and assorted hangers-on. Moore's *modus operandi* requires a generous selection of them in attendance at all times, making the entourages of heavyweight boxers look like skeleton crews in comparison.

After gaining the confidence of many key satellites in the Moore universe, David Littlejohn conducted hundreds of hours of interviews, which form the most riveting portions of an overlong text that meanders about with maddening self-indulgence. Littlejohn is not a very graceful writer, and no self-editor at all. (This book was originally intended to be a *New Yorker* profile, and it is intriguing to imagine what those fastidious souls made of Littlejohn's manuscript.) But he must possess some mesmeric charm, for he got Moore's nearest and supposedly dearest to dish a huge amount of dirt. Since the publication of this book, there have been dark mutterings among those understandably chagrined by their quotes—and that must include Moore himself, for he comes off just as backbiting and bitchy (or, to use a Moore buzzword, badmouthing) as his friends.

But it must be said that it all has the ring of truth. As one who gravitated close to Moore ten years ago while editing one of his books, this reviewer found the peculiarly charged atmosphere of the Moore magnetic field captured here with uncanny accuracy. The jockeying for position close to the great man, the nonstop competition for his attention among a mass of jealous acolytes, the erratic hours, the rapid-fire wordplay, the adrenalin-pumping pace, and the benign but vaguely voyeuristic detachment with which Moore observes the maelstrom of acting-out around him—all are recorded for posterity.

But beyond the gossip, Littlejohn does offer an important point to justify his dissection of Moore's hectic existence. After Robert Venturi, Charles Moore was the high-style architect most responsible for the return some 25 years ago to the traditional imagery of the house—the pitched roof, the totemic chimney, the clearly defined front door—in reaction to the abstraction of Modernist domestic architecture. Over that same period Moore designed no fewer than six houses for himself, but ironically, the closest this driven, peripatetic man has to a permanent abode is the inside of an airplane. Charles Moore (in the words of Shaw) is "a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so"; he is also an inveterate nomad, past the point of change.

How poignant, then, that this fervent poet of the joys of domesticity, so eloquently expressed in his numerous writings and dozens of splendid residences, is prevented by his way of life from savoring the very pleasures his houses have brought to so many others. The dream world of Charles Moore is not the minareted Xanadu of the fantasy drawings he makes for his many friends, but only a comfortable chair by a fireside where he could sit and sketch, had he but world enough and time. □

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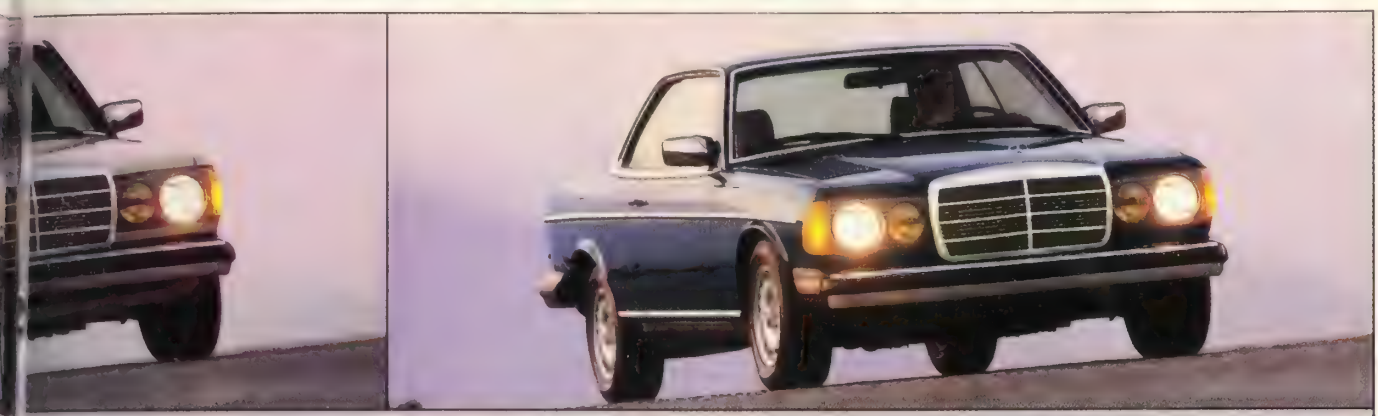
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THE ENGAGING SLIPPER CHAIR

A favorite of today's decorators, this versatile piece has drifted in and out of fashion over the years

By Mark Hampton

Few pieces of legitimate furniture have the ability to make you smile. Odd bits of antlers and horns or elaborate wood carvings from the Black Forest do not qualify. The sort of furniture I have in mind is that fairly large category of charming and sometimes slightly funny-looking pieces known as slipper chairs. They can possess an amusing quality that belies their usefulness in almost any living room combined with almost any kind of antique or upholstered furniture.

The slipper chair is probably derived from the eighteenth-century French chauffeuse, a small chair on short legs made to draw up to the fire. Like its ancestor, the slipper chair is usually armless. Both chair types tend to have backs that are low in relation to other chairs, and their shapes are often fanciful. These fanciful shapes occurred from the start, probably because of the dwarf aspects of their scale—a normal-sized seat and only slightly narrowed back on seven-inch legs, for example—and because these were single chairs, unique and allowed to be slightly eccentric. You don't, after all, think of rooms with sets of four or six slipper chairs.

The original use of these little fireside chairs was intimate: the object was for the user to stay warm while getting dressed. Furthermore, one had to be in a position to pull on precious stockings without doing them any damage. To me the most noteworthy achievement of the upwardly mobile slipper chair is its progress from the boudoir and the dressing room to the library and the living room, not to mention the drawing room.

The nineteenth century, with its serious concern for comfort and its genius for the manufacture of new furniture types, turned the slipper chair into an engaging, decorative, and hugely useful piece. From the delicately framed seat for a lady's dressing room illustrated here, it developed into a sturdy piece of upholstered furniture suitable for any intimate living-room conversation area. We are still talking about houses in which there was a rigorous distinction between informal living rooms and formal reception rooms furnished with stiff suites of furniture.



Clockwise from above: Favorite slipper chairs of Mme. de Pompadour, Elsie de Wolfe, Mario Buatta, and Billy Baldwin.

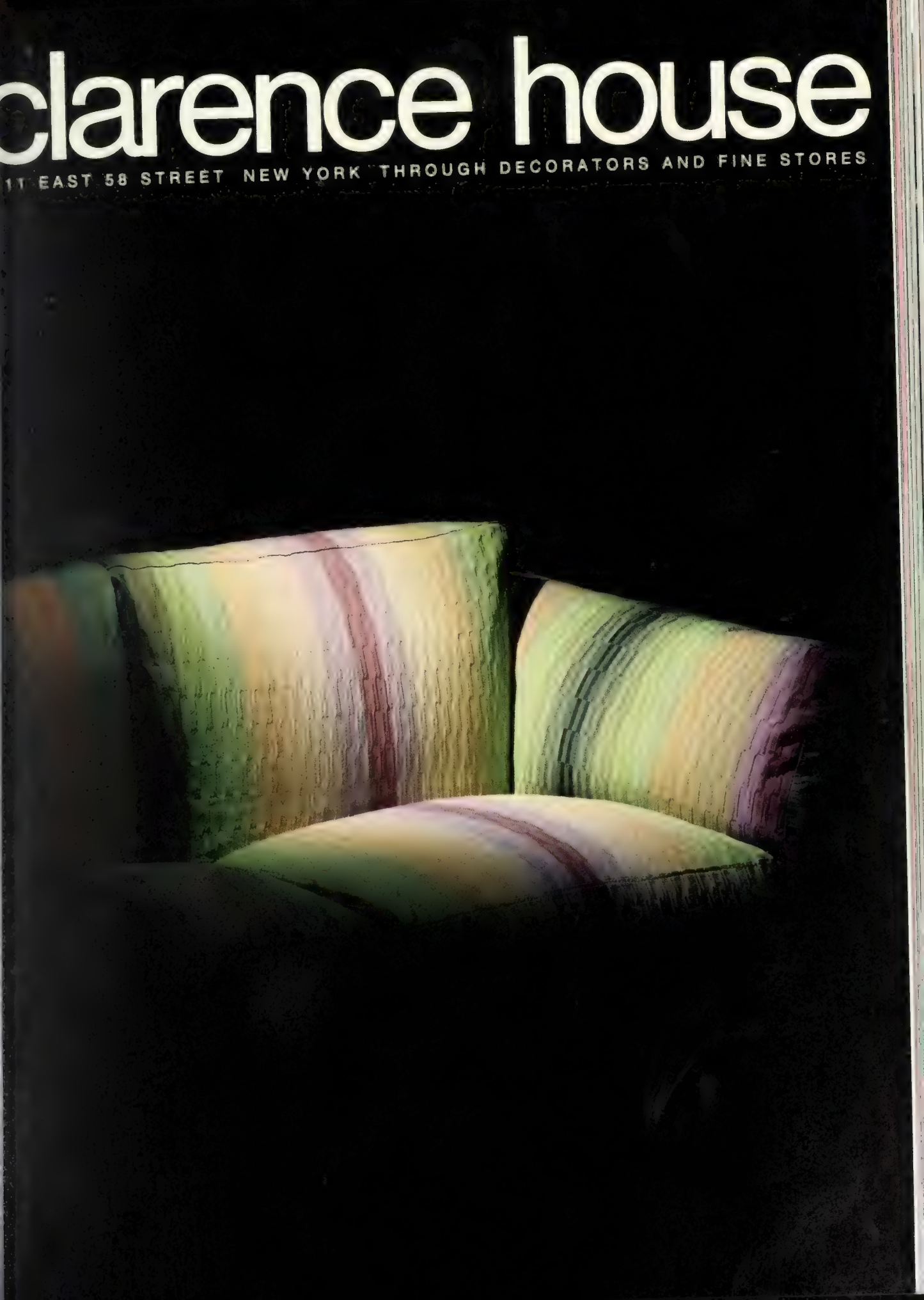
Gradually, of course, even the great drawing rooms succumbed to the appeal of informality. Rich, lush decoration is not necessarily precluded by an atmosphere of cozy intimacy. One of the major breakthroughs of interior decoration in the past 150 years is the domestication of grandeur. And by the Edwardian era, sitting rooms and drawing rooms were loaded with every conceivable sort of piece. Perhaps it was in reaction to this obvious excess that a stricter point of view prevailed for many years in this century. It is interesting to follow the history of slipper chairs as they move in and out of fashion.

At the turn of the century, the plump version that is still one of my favorites appeared in all sorts of rooms. In *The House in Good Taste* by Elsie de Wolfe (and ghost-written by Ruby Ross Wood) this chair can be seen in one illustration tucked into the space between a sofa and a fireplace but also directly in the path of a door. Because of its diminutive scale, the chair does not completely block the way to the door. Nor does it conflict with any of the other furniture in the room. Stanford White used the same chair in the somber damask and silk-velvet drawing room of the fabulous Mrs. Philip Lydig's town house, which was filled with sixteenth- and seventeenth-century paintings and furniture.

The shape of this wonderful little chair was later modernized by straightening the top line of the back, and it became a trademark of Billy Baldwin. Often Mr. Baldwin would design it

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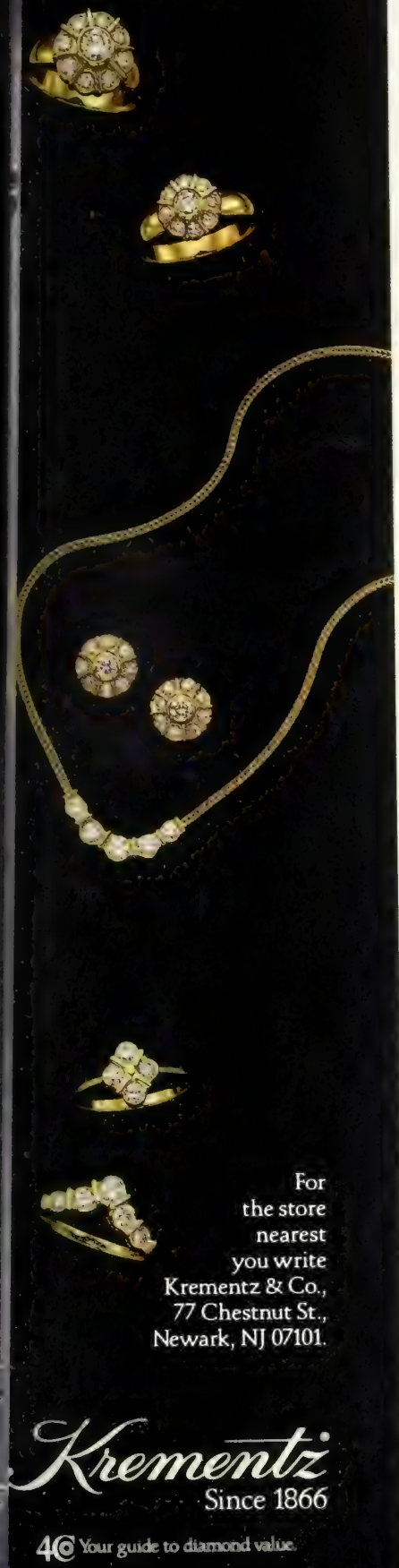
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There it sits near a fireplace, low enough not to look awkward, not blocking a favorite table covered with things you do not want to hide, contributing a great coziness

with the simplest sort of tea-cozylike slipcover. Sometimes he would trim it with a band of braid around the bottom. The chair in the illustration, taken from an old House & Garden photograph of the beautiful living room in Hobe Sound that he did for the unbelievably chic Mrs. Clive Runnells of Lake Forest, has a white slipcover that has been trimmed with a navy-blue tape in a strict outline. A pair of these chairs sat in the middle of the room facing an arrangement consisting of a big sofa, two upholstered armchairs, and a coffee table. Larger chairs would have blocked the center of the room in a way that slipper chairs do not.

Another arrangement used both by Mr. Baldwin in his New York apartment on East 61st Street and by his mentor Mrs. Wood before him consisted of placing a pair of these chairs with their backs against a freestanding writing table on the side opposite the desk chair, simply waiting to be pulled into place wherever needed.

A model that has become popular in recent years is the tufted version with its gently curving back. The direct descendant of a very prevalent Victorian slipper chair, it has been simplified and refined and is often seen in the wonderfully romantic and inviting rooms of Mario Buatta. Sometimes it has a plain skirt with inverted corner pleats. Sometimes it has a shirred skirt or one that is box-pleated. It is equally at home covered in small printed materials and in large-scale chintzes. Patterns are not a problem with tufted furniture, although they seem to worry a lot of people. Actually symmetrical patterns fit perfectly well into the orderly design of the tufting and asymmetrical patterns are no more difficult tufted than untufted.

The tufted slipper chair, I might add, need not be strictly identified with a fondness for Victoriana. Like most upholstered furniture, it can blend perfectly well with contemporary or modern decoration simply by the elimination of all fussy details. It is easy to streamline the legs of practically any piece of upholstered furniture. And whereas the squared-off slipper chair seems to call for right angles, the more curved ones can sit happily when placed at any angle.

It is curious that the slipper chair was unknown in living rooms for long periods in decorating history, then popular in the nineteenth century, then unpopular for a fairly long time in this century. Now, and for the past several years, its popularity in living rooms is taken for granted. To be able to pull up a chair that is both comfortable and small is important in this day and age when regimented conversation groups seem to be disliked. Its odd proportions are also a virtue: in a room full of sofas and chairs with similar back and seat heights, the monotony is pleasantly broken by the introduction of a chair or two that falls into a different category of scale. Chairs without arms are also easy to perch on, facing whichever side you want.

Most persuasive of all, perhaps, is the fact that you can use the versatile slipper chair where there is simply no room for another piece of furniture, and the most typical, practical, and traditional place is near a fireplace. There it sits, low enough not to look awkward, not blocking a favorite table covered with things you do not want to hide, contributing a great coziness. Doesn't everyone want to be beside the fire?

Like most pieces of furniture with a long history, the slipper chair is in vogue now for the same reasons that it was a hundred years ago. For form to follow function is not the purview of the twentieth century alone. Nothing in the realm of decorating is more vital than furniture that has evolved solely for the purposes of comfort and convenience. □

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A CHOICE OF CLOISTERS

Islands of quiet, witnesses to history, shelters from sun or rain, Rome's cloisters offer a variety of nourishment for the eye and the spirit

By Louis Inturrisi

When the time comes, a friend tells me, *"mi rinchiudero in un chiostro"* (I'm going to place myself in a cloister). I can understand why she feels this way. The *chiostri,* or cloisters, of Rome invite lingering, if not retirement. They are blessed islands of repose amid the swirling sea of capital-city life, tranquil retreats from the hurly-burly of open markets, whirlwind tours, and the noise and frustration of Rome's four rush hours a day. And when the cruel Roman sun drives most people indoors, cloisters—with their cool fountains, covered loggias, and open-to-the-sky centers—are pleasant places to spend the afternoon rest hours.

On such sunlit days I like to sit in the cool pillared shade of the cloister at Sts. Cosmas and Damian near the Forum and watch the shadows play on the plants and pavement. The contrast between the dark recesses of the orange-colored loggia and the bright sunlit garden in the center is always satisfying because somehow the sunlight always seems brighter and purer when framed by a cloister's pillared walls.

If piazzas are to be seen in, cloisters are just the opposite: a person can easily slip into a cloister, disappear into a shadowy corner under a tiled roof, and not be disturbed until sundown. Nor are they to be confused with courtyards. Courtyards are for movement, for traffic. One never lingers in a courtyard. (That's why there are no places to sit down.) One crosses them to get somewhere else. They are approaches to something. Cloisters, on the other hand, are not approaches, but destinations. They are often out of the way, shut up behind heavy wooden side doors or separated by some distance from the main building. One never traverses them. If one moves at all, one moves around them, which is why they invite reflection and an unhurried pace.



The cloister of St. Paul Outside the Walls, Rome

And when it rains, the portico of a cloister is the perfect place from which to watch the rain fall without getting wet, or to listen to the trickle of a fountain. The fountains in cloisters are riveting. They command silence. Some, like the one carried on the back of four stone horses at Sts. Cosmas and Damian, have a sustained musicality; others, like the one in the medieval cloister of San Clemente, have a barely audible trickle, which in spite of—or perhaps due to—its instability, can keep a person spellbound.

Some cloisters in Rome have large, lush gardens; others, like the one at San Clemente, have no garden at all—only the fountain surrounded by a cobblestone pavement, from the four corners of which miraculously spring four very proud palm trees. One's attention in this case is captured by the light and the soothing colors: red-orange from the tiled roof of the loggia; honey-gold from the walls of the church; and gray-green from the pillars and pavement. Without a garden to entertain one's thoughts and only the steady trickling of the fountain, San Clemente—the only early medieval cloister in Rome—inspires thoughts of time and continuity.

The cloisters connected to the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Paul Outside the Walls are on a grander scale. They were both completed during the first half of the thirteenth century and are the masterwork of the Vassalletto family of marble masons who were associates of the renowned Cosmati school. They are thrilling testaments to the superb craftsmanship of their times. Pairs of columns of various designs—some twisted, some fluted—are studded with marbles and mosaics and surround abundant gardens of dark green box hedges and seasonal flowers.

TOM McWILLIAM



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But even in these large cloisters where popes and princes once planned history, it is still possible to get lost among the capitals, thrones, and fragments of tombs that line the walls of the portico and while away an afternoon refreshed by the ingenuity of nature and the genius of man.

Cloisters probably are descendants of the atria in the houses of patrician Roman families at the time of the Empire. From the ruins at Ostia and Pompeii it is evident that the model for these houses was a series of rooms set around a large rectangle, or atrium, open in the middle to the sky. Such a plan provided both light and a basin within the house for collecting rain water. And it is not surprising that the concept of the interpenetration of house and garden, of nature coming indoors, has continued to inspire architects down through the centuries.

The culmination of this idea in Roman times can be seen in the *Atrium Vestae,* or the House of the Vestals, which is in the Forum. There a celibate order of women lived round an open courtyard in much the same way as the nuns do today at the church of Sts. Quattro Coronati. The cloister next to this church was built in the thirteenth century by a confraternity of sculptors and is a nature lover's cloister. The garden in the center with its play of shadows and gradations of green is first glimpsed through a double row of tiny columns set on a waist-high wall. Unlike the dazzling inlaid mosaic columns in the cloisters of the great basilicas, those at Quattro Coronati are without adornment; in fact, the only decoration in the entire cloister is the charming geometric patterning in the vaults of the connecting arches. Clearly it is the garden that matters most here. And the garden is a *real* garden. It is well kept, but not in the manicured professional way of the box hedges in the cloister at St. Paul's. It is generously attended, so that the roses are allowed to find their own ways around the sunlight or to trail up one of the tall—but never shoddy—date palms in the corners. Pink and white geraniums straggle down from terra-cotta pots placed on the ocher ledges of the second story, and the camellias grow tall and irregularly but bloom contentedly. This is a garden where the regular visitors are considered family and the plants are pets. The goldfish in the basin of the moss-covered fountain in the center—the only twelfth-century one in Rome—also give testimony to this feeling: they are well fed and act it.

Across town at the church of San Carlo (San Carlino) alle Quattro Fontane there is another cloister, markedly different but no less pleasing than the one at Quattro Coronati. Although much smaller in scale, San Carlino is a tour de force of architectural designing and a monument to human intelligence. Nature has no real place in this cloister: no garden, no pets, no plants; nothing except the invigorating sense of space giving way to form. This is a cloister built by a great mind—Borromini—to celebrate the mind. The walls of the cream-colored double loggia are incised with the simplest of geometric forms: ovals, squares, and circles, echoing the overall design of the church, bell tower, and dome. The feeling here is not one of communion with inventive nature but of the power of reason and the need for reflection. This is perhaps why instead of the traditional flowing fountain in the center of this cloister, there is a well—with its suggestion of depth—topped by a neat curlicue of wrought iron—a master stroke of intelligent, restrained decorative comment.

There are again as many other cloisters in Rome worth visiting even briefly. These are my favorites, but one could also profitably spend a few hours absorbing the sober classical dignity of Bramante's cloister at Santa Maria della Pace near the Piazza Navona and note how this, his first building in Rome, led to his later work on St. Peter's. Or one could maneuver one's way into the splendid fifteenth-century cloister of San Giovanni Battista dei Genovesi in Trastevere with its unique octagonal columns and lush garden of citrus trees and jasmine. San Salvatore, San Lorenzo, Sant'Onofrio! One could go on and on. It is enough to note that anyone who has strayed into any one of Rome's charming cloisters knows the tug one feels to stay a bit longer, to while away some time, to linger, and perhaps to contemplate the great paradox and lesson of all such buildings: that of shutting out the world and letting it in at the same time. □



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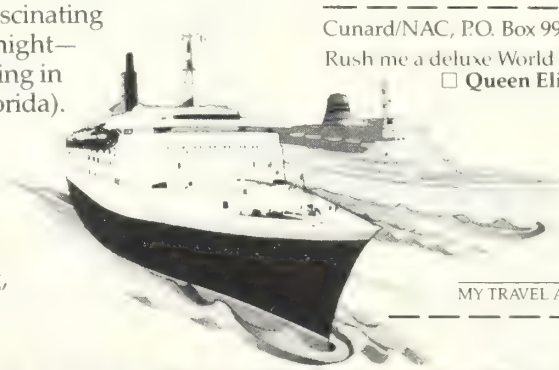
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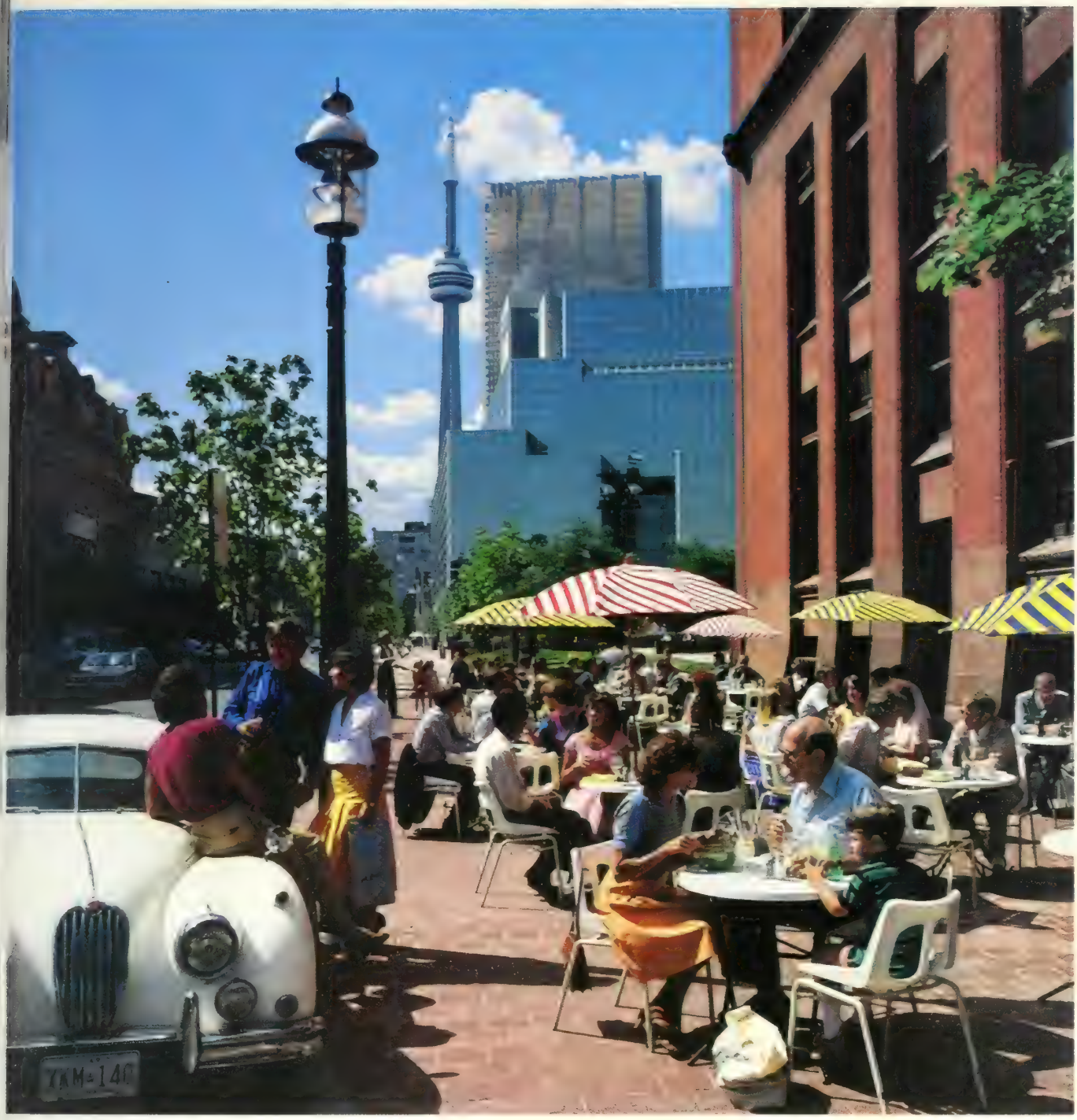


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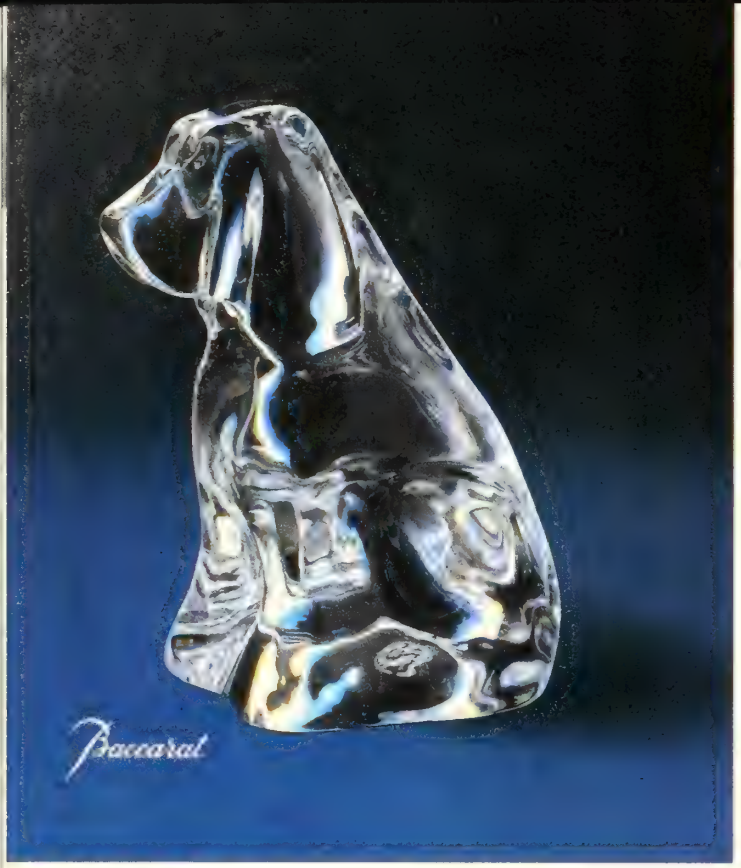
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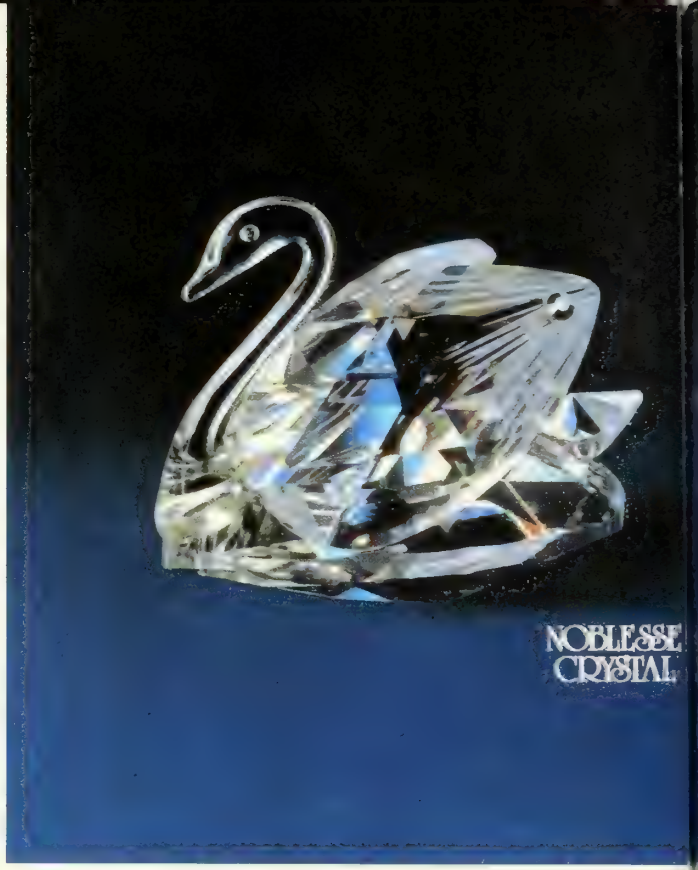
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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



■ THE STONES OF L.A. To most people the word *mosaic* means ancient Roman pavements, vast glittering murals in churches in Ravenna, or jewelry made of tiny mosaic plaques put into gold settings. But mosaics of all sizes have been a popular phenomenon from the Roman Empire until the end of the nineteenth century. Mosaics have a vocabulary all their own: *pietre dure* means the use of small hardstone shapes cut to form a decorative pattern that delights in the color and graining of the various stones; *micro-mosaics* means the use of many minute pieces of brightly colored glass or other ordinary materials to "paint" finely detailed pictures for gold box lids, jewelry, and miniatures; a related term, *pietra dura,* involves the use of a single hard or semiprecious stone to make a decorative object. Though mosaics were made in other places, the center, not surprisingly, was always Italy. The greatest collection of mosaics is in the Hermitage, but until 1975 there wasn't even a catalogue. Yet for the last few years, a varied, one-of-its-kind public collection of mosaics done from 1500–1900 has been on view at the Los Angeles County Museum, the promised gift of Arthur and Rosalinde Gilbert, who became interested twenty years ago in what was then a nontopic. The Gilbert Collection contains many examples of the Florentine *pietre dure* designs as well as micro-mosaics made in the Vatican workshops in Rome. Mosaic work of either type reflected the broad trends that influenced both the fine and decorative arts for four hundred years. For instance, seventeenth-century Florentine *pietre dure* wall panels in a design of flowers, foliage, ribbons, and ropes of pearls seem to exhibit the same ease of expression and composition characteristic of seventeenth-century still-life painting. In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries mosaics occurred on cabinets decorated with *pietre dure* panels of flowers, birds, and flowers in vases. These cabinets sat on gilt-wood stands just as Oriental lacquer cabinets—equally valued for their beauty and exoticism—were put on gilt-wood stands. Later on, even the gold box got into bed with mosaic work. The Gilberts' collection includes mosaic boxes that combine a micro-mosaic scene on the lid with a surrounding border and sides made of a geometric *pietre dure* design in carnelian, jasper, turquoise, lapis lazuli, agate, and quartz. The nineteenth century, with its love of the gueridon, preferred mosaics that covered round or octagonal tabletops with gilt-bronze or gilt-wood bases, some of which were carved with fantastic creatures. There are tabletops that depict Cupid in a chariot drawn by tigers, others that are divided into pie-shaped scenes of an-



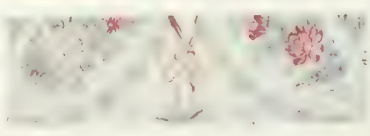




Above: Pietre dure and marble panel, Grand-Ducal Workshop, Florence, circa 1700–30. *Left: Lavinia as the Goddess Flora,* after Titian, mosaic, circa 1850. *Center left:* Neoclassical vase of marble, *pietre dure,* and mosaic, circa 1795.

Below: Window display at Jane Churchill Limited, London. *Bottom:* Swatch of Ashbourne chintz.





MOSAIC PHOTOGRAPHS LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART, WINE WORLD PHOTOGRAPH RICHARD DAVIES

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Two Idlers by Robert Frederick Blum, 1889.

cient Rome done in picture-post-card style around the border with more elaborate scenes in the middle. Equally virtuoso are landscapes with ivy or Neoclassical borders, animals copied from Stubbs, beautiful young women taken from paintings by Titian, landscapes inspired by Claude Lorraine, Arab scenes taken from Horace Vernet. Well aware that the Arthur Gilberts have created a topic as well as a collection, such experts as Anthony Phillips at Christie's in New York and Charles Truman at Christie's, London, are beginning to develop a market for mosaics, and New York dealer Juan Portela has started to put *pietre dure* tables in his window. ■ PRETTY UNDECORATION Is it appealing when brand-new curtains and slipcovers look brand new? The desire to rinse out new fabrics in tea and mate the results with a room arranged with underrestored, underpolished furniture first started years ago with Mrs. Lancaster of Colefax & Fowler in London. But you could never have had a room that looked like one of Mrs. Lancaster's just by copying the fabric she used or indeed by dunking it in a tub of tea, you had to understand what she was after. One of her nieces, Lady Charles Churchill, has done just that from a little storefront in Holbein Place, London. Combining decoration with the display of her own line of simply colored cotton fabrics, Jane Churchill's windows always offer a lesson in how to make a room look clean but not new. A worn painted floor, painted French chairs, a Regency bench, and simple mahogany dressing-table mirror ground the sweetness of her chintz and make her aunt's point without doing a literal copy. ■ COLLECTING POST CARDS Writing paper, like men's shoes, is a trifle that can give pleasure to those who notice. In the case both of writing paper and shoes, however, it is always easier to get the black-tie end of things right—an invitation for a small dance as well as the dancing pumps. Off-hand is always harder—air-mail writing paper, espadrilles, driving shoes. Or post cards. Which is how some people like to throw over the whole writing-paper issue. Years ago I had a friend who used to make his own post cards by coloring the front with magic-marker designs that were a cross between comics revisited by Roy Lichtenstein and early Andy Warhol Polaroid portraits with talk balloons added. Now the post-card game has gone a little more highfalutin with players stocking up on Landseer cards at the Wallace Collection—but not to send to the English to whom they will come as no surprise—and Sargent's portrait of Henry James or the knock-kneed Oscar Wilde by Carlo Pellegrini, both to be had at the National Portrait Gallery, London. Post-card details of risqué Pompeian Wall







Above: Prince Albert's throne. *Left:* Prince Albert from an 1867 portrait by Winterhalter and a detail of his throne.

BLUM PAINTING COURTESY NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. THRONE PHOTOGRAPH: RICHARD DAVIES. PRINCE ALBERT, COURTESY THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

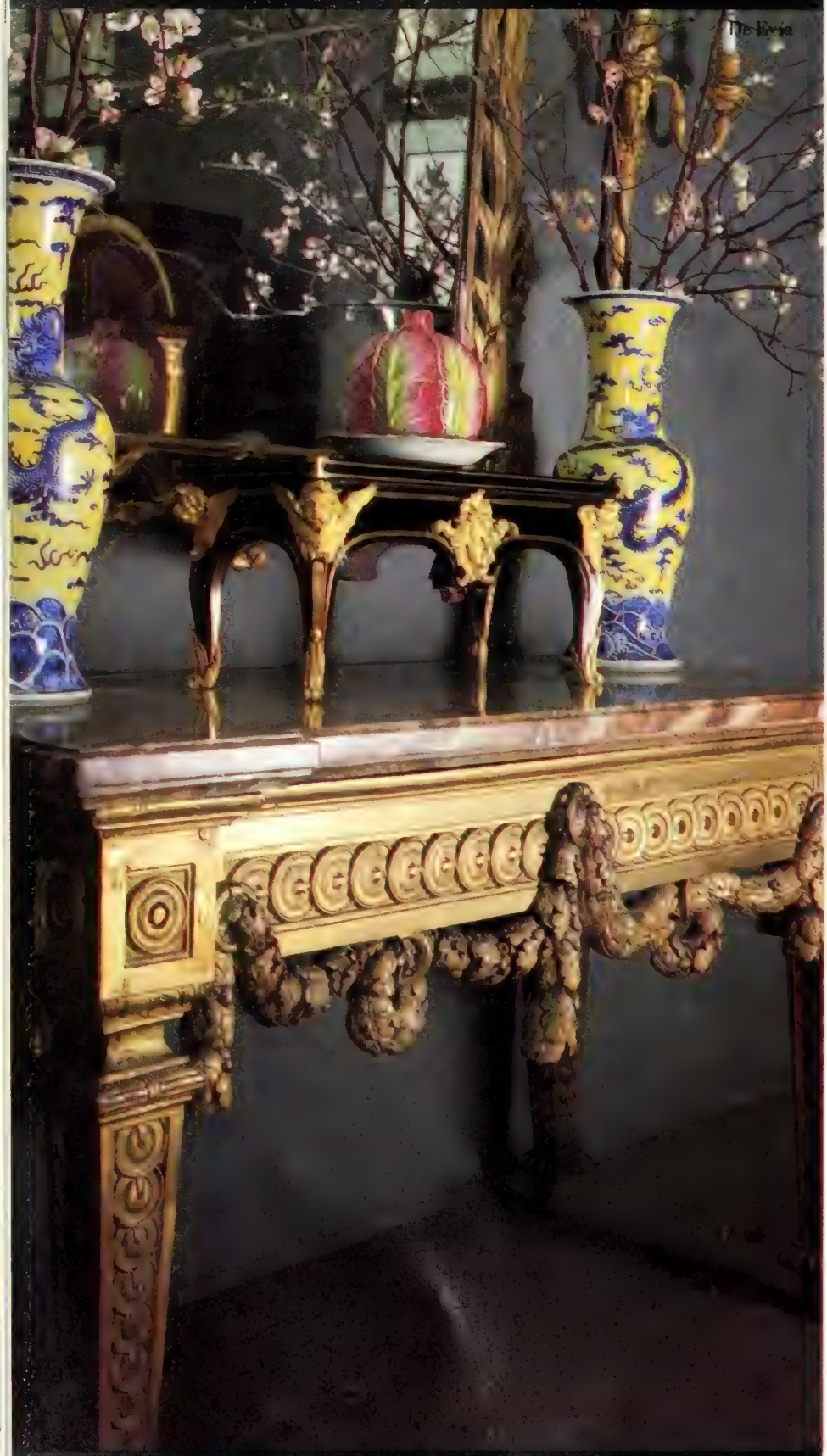
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frescoes or the Fragonard panel of a girl on a swing wearing no underwear perhaps require a covering envelope. New to the post-card world are the romantic detail photographs of furniture or decoration that make genteel but not prissy missives. In the post-card game, points are not usually awarded for sending out the most famous image in a collection—*Blue Boy* and *Pinkie* from the Huntington, etc. A sense of journalism informs some of the best choices and signals when, for instance, to stop sending cards of Manet's *Olympia* or his painting of Baudelaire's mistress plus any of Watteau's clowns and take up with a Caravaggio still life such as the one that exists at the Metropolitan only as post card and poster because at the last minute it wasn't sent to the exhibition. For summer thank-yous, try the card of Robert Frederick Blum's *Two Idlers* from the National Academy of Design in New York.

■ LOVE STORY Thrones are not necessarily interesting furniture but as thrones go London's Victoria & Albert is currently exhibiting one that's worth seeing. Actually a fancy chair, its pretense to throne-ness tells the story of Queen Victoria's marriage to her Prince Consort, whose political influence eventually exceeded that of others who advised the Queen officially. The story of Prince Albert's throne involves the new Palace of Westminster—the Houses of Parliament. The old medieval Palace of Westminster was gutted by fire in 1834 and when built up again by Sir Charles Barry it became one of the world's greatest Gothic Revival buildings. The richest interior of all is the Chamber of the House of Lords, first used in 1847 for the state opening of Parliament by Queen Victoria. Next to her throne was the carved and gilt X-framed chair for Prince Albert designed, as was all the furniture and decoration, by Augustus Pugin. By 1900 the chair had disappeared. It turned up last year as an unidentified lot in a country auction sale, where it was bought by the National Heritage Memorial Fund, which sent it to the V&A. Scholars have only recently recognized Prince Albert's virtual partnership with his wife in political matters. But was it he, too, who saw to the light, colorful decoration of Balmoral and Osborne in the early years? Could it have been that Albert was the one who had the eye? □



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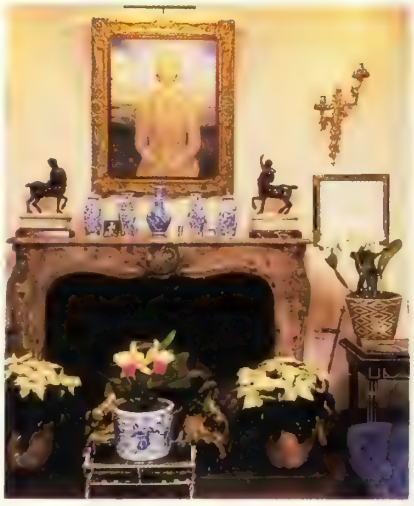
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LIFE IN THE GARDEN

By C. Z. Guest

I have had three great passions in my life, my husband, my horses, and my garden. My husband always encouraged me and helped me to achieve the goals I set for myself, my riding gave me motivation and discipline, and my garden gave me peace of mind. For me there is no greater form of relaxation than to be outside in my garden working among the flowers and plants. I live by the words that Thomas Jefferson once wrote, "There is no occupation so delightful to me as the culture of the earth, and no culture comparable to that of the garden."

My love for flowers started in my mother's gardens and greenhouses at our family property on the North Shore of Boston, where I grew up. Although my mother wasn't really a gardener herself, she loved flowers with a passion, and my earliest memories are of carloads of flowers accompanying us wherever we went. On the North Shore we had three gardens; two extensive formal ones that included beds of roses, lilies, all varieties of annuals, and perennials, and a big pool and fountain with pond lilies and goldfish, and a huge kitchen garden that supplied the house with multitudes of edibles and every size, shape, and color of cut flowers that one could imagine. When I wasn't romping around the grounds on my black pony, Jack, I was following at the heels of my favorite pal, Mr. Buffett, who was my mother's head gardener.



In sitting room, Mrs. Guest by Dali





Pots of orchids in office designed by J. Allen Murphy and on terrace





Garden furniture, *left,* designed and produced by Mrs. Guest.
Right: Linden trees and rose beds by the kitchen garden.

William Buffett was in his forties when I was a child. He had been with the family for years, much longer than I had, and he was there years after I left. I used to marvel at his knowledge of flowers, the way his gentle hands could swiftly but delicately handle little seedlings, how he repotted plants, how he lovingly cut flowers; he was almost like a surgeon. He lived with flowers and he loved his work. He had a knack for making his work fun and a knack for educating a young child to feel the same love for flowers that he felt.

There were two things that Mr. Buffett preached on a regular basis. One I learned well and the second I am still learning. Firstly, Mr. Buffett was one of the most organized people I have ever known. He was at work by seven every morning and he always had a plan for the day. He knew where he was going, what he was going to do, and what the people under him were going to do. I remember him each evening meeting with the other gardeners to discuss their plan for the next day. I now realize that he had developed a system, and having a system is the only way to have a successful garden. You must make notes of your triumphs and your failures as Mr. Buffett did so that you know how to repeat your successes and how not to make the same mistakes again.

Secondly, you've heard the saying that *pa-*

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tience is a virtue. Well, it's a virtue that I've never had. I believe that lack of patience comes from being energetic and interested. It's so hard for a young child to wait, but patience is one thing that you will learn from having a garden. You can't hurry Mother Nature. I can remember constantly asking Mr. Buffett, "Can't I look now?" or "Are they ready yet?" Mr. Buffett's standard answer was, "In a week or two."

Mr. Buffett was probably not completely aware of the impression he was making on this little blond imp who so faithfully dogged his footsteps, but the seeds that he planted in my brain have guided me throughout my life.

After I married Winston, my late husband, I was able to create and develop my own gardens on Long Island, in Palm Beach and Virginia. Our main house in Old Westbury, Long Island, is where my most complex gardens and greenhouses are situated. There is a formal rose garden enclosed by a brick wall just off the terrace and another rose garden along the wall of the main house with five topiary trees that leads into the kitchen garden.

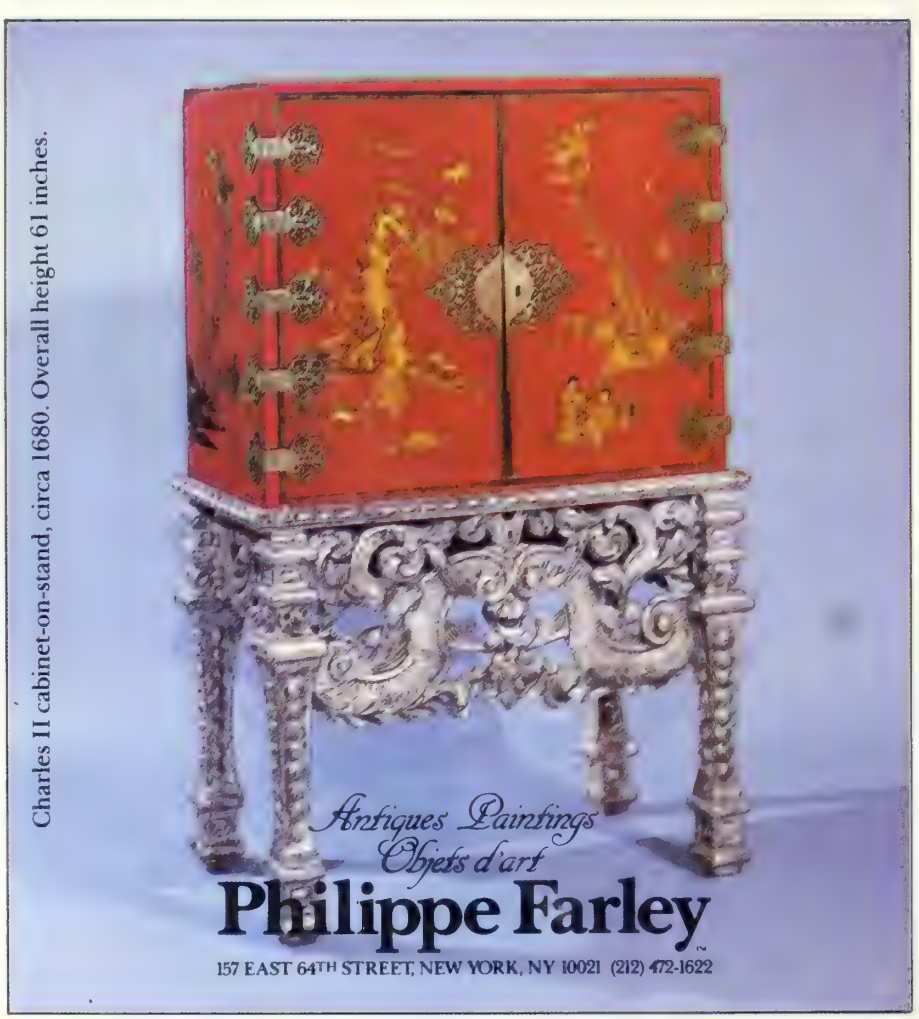
The kitchen garden is really my pride and joy. I can spend hours there digging, planting, picking, snipping, looking, inspecting, nibbling, and just plain relaxing. The kitchen garden consists of beds of my favorite vegetables—string beans, peas, carrots, beets, radishes, lettuce, broccoli, peppers, cucumbers, squash, pumpkins, onions, chard, eggplant, corn, and potatoes, to name a few!—an herb bed (mint, tarragon, basil, parsley, chives, dill, rosemary, thyme), a patch for horseradish, alpine strawberries, borders, beds for annuals (zinnias, marigolds, asters, sweet William, candytuft, nasturtiums, pansies, salpiglossis), beds for perennials (hardy chrysanthemums, peonies, lilies, columbine, Shasta daisies, Oriental poppies, irises, primula, hollyhocks), strawflowers, and special beds for test seeds sent to me by various seed companies to test their durability, vigor, and disease resistance in my area. I have a staff of three gardeners to help keep this all going. The kitchen garden is really like a little factory that produces abundantly for the whole household. We all take pride in the wonderful vegetables and beautiful flowers this garden gives us.

Just off the kitchen garden are two greenhouses; the smaller one is a growing house and the larger one is for orchids and potted plants. My interest in orchids was started by my mother. After I was married she sent me orchid plants each year for my birthday, Christmas, and my wedding anniversary. Before long I had quite an extensive collection and as the collection grew so did my interest and knowledge. Orchids are truly the most intriguing and exotic of all flowers. They are seductive yet mysterious. The beauty of some cannot be fully appreciated by the naked eye. The center of a tiny renanthera orchid when inspected under a magnifying glass reveals a dazzling meld of shades of rose, red, and pink, while a zygopetalum orchid shows an unusual blend of greens and blues. Some orchids have a fragrance only during the night, some only during the day. Some species dare to bloom only one day of the year.

In the greenhouse I have sometimes as many as fifteen species of orchids—vandas, paphiopedilums, dendrobiums, miltonias, oncidiums, epidendrums, zygopetalums, schomburgkias, rhynchostylises, laeliocattleyas. I prefer the ones that stay in bloom for a week or two. When they are in full bloom they are brought into the house where they make perfect house plants.

I also do something that very few people would ever dream of doing: I mix orchids with other flowers. Often I'll put an orchid plant next to a lovely arrangement of roses and peonies. I love a room filled with many colors and kinds of flowers and oddly enough, all flowers no matter what size, color, or shape seem to complement one another.

In the greenhouse as well I expect all my plants to get along! Geraniums, hibiscus, clivia, sweet olives, amaryllis, lantanas, nasturtiums, azaleas, jasmine, camellias, stephanotis, some miniature fruit trees—lemon, orange, lime—all the pots are in the same greenhouse as the orchids but in different sections with different temperature controls.



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When the weather gets warm outside, around May, the large greenhouse is vacated. All the plants are brought outside for a vacation. This time is used for repairing, cleaning, and disinfecting the greenhouse and getting it ready for the following season.

I usually plan my garden around the five different seasons of the year: summer, fall, winter, spring, and the holidays. During the summer all of the flowers, plants, and vegetables in the various gardens are cared for under a very strict system. Each day of the week is designated for a different specific task. Mondays are for grass cutting and bug spraying; Tuesdays for weeding and mulching; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays for watering (depending on the amount of rainfall, sometimes less if we've had ample rain; sometimes in dry August we'll water every day). Thursdays and Saturdays are for cutting, picking, and staking, and for general tidying.

In the fall, when everything is finished, we have a complete cleanup. All dead leaves, dried-up stems and stalks, and debris are raked and taken away. The beds are topped with an organic fertilizer that is tilled in. The alpine-strawberry borders are covered with pine needles and the garden is put to bed for the winter. Now we plant the bulbs for the next spring around the property. Tulips, snowdrops, hyacinths, crocuses, daffodils are scattered around the tree bases, shrubs, through the woods, and on the hillside.

As we move into winter the greenhouses become the center of garden activity. The greenhouse plants are inspected for insects, sprayed, and gradually moved back in—the orchids usually first in the middle of September and the hardier plants later in October. In the growing house we sow flats of cress for salad and also have a few miniature vegetables like tomatoes and cucumbers in pots. We begin to pot up paper-white narcissus for the holidays and stagger them every three weeks so that we have them constantly from October through Christmas. We plan the greenhouse around my favorite holidays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Every room in the house is overflowing with the most fragrant orchids, paper-whites, amaryllis—orange, white, and red—small azalea plants made from cuttings over the season, begonias, cape primroses, gloxinias, and chrysanthemums. The more flowers the merrier! After December I start to champ at the bit thinking of next year's gardening season.

In February I cut a few branches of dogwood and forsythia and put them in vases of warm water. They bloom in a couple of weeks which makes me feel that spring is right around the corner. Come March the bulbs we planted in the fall will start pushing their little noses out of the ground. This is the renewal of life, the cycle of nature; it's time to prepare a plan for another bigger, even better garden for this year! □

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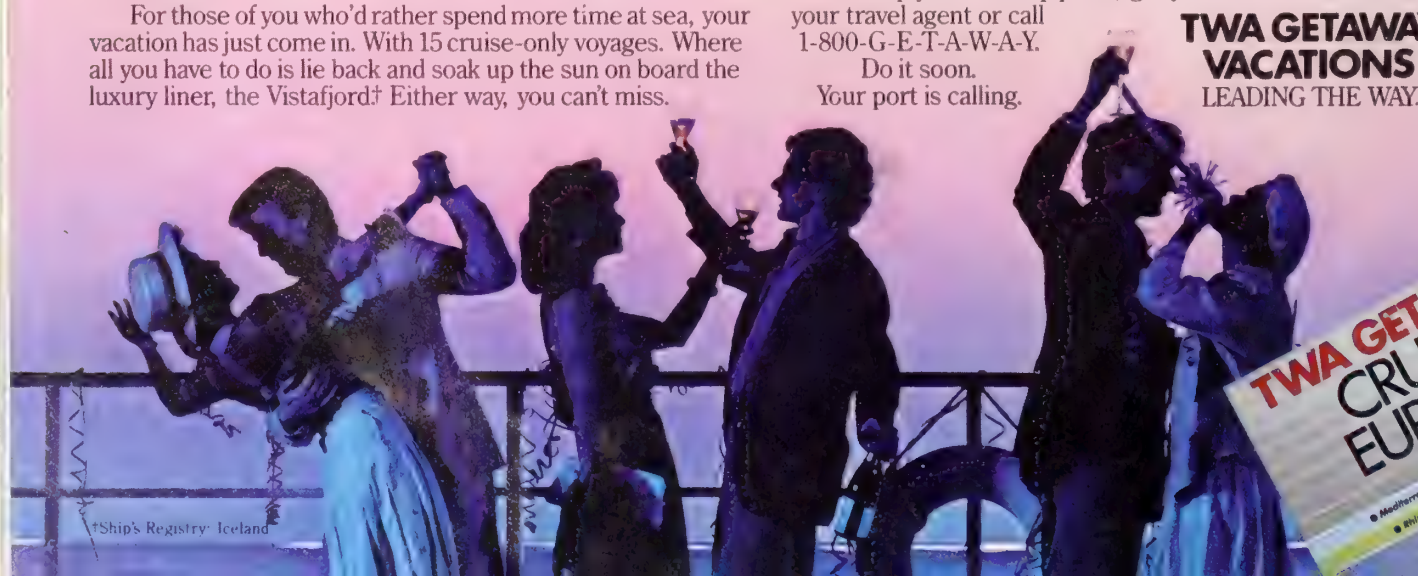
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SEALY AVENUE

The restored Victorian street of Galveston's East End Historical District is only one of the Gulf Coast island's many charms

by Alan Pryce-Jones

When I was small I used to play a nursery game called The Prince's Quest. You rolled a die and moved a counter along a sinuous track. If it fell on a lucky square you might move forward three; or you might be unlucky and held up by a dragon, or move back six, or even be knocked out of the game altogether. When all went well you reached the castle ahead of your opponent, and there was the princess waiting for you.

I think of this childish game when I drive from Houston to Galveston. First, there is the rush-hour traffic. You advance a foot at a time. All the other drivers on the road are dragons. Then, once beyond the skyscrapers and overpasses of Houston there is desolate flatness, and after an hour there are the Wagnerian gas flares of Texas City crowding the horizon, as if Alberich were hammering below. Trees are few, the bayou lands are swampy and oily-looking, the small groups of houses by the Bay are perched on stilts, as if expecting a hurricane. And so they are. It would be hard to paint a more lowering landscape.

Then comes the causeway which links the mainland to Galveston Island. And finally the city itself, built on a narrow, unprotected sand barrier. That lack of protection has brought Galveston to disaster more than once, notably in 1900 when a tropical storm burst through the sea wall and drowned more than six thousand people. Old folk are still pointed out who lost their entire family in the storm, which led to the building of a seventeen-foot sea wall, and the raising by eight feet of the city's level.





The Carpenter Gothic Jacob Sonnentheil house, *top*, on Sealy Avenue, *below*, part of the historical district. Floor-length windows and open latticework along the galleries made the hot climate of the island tolerable.

Galveston, named after Bernardo de Gálvez, an eighteenth-century governor of Louisiana, has a raffish early history. It was the haunt of a famous pirate, Jean Lafitte, and only settled to any kind of community life in the early nineteenth century. By 1900 it rivaled New Orleans as the commercial center of the Southwest. Its prosperity was shaped by a handful of families, many of whom are still in command. The Moodys, the Sealys, the Kempners survive, though the Greshams, the Browns, and the Rosenbergs are only a memory. In their day they made the chief commercial street, The Strand, an artery for banking and trade which was compared at the time to Wall Street. The nearby docks exported cotton and wheat, the local tycoons built opulent offices of granite and brick and cast iron. On the oleander- and palm-shaded avenues to the south they planned timber or brick houses for their families, and of these houses most survived the hurricane. In the Grand Opera House now being restored Sarah Bernhardt was featured on the program. There was at least one hotel, The Beach, which in splendor rivaled the Grand Union in Saratoga. After a few years it burned, but during its short life it must have been festive indeed, painted a delicate mauve we are told, with eaves of golden green, and stripes of

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red and white on the roof, which was domed, high above fretted and dormered and galleried wooden pavilions. The Beach Hotel was reported to have been as full of illicit weekend fun as any of the country houses frequented by Edward, Prince of Wales, under the scandalized eye of Queen Victoria.

After the hurricane of 1900 Galveston dwindled down. Houston took its place as a vital center, and for the next half-century Galveston became a kind of Red Light city, notorious for gambling and prostitution. When I first knew it, fifteen years ago, the red lights had been put out, but nothing had replaced them. The city was half asleep. Buildings the hurricane had spared were torn down without scruple. Citizens were divided between three groups: whites, blacks, and Hispanics. They looked back nostalgically to the wild days of Prohibition. The old houses were crumbling, even though some of them survived through the inertia of the owners, in years when good Victorian houses all over the United States were being leveled.

This was in part, perhaps, because the people of Galveston, though quite happy with their mainland neighbors, tend to think of themselves as a race apart. They do not care for advice, they certainly do not care to be pushed around. For years they were content to sit back and allow a few rich merchants and bankers to run the city.

Suddenly all changed. The Galveston Historical Society had existed since 1871, and when the historical Samuel May Williams house was threatened with demolition eighty years later, the Society's leaders formed a foundation to protect and preserve the cultural heritage of the city. Its first real success was the saving of a fine Victorian Italianate house, Ashton Villa, about to be torn down after 44 years in the hands of the Shriners. Three principal local foundations, headed by the Moody, the Sealy, and the Kempner families, carried forward the work of making the city aware that it possessed a unique heritage of Victorian building, much of it in need of saving. In the last fifteen years an enormous amount of work has been done to give not just a face-lift but a fresher and healthier bloodstream to Galveston. It is no longer a seaside resort for jaded Houstonians but a reviving community standing on its own feet.

A number of German families settled in Galveston after the Civil War. Like the New England Irish, they had left their homeland on a shoestring and gravitated to Galveston because it was the metropolis of the Southwest. Their Garten Verein pavilion in Kempner Park became a great center of social activity. The park has lately been restored and its octagonal dance pavilion once again has acquired a gala air.

The Galveston of today is like nowhere else. True, a number of distinguished architectural firms, chief among them McKim, Mead & White, helped give the city something of the air of a southern Newport, with incongruous palaces jammed along a main boulevard. But Galveston also had an architect of her very own, Nicholas Clayton, an Irishman who built some of the oddest buildings of his time. The most remarkable of these is the Gresham House, now known as The Bishop's Palace—a vast construction of granite and red sandstone, adorned with swelling balconies, pillars of Siena marble, stained-glass windows. It is a monument to profusion which recalls the work of a British near-contemporary, William Burges, remembered for his restoration of Cardiff Castle—a house of spectacular ugliness—but even more for the design of a washstand presented by Sir John Betjeman, the late British poet laureate, to Evelyn Waugh, and much admired for its monstrosity by both.

In Galveston Clayton really let himself go. He is responsible for the first University of Texas Medical Branch building, now restored to its full florid glory; the Truehart-Adriance Building, also restored, for the Junior League of Galveston; the immense Ursuline Convent, demolished after another hurricane in 1961; Harmony Hall, eventually destroyed by fire, but listed in the definitive book on Galveston architecture, Howard Barnstone's *The Galveston That Was,* as a monument to "triumphant baroque violence." Clayton was an eclectic, taking





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hints from the French architect Charles Garnier, who built the Paris Opéra, from the British Richard Norman Shaw, and from the Louisiana-born H.H. Richardson.

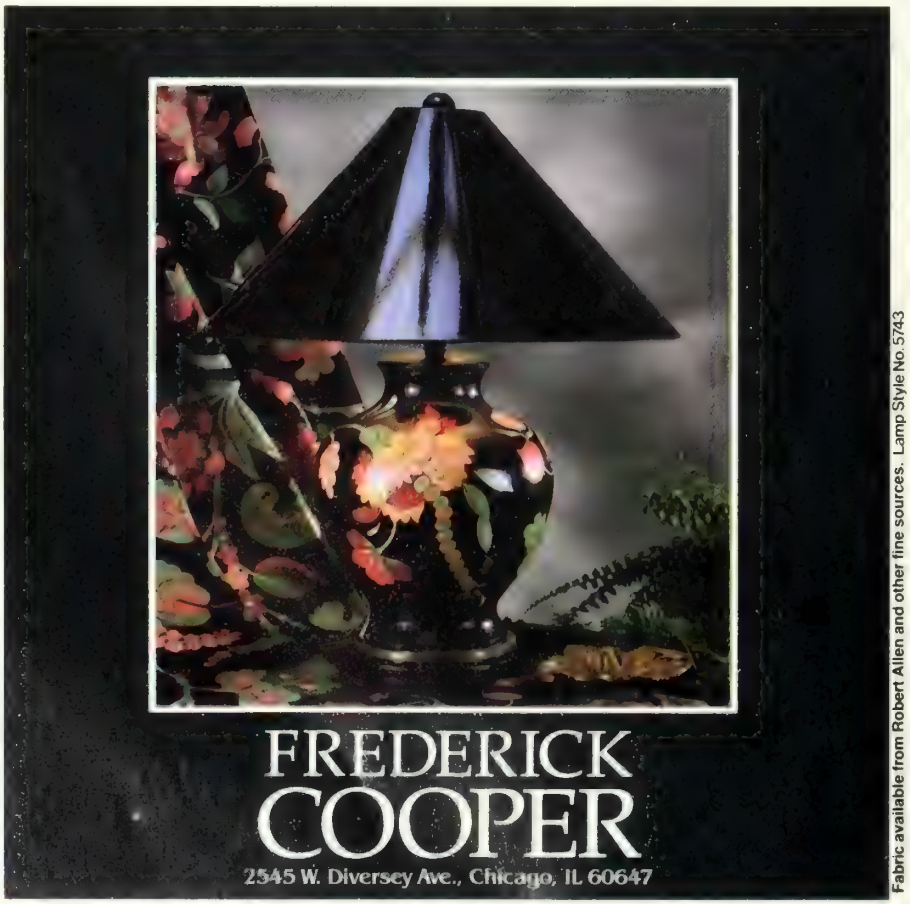
It is along the sea wall that you notice one of the most pleasant aspects of Galveston life—its total absence of snobbery. People do not give themselves airs at the expense of others. A genuine community spirit, backed by a typical Texan independence of outlook, runs through the city. The breezes from the Bay blow away cobwebs. Galveston is largely a Catholic city, but it is not a sectarian one. St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral is an attractive building and was even more so before it was "tastefully" redecorated in recent years. And there is, on Broadway, the Sacred Heart Church, designed by a Jesuit brother after Clayton's original was blown in by the 1900 hurricane. It is said that the Jesuit was employed so as to save an architectural fee, and the church he has built is amateurish and bizarre in the extreme. Indian? Byzantine? It is a style hard to define. Brilliantly whitewashed, it looks like a piece of Brobdingnagian confectionery; and I like it.

Two years ago, hurricane Alicia hit. But by then a revival of civic pride, already under way, took the damage in its stride. Galveston is lucky in possessing not only its foundations, which reliably make seed money available, but also individuals like George Mitchell, a Galvestonian of Greek extraction who made an oil fortune in Houston. He carries on the spirit of the creative past and is ready to sink large sums in sensible projects. With his wife, he busies himself now with the restoration of The Strand and the creation of imaginative new hotels and restaurants. Since 1970 concerted efforts have been made to save not only The Strand commercial area but also two main residential districts watched over by a Historical District Review Board. The East End Historical District, where Sealy, Ball, Winnie, and Church avenues are to be found, consists of forty or more blocks between the Port and Broadway. The Silk Stocking District is much smaller and lies in the midisland sector. To begin with, the residents were wary of what they feared as regimentation. Now, however, neighborhood associations spread enthusiasm. A group of black businessmen is trying successfully to save a number of small Victorian cottages north of Broadway mostly inhabited by black and low-income families, and in the last five years a Paint Partnership Program, largely financed by the Kempner and Moody Foundations, has made it possible to rehabilitate over two hundred houses with the cooperation of their owners. The commercial buildings along The Strand, spread over a dozen blocks, have proved the most coherent area of restoration, but little by little oases of restoration are being created all over the city wherever a successful rehabilitation acts as a stimulus.

One of the more fascinating projects of the seventies has been the reconstruction of the *Elissa,* a four-hundred-ton iron square-rigged sailing ship over a century old, launched from the yard of Alexander Hall in Aberdeen, Scotland, which had built the first British clipper ship in 1850. The *Elissa* earned her keep in the transatlantic trade, and twice put into Galveston in the 1880s. Then, little by little, she fell on evil days, and by 1961 she had become a more or less derelict motor ship in Piraeus, Greece, her masts dismantled and her activity demoted to smuggling cigarettes.

Berthed in Piraeus, she caught the eye of an expert, Peter Throckmorton, and after long negotiations she was bought with the active help of a Galveston businessman, John Paul Gaido, backed by The Moody Foundation and by a group of like-minded citizens. She had to be partly rebuilt in Greece in order to dare the Atlantic crossing, and she reached Galveston as a hulk in 1979. Today, five years and four million dollars later, she is as beautiful as any ship of her kind—and there are not many—on the ocean.

As a friend of mine has said, moved to a moment of poetic expansion, the *Elissa*'s rebirth can be taken as a symbol of her final home: once vital, then a dirty old lady, and now triumphantly sailing the Gulf with fresh assurance.□



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TIPPING IN AMERICA

By Alexander Cockburn

The look varies from table to table and indeed from restaurant to restaurant. Sometimes the appearance of inward concentration is so rapt, the head bowed so low that it seems some form of religious devotion must surely be in progress. Sometimes, indeed, the appearance of worship is enhanced by a movement of the lips as if in silent recitation of a lengthy grace. Some meditate at length, others affect nonchalance with only fleeting seclusion in the ritual.

The ritual is, of course, tipping. For many people who make a constant practice of eating in restaurants ritual and the due proportions of the tip are virtually automatic. For others the process is a frightful strain and the grace one would hear from those silently moving lips would be "Let me see now, double the sales tax to get fifteen percent, do I add another five percent for the captain, what about three percent for the wine waiter. . . ." Finally lips stop moving and credit card or cash-burdened plate is pushed away as though it were a scorpion.

Hovering somewhere between charity and a bribe, the tip is one of our most polymorphous social transactions. At its most crude it can be a loutish expression of authority and disdain. At its purest it can approach a statement of love. At one end of the scale we had the foul decorum of those old lunch places where the men thought it their right to pat the waitresses on the backside. If a waitress objected to these caresses the tip would be thrown into the dirty plate. And at the other end we have the elevated *snobisme* of Marcel Proust, for whom the tip was a profound and complex form of social expression. "When he left," writes Proust's biographer George Painter of one meal in the Paris Ritz, "his pockets were empty, and all but one of the staff had been fantastically tipped. 'Would you be so kind as to lend me fifty francs,' he asked the doorman, who produced a wallet of banknotes with alacrity. 'No, please keep it—it was for you'; and Proust repaid the debt with interest the next evening."

A tip can be a commodious expression of confidence in a seasoned relationship. French waiters understand this. "Thank *you,* Monsieur X"; in some of the more old-fashioned French restaurants in New York one can hear that pleased cry, nuanced with deferential intimacy, as if to say "Monsieur is a man of the world, a man of generosity, a man who understands how to comport himself." It is in the same idiom as the old-fashioned French maître d'hôtel who, with the inflection he gives "Your table Monsieur," similarly expresses a recognition of Monsieur's fine standing in the

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world and Monsieur's fine and delicate generosity too.

But far more often one can witness the tip articulated in the syntax of contempt or rage. At a smart restaurant in lower Manhattan not so long ago I saw a waiter pursue to the door a man who was leaving with a large party and, after a brief discussion, the man gave the waiter money, with every appearance of embarrassment and shame. A member of his party whom I knew told me the next day that his host at that restaurant had been an Englishman who had left a ten percent tip. When the waiter caught up with him at the door he said, "Excuse me, sir, was there something unsatisfactory with the service?" "Not at all." "It is customary in this country, sir, to leave a tip of fifteen or twenty percent." At which point the Englishman could have made some remark about impertinent mendicancy, but, in fact, he cringed and ended up giving the waiter about thirty percent of the bill.

English people in America are often bad tippers. Full of national self-regard for the subtleties of status and reward in their own society they seem, this side of the Atlantic, to regard the act of tipping—or rather of tipping decently—as submission to the brutish dictates of the American cash nexus. "Very oikish, don't you think?" said an exiled English lord of my acquaintance, referring to the divisions between captain and waiter on his credit-card chit and leaving a sparse sprinkle of cash on the plate. On the other side from these parsimonious English people are those in the restaurant business who know, as they say, what it's like and who always leave the full twenty percent, unless badly done by. In the same sort of way, taxi drivers tell me, prostitutes—familiar with the pressures and anxieties of personal service—are always their best tippers.

Is the tip, getting ever more elaborate, becoming an index of social decay? Hanns Sachs who grew up in Vienna at the same time as his "master and friend" Sigmund Freud wrote a memoir of life in that city in the late nineteenth century in which he devoted some testy pages to the growing complexities of *trinkgeld*, complexities which he took to be evidence of the decadence of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Everybody had their handout for prescribed portions of *trinkgeld*—the coachman, the doorman, the hatcheck girl, the waiter, the wine waiter, the headwaiter, the maître d'hôtel:

> Every door which you had to pass was opened for you by someone who demanded a tip; you could not get into the house you lived in after 10 p.m. nor seat yourself in the car in which you wanted to ride without giving a tip. Karl Kraus, Vienna's witty satirist, said the first thing a Viennese would see on the day of Resurrection would be the outstretched hand of the man who opened the door of his coffin.

Doctor Sach's indignant portrait is clearly reminiscent of today's taxi driver, doorman, hatcheck girl, waiter, and so forth, all of whom, from Manhattan to San Francisco and from Chicago to Corpus Christi expect and usually receive similar *trinkgeld*. Is America therefore in decline? Visitors to the young republic found to their surprise that coachmen and waiters refused their tips. As the authors of *The Art of Tipping* (by Schein, Jablonski, Wohlfahrt, Tippers Intl.) report, an organization called the Anti-tipping Society of America, founded in 1905, attracted some hundred thousand members, most of them traveling salesmen. But anti-tipping laws were declared unconstitutional in the same year that Congress passed the Volstead Act and Americans entered the twenties buying bootleg liquor and tipping big.

Tipping is even bigger money now, with some five billion dollars per annum being left on plates, scrawled on credit cards, squirmed through taxi partitions, and slapped into outstretched palms. This is not so much an art as an item in the federal budget serious enough to provoke certain provisions in the Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act of 1982, designed to insure that the U.S. Treasury gets its tip too.

That's the trouble. Tipping is a paradox: formal yet informal, public yet private, commercial yet intimate, vol-

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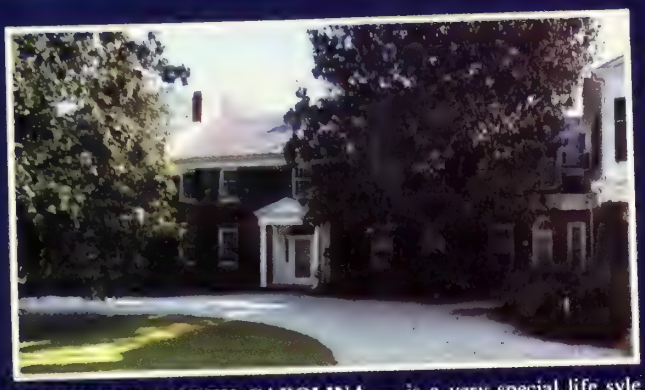
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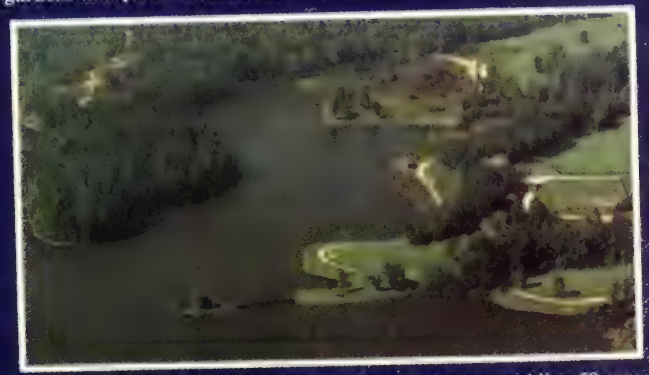
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HOLLY HILL — Holly Hill was featured in the Nov-Dec 1984 issue of Southern Accents magazine on pages 126-136. Completed in 1977, inspired by the Wythe House in Williamsburg, VA, it was built by noted architect James Means. There are over 6,000 sq. ft. of living area, 5 bedrooms, 4 full and 2 half baths, 5 fireplaces, cozy nooks and crannies and impressive formal rooms. On this 16-acre estate, all outbuildings are Williamsburg style and include a guest house, formal gardens and pool. **$1,050,000.**



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untary yet in reality so close to compulsory that most people, across the years, have little difficulty in remembering the times they felt compelled to leave no tip at all. If tipping becomes an entirely mechanical act, beneath government supervision, it loses its vitality and provokes the dull resentment one experiences at the sight of the words, "A fifteen percent service charge is included in the price of the meal." Even if it is only a matter of a few cents or a few dollars there must always be room for maneuver, for individual expression.

A friend of mine once worked as a waiter in the restaurant of one of the big casinos in Las Vegas. Night after night he would watch the maître d'hôtel showing parties to tables variously good, indifferent, or bad in relation to the stage. After each allocation of table he would return to the door and stand facing into the room with his back to the line of would-be diners. After a brief pause a bill would be stuffed into the palm, which he dangled behind him, and off he would go again toward a table of precisely selected status. Having discovered that the maître d' had special pockets inside his trousers, running from hip to ankle, designed to accommodate the massive amounts of bank notes acquired during the evening, my friend asked how he knew, without looking at the guests or at the bills they gave him, which table to choose. The maître d' explained that after long experience he knew the size of the "toke"—hundred dollars, fifty dollars, twenty dollars, ten dollars—merely from the manner in which the note was thrust into his hand.

Often one sees the tip articulated in the syntax of rage

There are two reasons for arguing that what the maître d'hôtel was stuffing into those immense pockets was not a tip but a bribe. In the first place the transaction was for services not yet rendered and in the second place the personal relationship was only one way; between the sensitive fingertips of the maître d'hôtel and the proffered bill. From the diners' point of view—appropriate though this was in a gambling casino—it was as though they were tipping an automat.

A tip must, however fleetingly, be the acknowledgment of a personal relationship, which is why the process can instill such panic in people plunged into a ceremony where much is uncertain and where only a certain familiarity will teach one the proper mode: in some restaurants captain and waiters pool the tips and in others which explains a certain tension in the captain's demeanor, they don't. In some—the more old-fashioned—it is proper to tip the maître d'hôtel on occasion and in others, more modish or youthful in aspect, often it is not.

Due contemplation of the proper tip, in size and allocation, discloses not only what sort of place you are in but what sort of person you are: the sort who self-righteously calculates fifteen percent of the pre-tax total and gives fifty cents to the hatcheck girl, or the sort who bangs down a big tip with the vulgar flourish which says, "There! I've bought you!", or again someone like Proust who saw the tip as a perverse gift. At the conclusion of an excellently cooked but badly served meal at Boeuf sur le Toit, Proust (in Painter's words) ignored the person who served him so badly and "Summoned a distant waiter and rewarded him regally. 'But he didn't do anything for us,' protested [Paul] Brach and Proust replied, 'Oh, but I saw such a sad look in his eyes when he thought he wasn't going to get anything.' " And of course many people, unlike Proust and the others, can't stand the whole business of tipping in any way and flee to self-service or fast food where the problem is avoided altogether.

The tip can become a bond between tipper and tippee, leagued in a transaction against absentee ownership. In his book about Alexander Korda his nephew Michael reports how he was instructed in the vital function of the

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tip as they moved in various states of financial indigency through the grand hotels of Europe. It was vital, said Korda, to tip the doorman, reception clerk, maître d'hôtel, and waiters hugely. In the end, in the spirit of these private benefactions, they would put virtually nothing on his hotel bill. In those older times, before the coming of the Marriott chain, savoir-faire about tipping was a big thing, as I can recall from my own father's lectures on the subject.

We tip waiters, doormen, hat girls, taxi drivers, and hairdressers. We don't tip airline hostesses. Bank clerks, no; croupiers, yes. The modalities are complicated and, in the view of the authors of *The Art Of Tipping,* ever-expanding. The service economy, exploding decade by decade, will "affect the tipping process and increase the number of services with which we all have to cope." Seen more darkly, this could mean two increasingly divergent classes, one rich and one poor, with the latter increasingly dependent on tips, gratuities, presents, and the other petty expressions of the master-servant relationship to get by. Tipping would therefore, in *fin de siècle* America, become an ever more complex and fraught affair, approaching the status of necessary almsgiving as for the well-heeled traveler in India.

It would be better, some argue, to give up tipping altogether, as they have tried in Eastern Europe and China. Tipping is, after all, about the relationship between served and servant and should play no part in a free society of equals. It depends on what one thinks the origin of tipping is. I think it can be traced to the primitive gift exchange, the amiable and generous distribution of surplus goods and cash which, in its most abandoned expression takes the form of the potlatch, where the surplus was either disposed of by common consumption or heaved over the side of a cliff. In a perfectly equal society everyone would exchange equivalent gifts—portions of the surplus—with each other. Everyone would tip and everyone be tipped in universal rhythms of generosity and gratitude. But, of course, modern society is not equal and the surplus wealth is unequally controlled and allocated, so the distribution of surplus wealth must always be an expression of power and of domination. Therefore the tip is a paradox: it is both a trace memory of the gift exchange (a lousy tipper is badly esteemed in society) and a symbolic expression of the unequal power relations prevailing in the distribution of gifts; so there is always this element of domination and of sadism in the tipping system.

All this was understood perfectly by P.G. Wodehouse who approached the intricacies of the served-servant relationship more boisterously than Proust, but who expressed it with equal realism as in the scenes at the end of so many of the Wooster-Jeeves sagas, in this case *The Inimitable Jeeves.*

"'Jeeves!' I said.

"'Sir?'

"'How much money is there on the dressing table?'

"'In addition to the ten-pound note which you instructed me to take, sir, there are two five pound notes, three one-pounds, a ten shillings, two half crowns, a florin, four shillings, a six pence and a half penny, sir.'

"'Collar it all,' I said. 'You've earned it.'" □

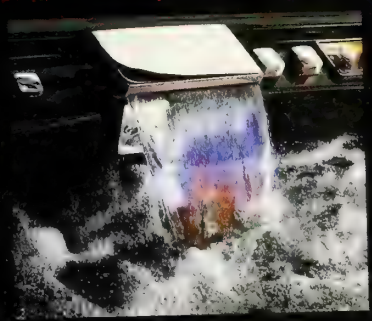


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STRADS FOR SALE

Jacques Français keeps the world's greatest stringed instruments in the hands of the world's greatest players

By Caroline Seebohm

I know a man who looks at violins all day. He doesn't play them, he doesn't even listen to them. He just looks at them, turns them over, measures them, holds them up to the light. After such an examination, he then says something like, "It's interesting. Not a del Gesù, of course. French, I think. It's been doctored, you see." On the instant, thousands of dollars vanish into thin air.

Few people see what Jacques Français sees when he looks at a violin. But then few have his impressive credentials. Français is heir to the great violinmaking establishment of Nicolas Lupot, founded in 1794. One of his grandfathers was Henri Français, once official violinmaker to the Paris Conservatory. His other grandfather was violin and cello dealer Albert Caressa. The whole family was trained at Mirecourt, the historical center of French violinmaking, and Jacques himself, under the guidance of his late father, Emile, went to Mirecourt and its German counterpart, Mittenwald, for his apprenticeship. After the war, the young Français came to America and is now one of the country's preeminent violin and cello dealers and collectors, and his establishment in New York City is the shrine to which most string players will one day gravitate. As Isaac Stern wrote on a photograph propped up near Français's desk: "For Jacques —whose vast knowledge is matched only by his compassion for fiddlers' foibles—he ministers lovingly to our needs and we are grateful."



Among his souvenirs: dealer extraordinaire Jacques Français.

The quality of Jacques Français's instruments is the primary magnet. The names of the two great masters of Cremona—Antonio Stradivari (1644–1737) and Giuseppe Guarneri, known as del Gesù (1687–1744)—are probably almost as well known as Bach and Beethoven. It seems that no violinmaker since their deaths has matched their genius, although their predecessor, Nicolo Amati, and the Venetians Domenico Montegnana and Francesco Goffriller are as highly regarded in the musical world. The dominance of the Cremonese masters has yet to be satisfactorily explained. Some say it is the aging of the wood (maple and spruce or the finest pine), some say the shape of the F-holes, some say the varnish. Jacques Français believes the secret might be in the "filler," the chemical used under the varnish in the seventeenth century, which took a very long time to dry and thus may account for the length of time it took Stradivari and Guarneri to deliver their instruments. In the nineteenth century a faster-drying filler was used to increase production, and the secret was lost.

Whatever the answer, most artists will agree that these two makers created the most beautiful-sounding instruments in the world. There are about eight hundred Strads and 250 Guarneris in existence today. Most are owned by musicians, but museums and collectors are increasingly interested as prices skyrocket. Strads currently cost between $250,000 to $1 million, and a Tourte bow to go with them, as much as $50,000. Such high prices attract investors. An individual in Hong Kong paid the highest price ever publicized for a Strad—$1.2 million. Syndicates have also been formed to buy and sell violins. "In times of high inflation, the best fiddle can appreciate thirty percent in a year," says Français. "My Chinese friends have been doing very well." Français himself has close to a hundred rare violins,

including a 1686 Strad. He loves them all, but they are all for sale.

Jacques Français straddles an interesting line between top-level dealer and artistic consultant. In his salon with huge windows, paneling, rare books on violinmaking, and rows and rows of instruments glowing with that antique red patina of all fine fiddles, he provides an atmosphere of nineteenth-century grandeur. A tall, handsome man with a strong French accent, he holds audience with beady-eyed shrewdness, as on a plum-velvet-covered table in the middle of the room are placed the jewels of the musical fraternity, millions of dollars' worth of antique wood to seduce the ears of music lovers everywhere. Meanwhile, René Morel, his major asset, another Mirecourt alumnus and probably the most skilled instrument repairer working today, listens with sympathy as musicians complain about their strings, their sound, their bows, and their music.

"Jacques and René really act as psychiatrists," says Pinchas Zukerman, a regular visitor. "It makes artists feel good to come here and be told their instruments sound good, when really they should be at home practicing."

They come, like Zukerman, to have a Guarneri repaired, or like Lynn Harrell, to buy a rare Stradivarius cello. They come like the violin student from Washington, "because I can't keep away." Or like the cellist from San Francisco, "because only René can make my instrument sound the way it should." They come like the amateur violinmaker from Albuquerque, to show their handiwork. They come for appraisals. And they come for love, like the dewy-eyed student who asked, "Have you missed me?" in fruitless expectation.

A week's visit to this unusual emporium exposes not only the big business behind musical instruments, but also the vulnerabilities of musicians, the virtuosity of violinmakers, the toughness of violin connoisseurs, and the power contained within the slight bodies of these sensually curved, feather-light wooden soundboxes that have remained unchanged for more than three hundred years.

MONDAY

Today, Wednesday, and Friday are the days when René Morel sees musicians for repairs and adjustments. His appointments book is a jumble of names as he attempts to accommodate discontented players. This particular Monday is more a zoo than most, partly because the weather (and therefore the instrument) has changed and partly because the Montreal Symphony Orchestra is in town and many of its members want to pay a call on the master. Morel stands at the central table, cheerful in his French-blue smock, shakes hands, chats awhile, then takes each unhappy patient upstairs, where the instrument can be heard, tested, and adjusted.

"My viola is sick, René," says Linda Eddy, who has come with her cellist husband, Timothy, and their three-month-old baby.

"The fingerboard needs planing,"

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TOPS!

ays René. "The strings are very high. What about a new bridge?"

"But I cannot leave it. We are going o Florida and then to Santa Fe."

The discussion turns to the contrast f climate—humidity to dry heat, the orst change for the instrument—and ne intricacies of scheduling. Linda de- ides she can leave it if Jacques will end her a viola. "To go to *Florida*?" he sks, also thinking of the climate. He hrugs and finds her one. Now it is imothy's turn. He plays his cello for ené, who listens intently, then takes a ound-post setter and makes an adjust- nent inside the cello. "The sound-post s the soul of the instrument," he says. Ie resets the sound-post and the cello ounds more resonant, more lively. The musicians nod. The baby sleeps.

All morning René listens and ad- usts. "It has a buzz," the musicians ay. "I'm going to Aspen so I may have roblems," they sigh. "The sound is nuffled," they complain. René listens nd adjusts. Even to the untutored ear, he instruments respond miraculously to his hair's-breadth resetting of the sound-post. "René is unique," says Jacques Français. "He has a gift for sound. Either you have an ear or you don't." A Gallic shrug.

TUESDAY

The salon is calm compared to yesterday. Jacques and a customer discuss a crack in a bow. A lady comes in with a violin that she tells him is a del Gesù. Français takes it out and holds it briefly to the light.

"No," he says. "I don't think so."

The lady protests, brings out her papers, authentications. Français peers at them over the top of his glasses.

"I am sorry, I don't agree," he says shrugging. The lady puts the violin away and walks angrily away.

"Of course it was not a del Gesù," he tells me. "I knew at once."

"But what about the papers?"

"I know the man who signed those papers. He cannot see well any more. No one over 75 should do authentications. That is the age my father stopped. The eyes are no longer good enough."

The repair shop is across the hall, busy after yesterday's invasion. It looks like an alchemist's shop, with glues, measuring forks, powders, dentists' mirrors, peroxides, palettes of varnish, and the patients themselves on the table, sliced in half, set in zinc-lined plaster molds for patching, crack-removing, chip replacements. "We can spend six hundred man-hours on an instrument such as this," explains René, indicating a cello cross-sectioned in its plaster cast. "It had worm holes all over. We must push up wood chips from below to make patches, and graft wood taken from instruments salvaged from old shops. Each crack must be treated individually."

He gives me a Guarneri to hold that has also had the top removed for repair. It is over three hundred years old, weighs something like six ounces, and is worth $300,000. Such a fragile thing, just some pieces of wood glued together. It hardly seems possible. He laughs.

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Français has said that he has seen Morel restore violin bellies that are warped and sunken beyond belief. "He makes a mold, wets the belly, and presses it into the mold with hot sand. Millimeter by millimeter, the original shape is slowly regained."

WEDNESDAY

I arrive late in the morning when most of Morel's appointments have been completed and the adjustments are going on upstairs. At times the salon reminds me of a Savile Row establishment, all expertise and discretion. Today, however, there is an air of suppressed excitement. What has happened?

"You have just missed the sale of a Strad," Jacques Français says in triumph. I may have missed the sale, but it is impossible to miss the buyer, who now appears with shining eyes and buoyant step, hugging a violin case tightly under his arm. He is Charles Castleman, professor of violin at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, solo performer and recording artist, now the proud owner of a Stradivarius. I hold it in my hands as he talks breathlessly about its acquisition.

"I had been talking to Jacques about one for about fifteen years. The desire just builds up over time. I was a prodigy and have played on great instruments since I was a child. It was simply a matter of time and money. Now I am making some new recordings and this seemed to be the moment to have the right violin. I have been trying Strads out for several months now, in large and small halls, and with my friends.

"I always knew it had to be a Strad. A Guarneri performs wonderfully if you put a great deal of force behind it, but if you caress it it does not respond as well. A Strad is better for me since it can do the subtle things and also project very well. I spent an hour with René just now before I bought it to be sure it would sound its best. Other dealers also knew of my search and would send me information on their instruments. In fact one Midwestern dealer met me in O'Hare Airport when I had a half-hour layover and we went into a small waiting room and I played

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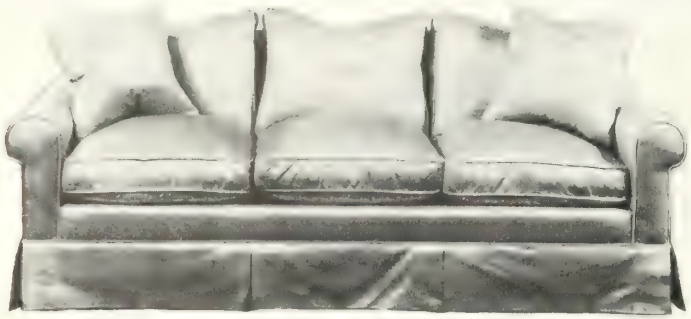
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his instrument between planes. But this is the one that pleased me most." The price: $275,000.

Français's assistant comes in and shakes Castleman's hand. "Congratulations," he says. Well, the sale of a Strad is always momentous. They are hard to find and very expensive. "I sold eight Strads last year," Français says. "That is a very good record." Not all performers buy the right instrument, according to Français. Later that morning he talks to an agent whose artist borrowed a 1721 Strad. "I think it has the most glorious E string I have ever heard," the man says. But the artist has chosen another instrument. "He's going to get into trouble," warns Français. "He's digging into the strings. The fiddle won't take it. He's a very stubborn man." Again, the Gallic shrug.

THURSDAY

"Perennial buyer day," I dub it later. People frequently visit Jacques Français from out of town to play his instruments, ostensibly for the purpose of making a purchase. "They come in every year to play the violin for two or three hours, having a ball upstairs—some even bring their music—playing our Strads and del Gesùs, then they go away again until next year."

An elderly gentleman comes in with some violins he has been trying. Français listens to him play, then recommends a suitable instrument. The amateur goes away satisfied. Another amateur comes in, wanting to buy a violin that is clearly out of his league. "It will cost you three times what you want to pay," says Français. "Perhaps it is a good investment?" says the amateur hopefully. Français shrugs. "It is a good-sounding fiddle but it is not a good investment." The amateur droops, but such honesty has given Français a reputation for integrity.

FRIDAY

René Morel at his post again. As well as making adjustments, he advises his clients on other repairs. "This violin needs new pegs," he tells a young student. "Mountain ash pegs are the best, but they are difficult to find. You get them in California."

A couple comes in carrying five shabby-looking violin cases for Français to evaluate. He takes up his usual position at the high, daylight-filled



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window. Opening the cases, he picks up each violin for approximately five seconds, then puts each back in its case.

"What would you like to know?" he asks finally.

"We'd like to sell them."

"I'm not interested. These are commercial violins. Value maybe $100 to $300. They are worth nothing to me."

He gets up and walks away.

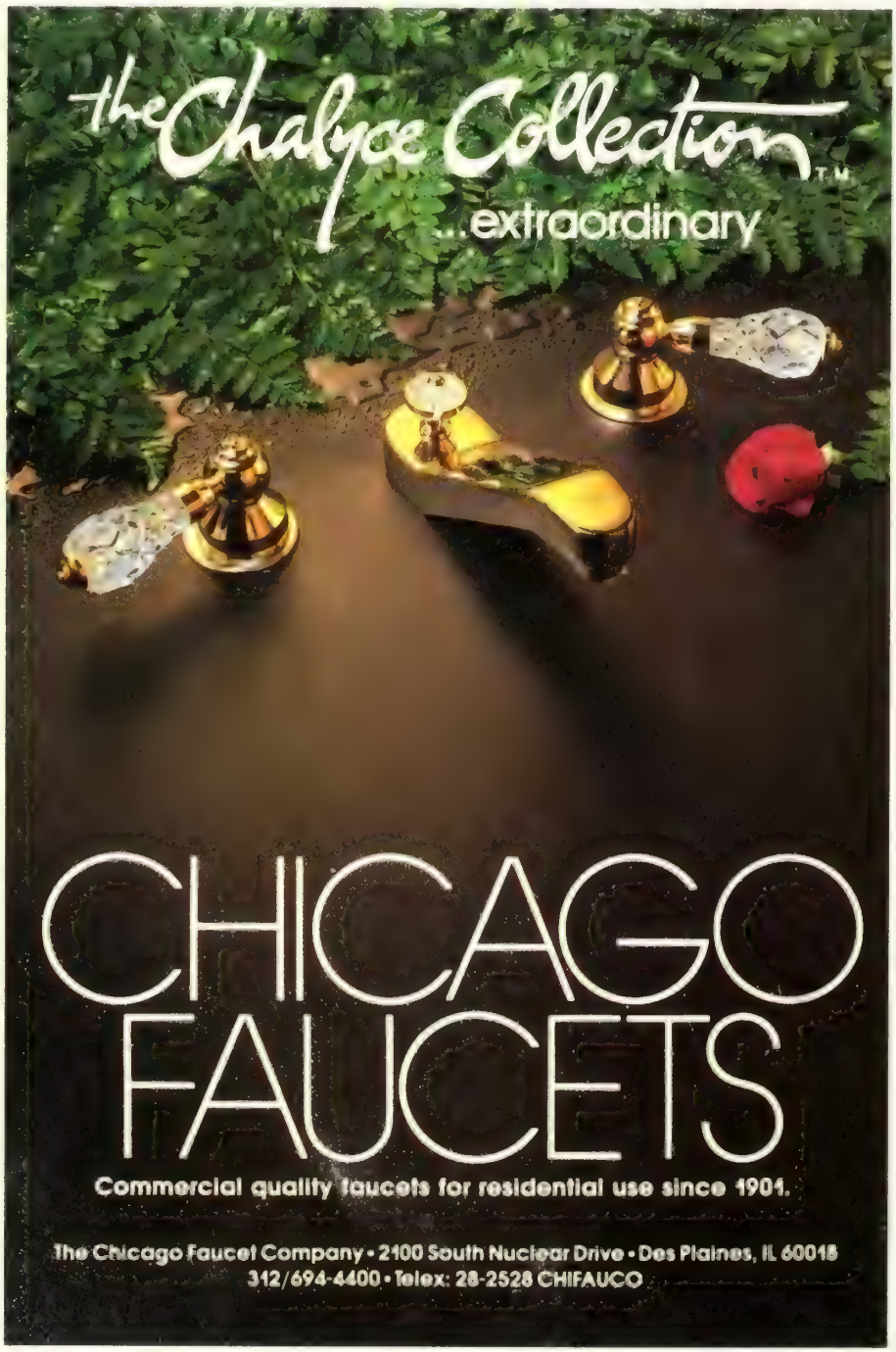
The owners, stunned, stare at the rejected instruments and then at each other. There is a hollow silence.

"People are always finding a Strad in the attic," Français tells me later. "They come *en famille* and set it in front of me with great ceremony. I don't even take the fiddle out of its case. I look at it, I tell them it's worth $300. I tell them I will make no charge for the appraisal, and I walk away. I have to walk away or they will bombard me with questions."

How can he tell? What does he look for? I bombard him with questions. "It's mostly the varnish," he says. "But remember I was brought up to do this by my father. He trained me to identify one part of a violin at a time." The boy learned to identify it first by nationality, then by period, then school, then master maker, then maker himself. Watching him now, holding a fiddle in his large, graceful hands with the same confidence of a doctor handling a baby, one senses the awesome power of tradition. Most violins have provenances, like paintings, he tells me. For instance, the 1734 Strad given to the City of Jerusalem by Henryk Szeryng. Szeryng had owned it for ten years, having bought it from the famous conductor, Charles Munch. Munch had bought it from Jacques Français's grandfather, Albert Caressa.

Later, Français takes me to see his "toys." In a glass case is displayed his small but fine collection of instruments; including several *pochettes,* or dancing-master kits, a sixteenth-size violin, a seventeenth-century guitar, and a child's hurdy-gurdy. He rarely adds to this select group, but a unique guitar is coming up at auction and he wants it. "I'll go all the way for it," he says. When not attending auctions or traveling in Europe on the lookout for instruments, Français attends concerts three or four times a week. "Most of my customers are my friends."

Jacques Français moved last year from his premises of forty years to a more modern building on New York's West Side. Friends were uneasy that with this relocation some of the romantic patina of musical history would dissipate in the thin metallic air of the twentieth century. Their fears were groundless. He has shrewdly re-created the nineteenth-century feeling, while adding modern conveniences such as a walk-in safe with hundreds of violins neatly tucked into wooden niches and a new repair shop with neutral north light, a great asset to the craftsmen in their meticulous work. "I would like to create here a museum atmosphere," Français says, indicating the showcases of antique instruments. "And now I can display my beautiful seventeenth-century guitar [the one he wanted at auction]." But the most important thing is that the musicians will still be there with their fretful expressions, waiting for René Morel's healing art, students will wait for reassurance, and innocents will offer newly discovered Strads, just as long as "Jacques Français Rare Violins" is on the door. □



Vivian was allergic to tomatoes and the Duke didn't touch his salad. But Villeroy & Boch saved the dinner.



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A REMEMBRANCE OF ROOMS PAST



Vincent Fourcade's surprising Long Island setting for his French family's Art Nouveau furnishings

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Vincent Fourcade wanted his house, rear view, *above,* to look "very American, like a South Carolina house," with a large veranda. *Opposite:* The two-story main room has both the furniture and feeling of the family's old house in France. Portrait at left, *La Belle Otéro,* is by an artist named Dannat; other portrait, by Mueller, is Fourcade's grandmother as a young girl.



On the north side of the railroad tracks in the South Fork of Long Island, and in a rolling anonymous landscape that promises nothing in particular, there has lately arisen a most remarkable house. Though named Montsoult, after a village just north of Paris, it is in outward appearance by Palladio out of the American South. Verandas mate with porticoes, that is to say. But there are also other echoes. Herringbone wainscoting once glimpsed in a Russian movie of *Anna Karenina* looks down upon a long narrow swimming pool that could be a scale model for an unfrequented stretch of the canal de Bourgogne. Turn-of-the-century French interiors, complete to the last family photograph and the last deep-set button on the heavily upholstered chair, look out onto casual feats of landscaping that will take a while to mature.

A double-cube room 42 feet long and 21 feet high—almost as large as the one in Lord Pem-



Wide-eyed watercolor of big living room by Janet Neff, *right,* gets in more than the camera could capture. Curving staircase has wooden railing taken from a Scandinavian watercolor by Carl Larsson. Most furniture is by Louis Majorelle, bought in France at the turn of the century. Mammoth double-sided chimney, *right* and *overleaf left,* ascends to the ceiling from fireplaces framed with grotesque faces (inspired by Guimard house in Paris and Bomarzo Garden of Monsters outside Rome), which were sculpted in plaster by David Mills. *Overleaf right:* Looking beyond veranda to the gently rolling countryside. Door moldings by David Mills are the large-scale type usually used on exteriors.





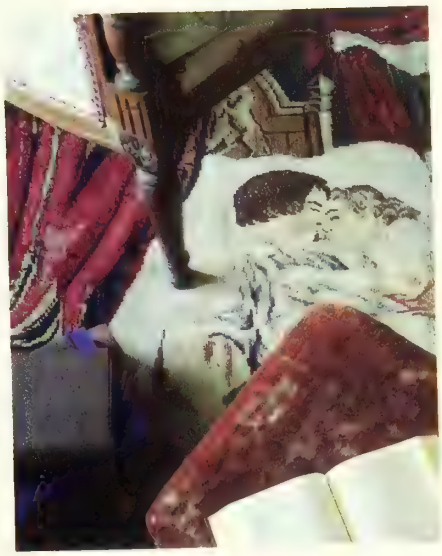








In the downstairs bedroom, *left,* the look was dictated by panels from the old family house, recently identified as cartoons for tapestries by Jean-Baptiste Huet, circa 1780. "We found a vaguely Pompeian décor looked best," says the owner. Chairs are Directoire; bed, Empire. *Above:* Between the French bookcases, circa 1820, is a door from the old house Vincent's brother, art dealer Xavier Fourcade, had made: the most revered French authors are matched up with the slangy titles of a crime-novel series. *Below:* Lovers on the English needlepoint rug have alternately been identified as Romeo and Juliet and Ivanhoe and friend. Design was taken from a painting by Paul Delaroche.





The owner didn't originally want an entrance hall, *above,* until the architect pointed out that visitors needed somewhere to put their belongings. Banquettes, chandelier, and rack in center (by Vallin) are from French house; banquettes were cut down to fit new surroundings. *Opposite:* Fourcade says the "porch is from all those books on Italian villas." Herringbone-patterned wainscoting was inspired by a winter garden in the Russian film of *Anna Karenina.*

broke's Wilton House, in England—sports a double fireplace in which twin heads of human monsters keep the flames in check. There are Proustian overtones—few houses are richer in remembrances of things past—but there are also contrivances that are strictly of our own day. It is a house that has been lifted out of time, and out of place, and remade with an exuberant fancy. A house powered by memory, and by old affections still very much alive, it is also a tour de force of today's imaginings.

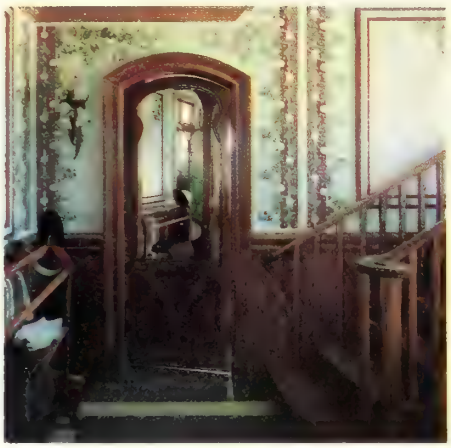
Unlike most houses built in the 1980s, it has a prehistory. Once upon a time, though not so long ago, there was a very large house not an hour from Paris. It stood on the edge of the fôret de l'Isle-Adam, with its prodigious oaks, its still unpolluted lakes and ponds, and its allées laid out by Le Nôtre. Built at the turn of the century, the house had twenty bedrooms, and they were always full. On a floor above, there was room for a great many servants, and often there were 24 or 28 people at table, all of them family. The house was furnished and decorated in the taste of the day—"faux Louis XVI–Ritz" on the one hand and Art Nouveau on the other. The Art Nouveau pieces—by Louis Majorelle, above all, but also by Eugène Vallin and others—were on an enormous scale, and custom-built for the house.

A more than comfortable life was led in this house until the outbreak of World War II. The family also had a rather grand town house in Paris, near the Parc Monceau, and in normal times they alternated between the two. But during the war times were anything but normal, and before long the grandchildren of the original owner were packed off to the country house. It had a large park, wood fires kept it relatively warm, and it had room for all the other young members of the family who now had no place to go for their vacations.

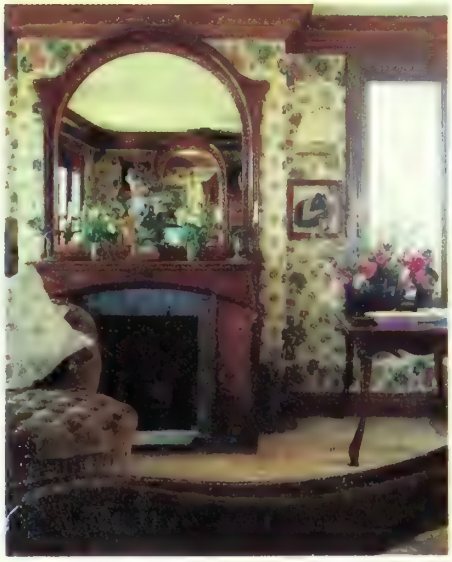
In this way the progres-

(Text continued on page 206)





Hallway stairs, *above,* lead to a second bedroom. Walls have a stenciled pattern that partly creeps over panels of Greef lace. *Below:* The Majorelle furniture in upstairs bedroom was originally bought for the Fourcade grandparents' bedroom. Fireplace, mantel mirror, and tiles were also in French house. Chaise longue is covered in original painted velvet, formerly curtains. *Right:* Opposite side of same room shows beautiful Majorelle armoire and bedspread of same painted velvet as on chaise. Lower photograph hanging on white panel is of Bob Denning with one of the two Bugattis he owned in the fifties.









STATE OF THE ART STYLE

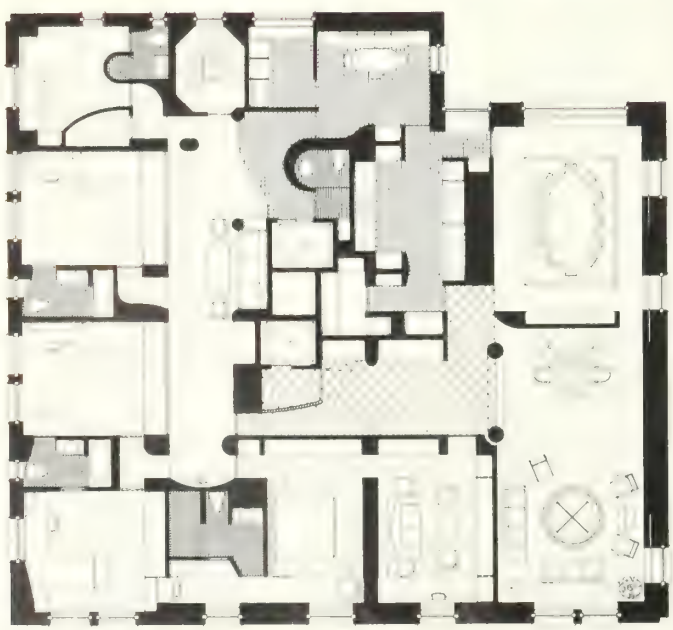
Gwathmey Siegel leads a team of designers to create a sleek surrounding for modern classics

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS

Framing the entry hall of the Swid apartment in New York is a dramatic black lacquer portal that leads to the living room. On the wall to the left is Donald Sultan's 1983 *Five Steers*. In the foreground is a suede-upholstered armchair from a suite designed by Josef Hoffmann in 1904, a year after he founded the Wiener Werkstätte.

Typical of the responsive juxtapositions of art and furniture throughout the Swid apartment is this grouping in the living room, *below,* of a target painting by Kenneth Noland, *And Half,* 1959, a pair of armchairs by Jacques Ruhlmann, 1922, and a circular, glass-topped low table by the apartment's architects, Gwathmey Siegel. Another part of the same room, *opposite,* offers a more austere vista, dominated by Ellsworth Kelly's powerful 1976 oil, *Black Curve XII.* Chairs and table are by Josef Hoffmann. *Bottom:* Plan shows emphatic separation between rooms for entertaining and the family's private quarters.





Often decorators will redesign the same rooms for the same clients at intervals over the years, but architects and their patrons have the obverse tendency to leave well enough alone. Architectural styles change more slowly than decorative modes, and the relative spareness of late-modern architect-designed interiors could be updated largely by changes in furniture and art rather than by expensive reworkings of structure and surface. For one New York couple deeply involved in the world of design such piecemeal measures would not suffice. Only six years after architects Charles Gwathmey and Robert Siegel completed their apartment in 1976, Nan and Stephen Swid called them back to remake the 3,400-square-foot flat to be in keeping with their evolving collection of art, their growing interest in classic twentieth-century design, and the changes in their way of life as their children reached teen age.

In 1977, Stephen Swid and his partner Marshall Cogan acquired Knoll International, a leading American manufacturer of high-style modern furniture. After years of resting on its well-earned laurels, that company has since sprung back to creativity with its owners' sponsorship of new lines by such leading architects as Robert Venturi, Richard Meier, and Gwathmey Siegel. Last year, Nan Swid struck out on her own with Swid Powell, the "tabletop" company that hopes to become to innovative china, silver, and glassware what Knoll has been to furniture. In less stylistically volatile times, the Swids' home, by one of the most respected firms in architectural interiors, might have lasted longer as an expression of its occupants' tastes. But just as it was finished, architecture and design began to undergo significant upheavals, and the Swids soon wanted a scheme to reflect the new directions that were so strongly affecting their interests.

Rather than rely solely on their architects, the Swids assembled a team of experts that included among its most important members Andrée Putman, the Paris interior designer, and Donald Kaufman, the color specialist based in New York. Gwathmey Siegel acted as first among equals, paring away their first design, which relied heavily on oak-paneled and mirrored surfaces, built-in cabinetry, and Modernist furniture of leather, steel, and glass. They kept those elements that continued to please (such as a curving wall of glass block that screens the elevator vestibule) while devising subtle new strategies (such as giving a gentle vaulting to the living-room ceiling) and practical alterations (such as a more pronounced separation of the children's rooms).

It is rare these days for prominent architects to be self-effacing. The process Gwathmey and Siegel pursued here—simplification, refinement, and clarification—diametrically opposes the current trend toward conspicuous complication. And the other participants in this painstaking effort, which took over two years to complete, were equally willing to let their own contributions speak quietly for





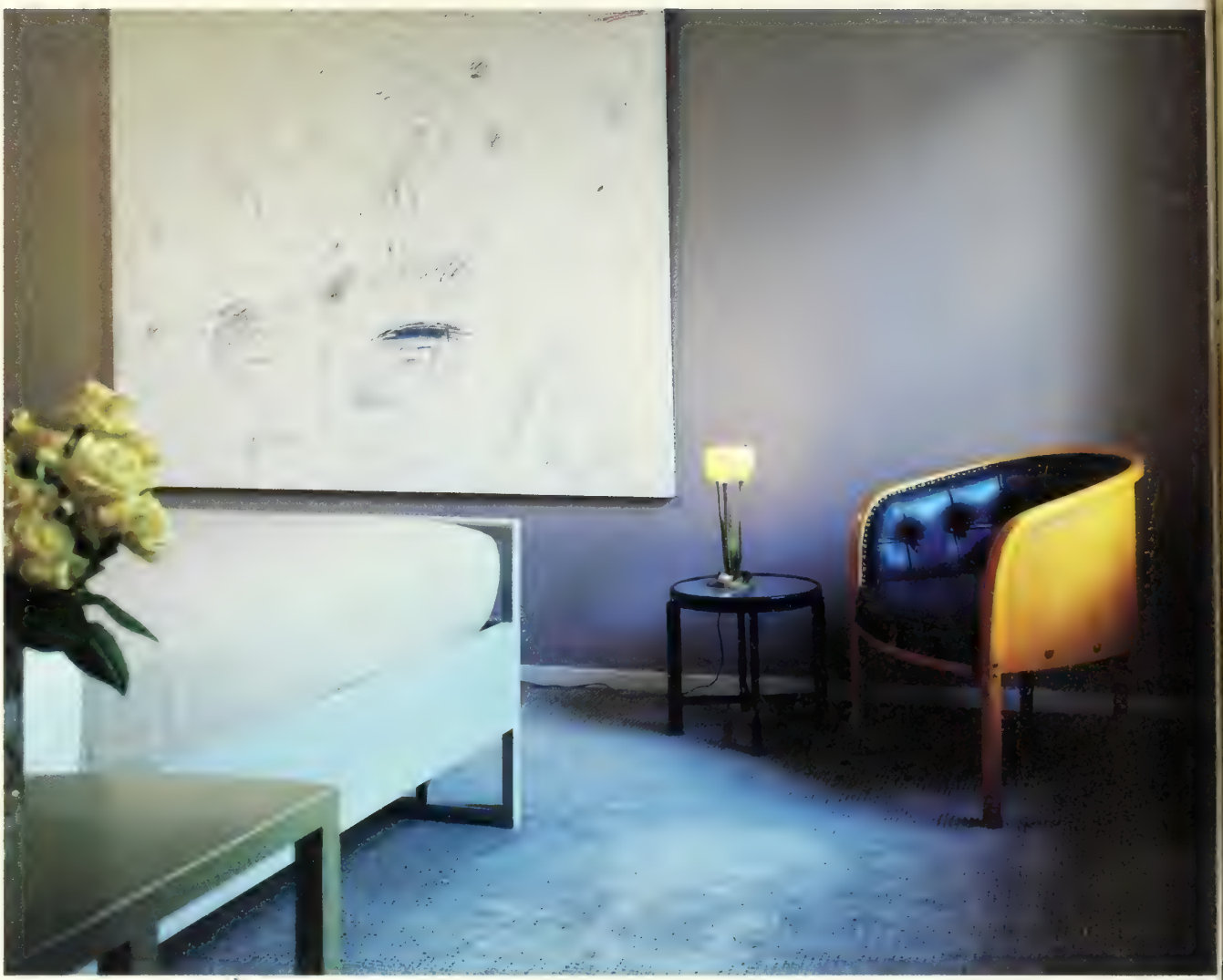
A panorama of 20th-century art and design extends across the living room. Peering in from the entry hall is Roy Lichtenstein's *Seductive Girl* of 1964. The grid of a Josef Hoffmann armchair is echoed by the Gwathmey Siegel table in the foreground. The round rug beneath it by Jacques Ruhlmann is a variant of the version that anchors a Hoffmann settee, armchairs, and table and a pair of sprightly end tables by Jean Dunand, 1912–13. On the right-hand table is Roy Gussow's *Sliver 12-17-72*, 1972. Over the settee, Arshile Gorky's magnificent 1944 oil *To Project, To Conjure*. Visible through the doorway into the dining room is a Morris Louis stripe painting.





A velvet-upholstered Gwathmey Siegel sofa in the living room discreetly underscores an exuberant canvas by Roy Lichtenstein, *Landscape with Figure,* 1977. The Perzel torchère lamp at the left dates from 1925. The side view of Josef Hoffmann's dynamic Sitzmachine chair of 1905 shows the knobby sprockets that allow the high back to be lowered. On the small Hoffmann occasional table behind it are two blown-glass vases by the Finnish master Tapio Wirkkala, 1947.





themselves. Donald Kaufman has developed a cult following for his ingenious method of painting rooms infused with a veritable ozone of color; here he worked his magic with walls that variously seem mauve, pale gray, off-white, or all of the above. The computer-operated lighting system by Brian Thompson benefits the owners' fine collection of paintings and their frequent collections of guests. And the museum-quality early modern furniture by such masters as Josef Hoffmann, Jacques Ruhlmann, and Jean Dunand assembled and arranged by Andrée Putman, with the Swids, displays her characteristic genius for combining diverse objects, unparalleled in her profession today.

The cumulative result is an apartment that perfectly captures the spirit of the moment, offering a concise survey of current favorites in the history of modern art and design. The superb objects gathered in these immaculately detailed spaces are an implicit statement by Nan and Stephen Swid that they are ready to be informed by the best our century has produced. Their apartment confidently announces that they intend this past to be their prologue. □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

In the master bedroom, *above,* Cy Twombly's *Murder of Passion,* 1960, at the foot of a Gwathmey Siegel bed with linens by Pratesi. A Hoffmann table and a 1913 Tulip lamp by Albert Cheuret stand next to a Hoffmann armchair. *Opposite:* An impressive oval dining table and chairs by Ruhlmann, centered with a Puiforcat silver tea service, 1925. Above them, a hanging light fixture of alabaster and silvered bronze by Cheuret, 1930. To the left of the window, Bill Jensen's gouache *The Meadow,* 1980–81; to the right, *No. 30* by Morris Louis, 1962.





AN EDEN REGAINED

The gardens of Hatfield House





To bring the magnificent gardens created by Robert Cecil for his great Jacobean house back to full glory, the present generation relies on seventeenth-century diaries and the bills and plant lists of John Tradescant the Elder, Cecil's gardener, first of the great plant hunters

A mulberry tree planted by James I. A doubtful mount, a medlar tree (which has walked through the years over many yards of ground layering itself again and again, and traditionally planted by John Tradescant), some ancient walls, a pond still called the New Pond though made by Robert Cecil or his son, and a labyrinth planted in 1840. Not very much still remains in the garden from the earliest days.

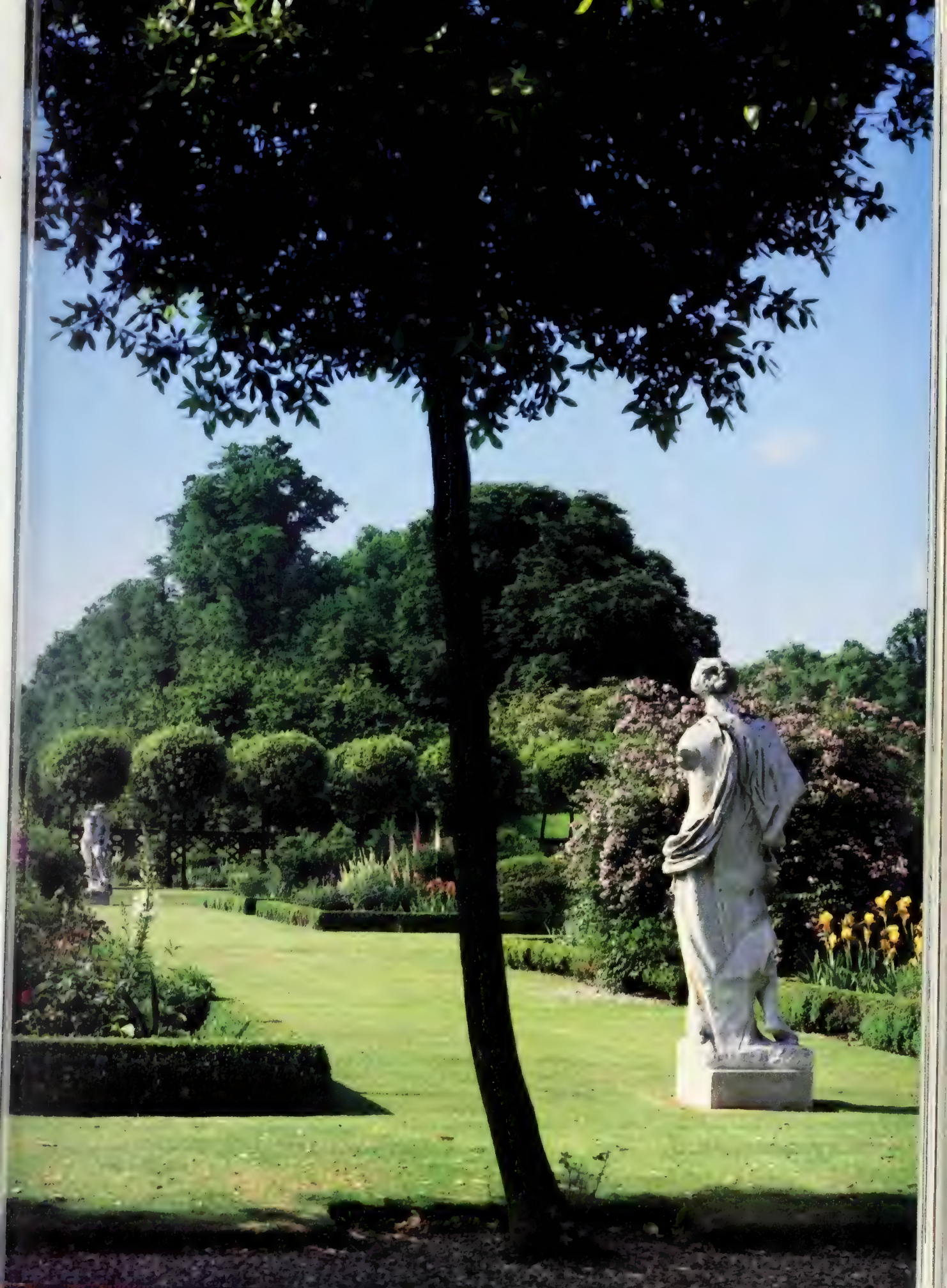
However that may be, I thought that if I was to give you a picture of the gardens at Hatfield and tell you something of what we are trying to do, I should start at the beginning, for that is what today we are trying, in a sense and measure, to return to.

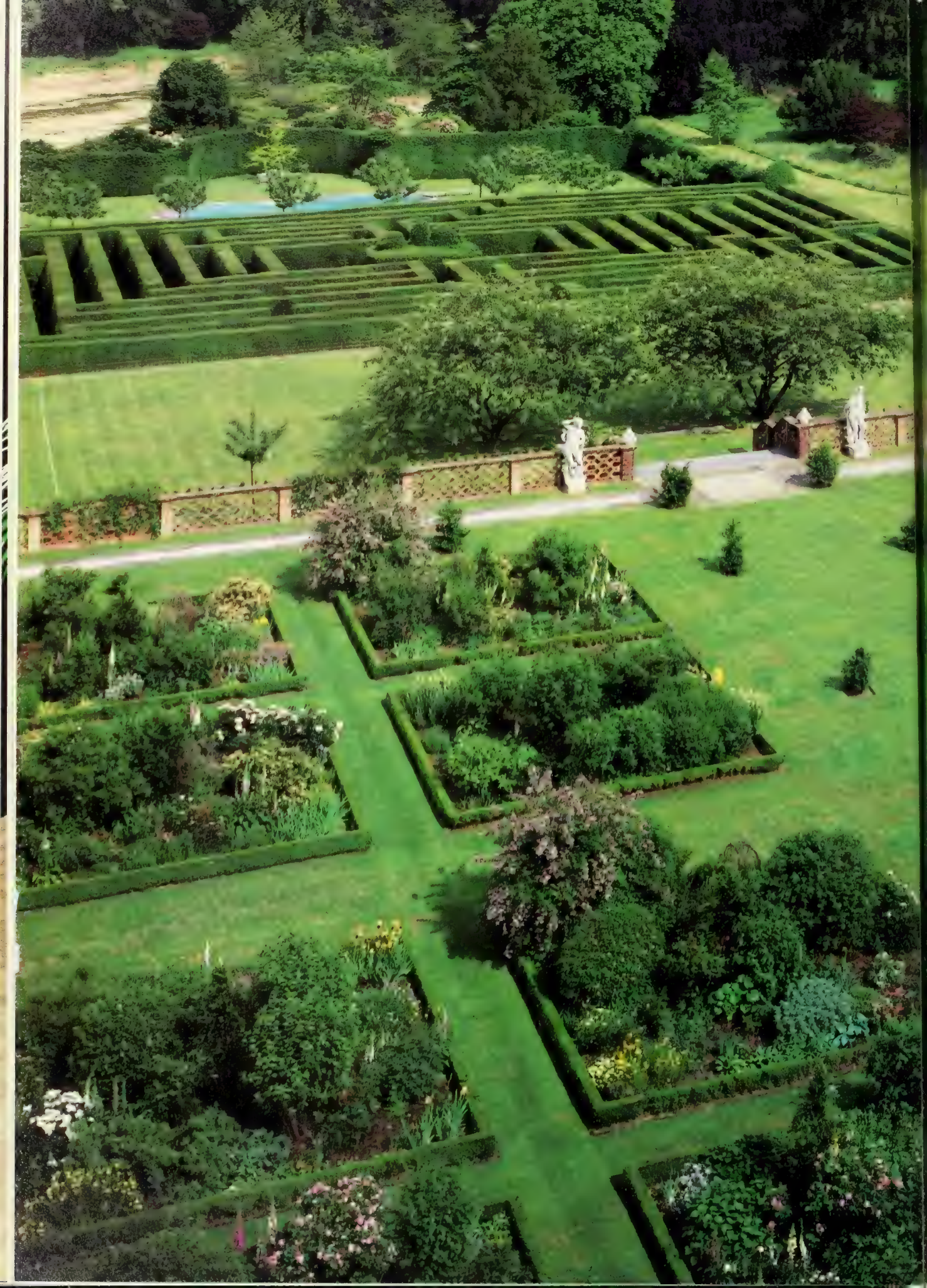
Hatfield House was built in the years 1607–11 by Robert Cecil who had been Queen Elizabeth I's Chief Minister and was now Chief Minister to James I. Built in the shape of an *E* as a compliment to the queen, the house was a Renaissance palace hung with gilded leather, velvets, and silks and embroideries and as rich in tapestry, furniture, and pictures as money and the modes and fashions of the day could make it.

Outside, the house was enclosed by courts; the North and South Courts, a Great Court, a Base and Little Court, and within their walls were other buildings: twelve small buildings, no less, before the house, round turrets, and a gatehouse with a room over the gate and we read of the castles at the coming in of the courtyard. Each of these buildings was essential for the life of a great house—one held doves and one falcons, another hounds. There was the smithy, laundries, a beerhouse, a plumery, and even a fox house—it was a world of its own—intimate and self-sufficient and out beyond the courts were the gardens.

Robert Cecil was a keen and interested gardener like many of his contemporaries. He had been given the Palace of the Bishops of Ely—Mortons Palace at Hatfield, where Queen Elizabeth had spent much of her childhood a virtual prisoner—by King James in exchange for his childhood home at Theobalds. Though he never lived there, he must *(Text continued on page 213)*

The East Garden Rose Parterre, *preceding pages,* with one avenue of *Quercus Ilex*. These oaks, pruned high in a manner unusual in England, allow an unobstructed view, *opposite*. The statues are Italian. Reflecting Jacobean design principles, beds are geometric but plants are randomly placed. *Above*: South Court of Hatfield House, finished in 1611. Inside, on the newel of Grand Staircase, is carving of John Tradescant, gardener to first Earl of Salisbury. *Overleaf:* The 140-year-old yew maze has more than three miles of surface to prune.













Bricks from three sides of the Old Palace, *opposite,* a childhood home of Queen Elizabeth I, were used to build Hatfield House. Banquet Hall remains, overlooking new Knot Garden created in 1980–81 with flowers of the Tudor era. *This page, top:* In this walled scented garden Lady Salisbury has softly blended colors, shapes, and heights. An important bulb collection includes varieties first introduced here by John Tradescant. *Left:* Honeysuckle wraps a bench in a delicate perfumed shade. The steep banks are seldom mowed, letting wild flowers proliferate. Trellis fence borders the West Garden. *Below:* The scented garden contains a central herb collection including lovage, sweet cecily, hyssop, and anise. Honeysuckles trained as standards surround fountain.



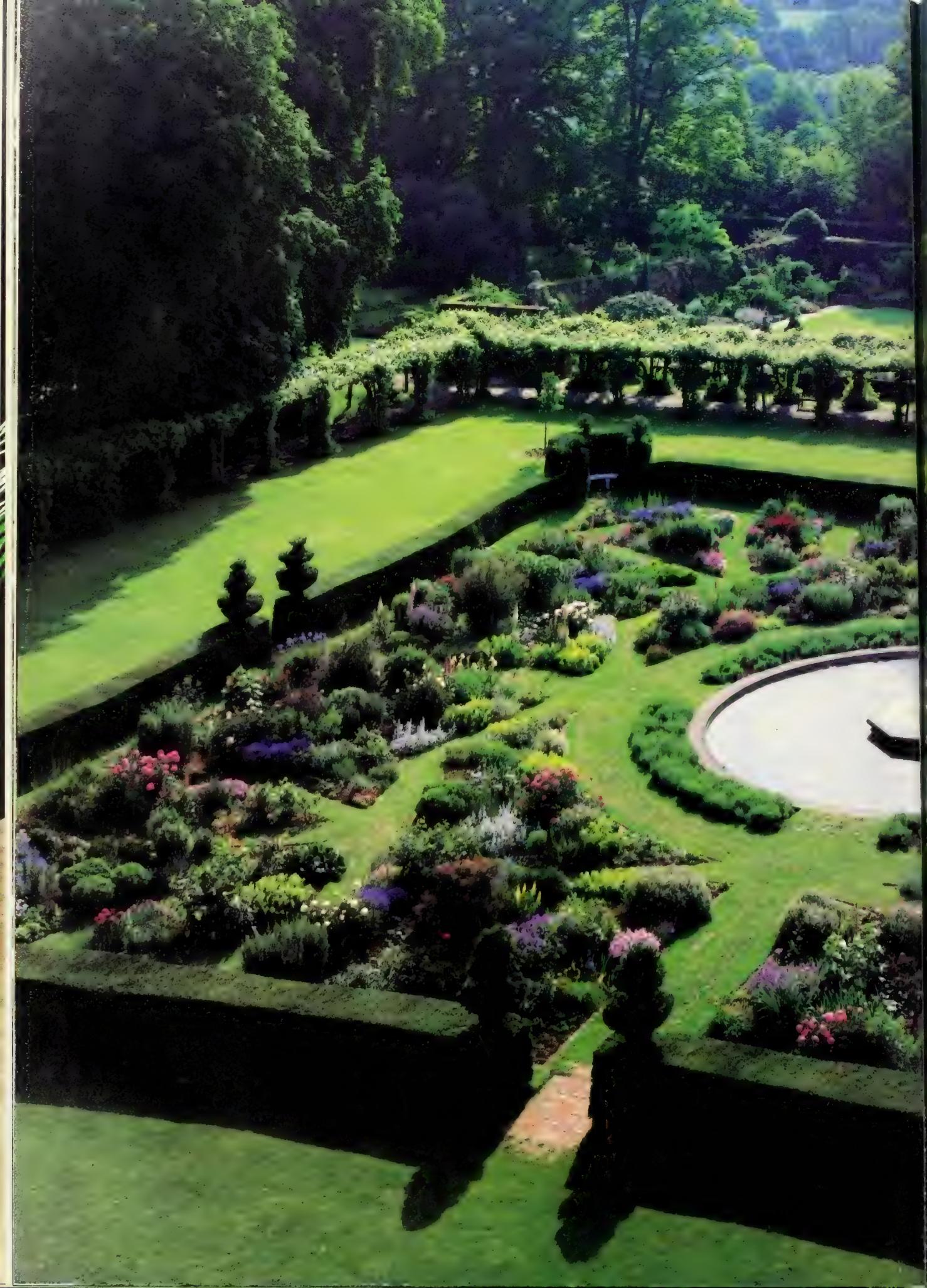


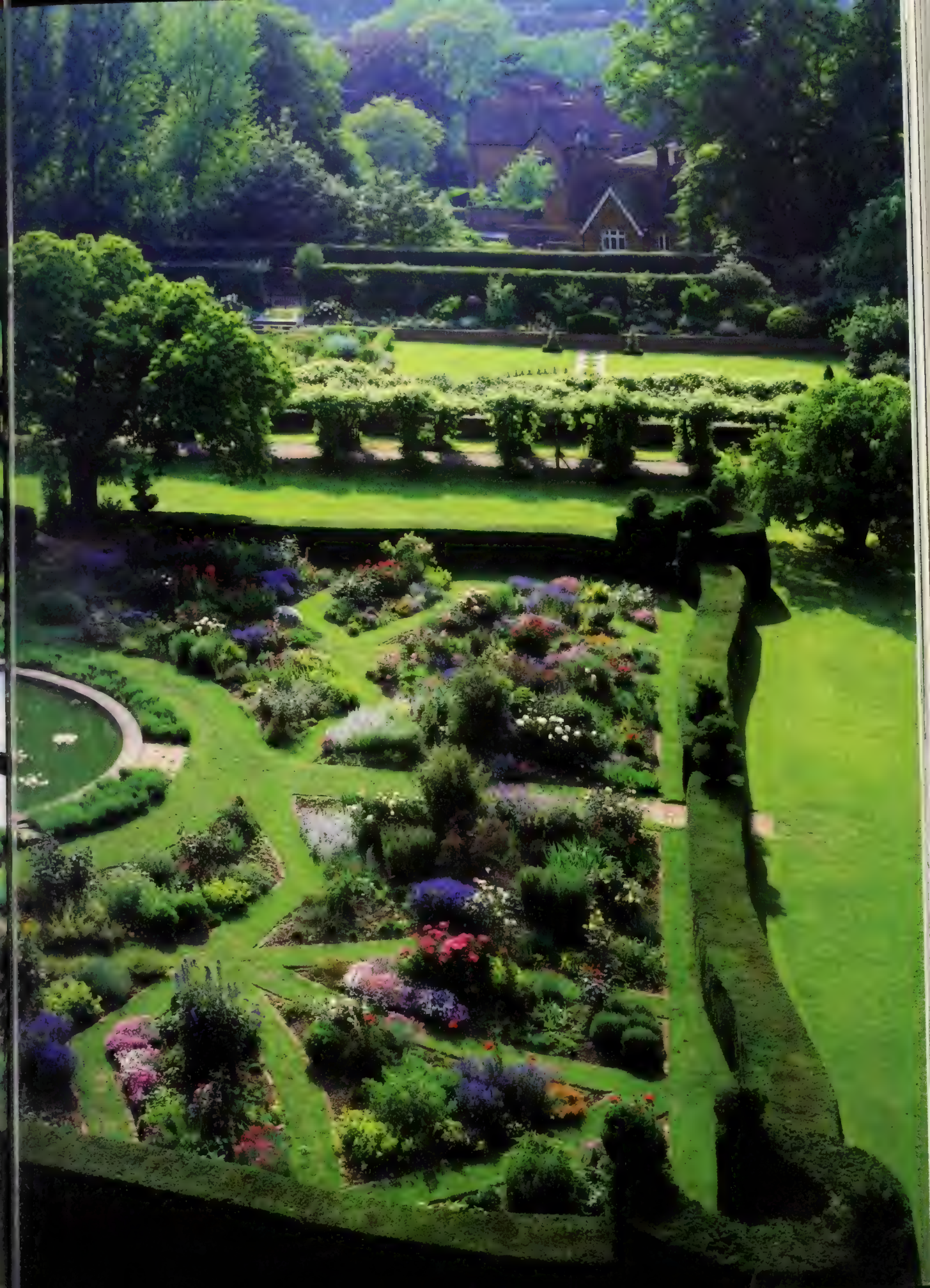






The West Garden, *opposite,* is contained by pleached lime walks and inner hedge of yew. Beds cut into the grass display peonies, astrantias, monardas, phloxes, polemoniums, and soapworts. *This page, top.* Elizabethans planted pinks, favorites of Robert Cecil as herbs for strewing. With 142 different varieties, Hatfield has an outstanding collection of dianthus. Chestnuts mark the start of wilderness area. *Right:* Pleached lime walks appear in illustrations of the gardens made in 1830. *Below:* Huge copper beeches along the southern boundary of the West Garden were planted by the fifth earl's wife 250 years ago. The fountain's center basin may be by Saloman de Caux, who helped lay out the gardens at Hatfield and Wilton. *Overleaf:* Restoration of the West Garden in Jacobean style began in 1900. The present marchioness began nine years ago in scented garden beyond lime walk at top. At right is mulberry tree planted by James I.









98A BOUNDARY ROAD

Architect Max Gordon's light-filled container for the much-talked-about collection of Charles and Doris Saatchi

BY PETER SCHJELDAHL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS



Andy Warhol in the long gallery
and in small gallery, right



Donald Judd in the main hall with the long gallery in background



Cy Twombly in the gallery opposite Brice Marden

Having assembled the most imposing contemporary art collection of the last fifteen years—hundreds of works representing dozens of important artists in unparalleled depth—Doris and Charles Saatchi have now created, with architect Max Gordon, one of the best exhibition spaces of the same period. Like much else about the Saatchis' way of doing things, the six-chambered space, completed this past winter, is magnificent and shy. A wallboard shell within the shell of a former paint warehouse, it is almost an American football field in length and feels longer, with its many skylights, its marching steel beams, and the bizarre perspective of its trapezoidal main hall. It has no name other than its address on a dowdy street in a nondescript outlying neighborhood of London. Approached by way of blank, asphalt alleys, it gives a visitor roughly the sensation of traversing stale scrub woods in Northern Arizona to the rim of, suddenly, the Grand Canyon.

The surprise of this awesome secular temple in cozy, nook-and-cranny London is pure Saatchi, and reminded me of a famous television spot for British Airways dreamed up by the agency of Saatchi & Saatchi Charles runs with his brother, Maurice: Manhattan Island comes in for a landing. Heavily American, with a strong secondary contingent of Germans, the Saatchi collection is similar to that airborne borough, as a blazing—though, until now, more rumored than seen—anomaly in a nation that preens itself on politely shunning foreign and avant-gardish enthusiasms. Pure Saatchi, too, is the exaggerated discretion of the new space's hideaway site. As extreme in their rage for privacy as in their impulse to aesthetic grandeur, the Saatchis maintain a public profile low to the point of invisibility. They agreed to speak with me about the new space and, a little, about their collecting, but not about themselves, please.

Barely fifteen years ago, Charles and American-born Doris began collecting with a Sol LeWitt drawing, initiating their enduring commitment to that most hermetic, American, and unpopular of revolutionary modern movements: Minimalism. After a wobbly spell in the middle seventies—"We made the mistake most people do," Charles told me, "of trying to 'represent' this and that tendency"—their collection regained depth and drive in a selective embrace of forebears and young Turks of painting's continuing international efflorescence: Baselitz, Clemente, Guston, Kiefer, Mangold, Marden, Martin, Morley, Polke, Ryman, Schnabel, Stella, Twombly, and Warhol in staggering numbers, and Bartlett, Fischl, Golub, Jenney, Jensen, Longo, Murray, Rothenberg, Salle, Winters, and others in quantities merely extraordinary. Favored object-artists, besides Minimalists, include Artschwager, Borofsky, Burton, Chamberlain, Samaras, Shapiro, and Sherman. An English component—Deacon, Hodgkin, Kossoff, Scully, and Willing—is of a relative size more apt to affront than to appease local rooting interests.

Long before I met the Saatchis last year—hired to contribute to a four-volume catalogue of nearly five hundred





Brice Marden in the narrowest upstairs gallery

works in the collection (published by Lund Humphries in association with Rizzoli)—I was well aware of their activity, which like an overgrown satellite has had violent orbital effects on the planet of the art world, yanking reputations and markets to and fro. They are among the most open-handed lenders in collecting history, and their names have been a litany on the wall labels of major shows for years. The fearsome scale of the Saatchi phenomenon could not but cause a certain nervousness, tempered by recognition of its undeniable passion and intelligence—except in England, where cynicism about the Saatchis' motives and political resentment of Charles's advertising work for Margaret Thatcher run deep. (Harsh press reactions brought a bitter end to their brief foray into patronage of the Tate and Whitechapel galleries.) I anticipated a pair of intimidating people.

I was wrong. In person, the Saatchis are an attractive, still-youngish couple, reticent but buoyantly informal in manner, distinctly modest in house, garden, and personal style. Neatness, efficiency, and absence of fuss—in all things, economy of means—are their hallmarks. Until being tripled for the new space, their art staff consisted entirely of a young American factotum, Julia Ernst. (Logistics of the collection are contracted to an East End firm, MoMart.) But for stubborn flooding problems, the Boundary Road transformation would have taken only a few months from conception to completion. (It took a bit over a year.) The design was a group effort that subsumed the egos of the Saatchis and their old friend and fellow art cognoscente Gordon, who called it "a swift collaboration, with lots of quick decisions based on a tremendous concordance of view." The reason for undertaking it was uncomplicated, according to Charles. "Purely selfish," he called it. "We wanted to see our paintings hung." Directing every detail of the hanging is a job Charles reserves for himself.

It is a transcendent space, conducive to exaltation, but it is not easy or comfortable. Its pitiless austerity and dwarfing scale will spell bliss to some visitors and anxiety to others. It tips its hat in one way to such religiously contemplative Valhallas of modern art as Amsterdam's Stedelijk Museum and in another way to the sort of down-style taste that rejoices in raw and parsimonious materiality. The lovely old industrial fretwork overhead strikes a note of cards-on-the-table candor.

My own most disconcerting association, especially considering the lugubrious winter weather during my visit, was to the kind of "space and light," sensory-deprivation aesthetics characteristic of many Southern California interiors. Gordon was quick to agree, and to identify the underlying attitude: a way of nonchalantly "assuming"—down-playing, if not concealing—the technology of the building, in defiance of the "strong aesthetic connotations" of technology in Europe (as seen in the ultra-tech rococo of the Centre Pompidou). "The space is very laconic in its architectural effect," Gordon added.

In a climate where the *(Text continued on page 210)*



WHAT A SWELL PARTY IT WAS

The life and good times of the Payson house at Greentree

BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEN JENSCHEL



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, *opposite,* in the library before a costume ball. *This page:* Mrs. Payson's bathroom, painted by portraitist Bernard Boutet de Monvel.



The house is made of fieldstone, gray stone that on this gray day is magnificently melancholy. Half-hidden in mist, it seems—big as it is—to be shy of observation. It is in fact a very private house. For half a century the embroidered feet of royalty, presidents, and movie stars glided on its greensward.

Until her death a decade ago, the house was presided over by one of the most colorful women in America, Joan Whitney Payson, an aristocrat in the best sense of that now unfashionable word—high-spirited, warm-hearted, courageous, generous. Recently Mrs. Payson's heirs put the estate up for sale, ending an era that began with her wedding on a summer afternoon in 1924.

The sunny-faced bride was the paternal granddaughter of William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland; on her mother's side she was the granddaughter of John Hay, aide to President Lincoln and later Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. As for her father, Payne Whitney, he was the third richest man in the United States, his fortune exceeded only by those of John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford.

Joan Whitney was by all accounts a model heiress. She had "never numbered any lounge lizards or dubious noblemen or other undesirables among her dancing partners," a society columnist wrote fastidiously, adding that "only a very strong-willed girl could have kept her feet in the more sober path she set for herself while so many of the girls of her age and circle in society were jazzing madly off into the primrose byways." Now, wearing a medieval-style gown of white satin with a train four yards long, she was marrying Charles Shipman Payson, the handsome, Yale-educated son of a down-East banker. "Knowing Joan Whitney as a young woman who always does the things she should do, and never those she should not, her friends are sure that the bride and her attendants will not smoke cigarettes on their way to and from the marriage altar, and that the hip pockets of the best man and ushers will not bulge with well-filled flasks," clucked another society reporter approvingly.

There were twenty motorcycle policemen on hand to direct traffic at the entrance to Greentree, the six-hundred-acre Whitney estate at Manhasset, Long Island, which the bride's father had bought for *his* bride in 1904. It now boasted, in addition to the basic stables, kennels, and swimming pools, a polo field, a movie theater, a private gymnasium, garages for 28 cars, three grass tennis courts, a nine-hole golf course, and an army of three hundred servants. Among the thousand wedding guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Reverend Peabody of Groton, President Lowell of Harvard, Mrs. Stanford White, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., Miss Ellin Mackay, who would soon be shocking society by marrying a young Jewish composer by the name of Irving Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor, and the architect William Adams Delano.

For the annual Fourth of July costume parties, the drawing room became a ballroom, a great carpet was rolled all the way from house to pool to protect the ladies' dancing shoes, and a late supper would be served under a marquee flying the Greentree Stable colors, watermelon and black

Delano was the impeccable master of elegant country houses for the rich and wellborn. (He also built them clubs in town: the Union, the Brook, the Knickerbocker, the Colony—a string of structures that did more than shelter their fellowship, that virtually defined their world.) Four years after their marriage, the Paysons, who had been living in a Greentree cottage that Payne Whitney had given them completely furnished as a wedding present, commissioned Delano to build them a house of their own on the property. They needed a big house—there were children to think about, of which there would eventually be five—but ostentation was to be avoided at all costs. Well, that was Delano's specialty—he once confided to a friend of his that he far preferred the coziness of the Knickerbocker Club to the grandeur he had been commissioned to give the Union Club.

The new thing in the twenties was for a rich man's house to be much more domestic in scale, and what Delano in fact designed for the Paysons was a fieldstone Georgian house with a rather casual plan. He took care to mix the formality of the Georgian with the informality of the fieldstone—indeed, he was playing with formality and in-



formality—so that the feeling of the house became that of imposing intimacy: like its mistress, grand and cozy at the same time. Set in a rectangular courtyard with a shallow apsidal end and an island in the center bounded by high yew hedges, the entrance to the house is low and modest. But once inside, the foyer is a rich overlapping pattern of black-and-white marble squares.

Immediately to the right are numerous changing rooms where every inch of wall space is covered with memorabilia chronicling the Whitney family's involvement in sport. Mrs. Payson's grandfather had been the leading American money winner and had built up Aiken, South Carolina; her uncle Harry was the great stable owner of *his* generation; and her mother, who had had horses triumph twice in the Kentucky Derby (Twenty Grand in 1931 and Shut Out in 1942), was hailed as "First Lady of the Turf"—"the kind of woman," said *Fortune* magazine, "who smiles at everybody, whom butcher boys extol, whom stableboys adore." Mrs. Payson herself, having inherited the fondness of her forebears for the vigorous diversions of outdoor life, especially the higher forms of horsemanship, was co-owner with her brother John Hay Whitney of the formidable Greentree Stable. After she bought the Mets in 1961 ("to bring a National League team back to New York after the desertion of the Dodgers and Giants"), she began giving her beloved horses baseball names: Jolly Roger, Hall of Fame, One-Hitter, Third League.

To the left of the entrance hall is a little vanity box of a ladies' powder room, with a series of naiad panels in green enamel, which Mrs. Payson commissioned her friend, the noted society portraitist and mural painter Charles Baskerville, to design for her. It was the last word in daring modernism for the early thirties.

A dramatic spiral staircase ascends two floors toward a low, gently detailed saucer dome—a kind of preamble to Delano's great coffered dome at the Union Club—from which is pendent a single globe in a wrought-iron frame. The first-floor landing is surfaced with glazed blocks of wood intricately laid like brick in a herringbone pattern, their end grains exposed to resemble a fancy stable floor. Here Delano has once again married opposites: the formal feeling of brick, the physical warmth and acoustical resonance of wood.

Off the landing is the paneled library where Gilbert Stuart's great *George Washington In His Later Years* once hung. The Paysons presented it to the White House in memory of their son Daniel, who was killed at the age of nineteen in the Battle of the Bulge. A Bellows, four Brueghels, several Winslow Homers, and a Rembrandt also peopled these walls. Mrs. Payson thoughtfully had posters of the Rembrandt printed up for friends.

Jo Davidson's busts of Mr. and Mrs. Payson flank the entrance to the enormous, beautifully proportioned drawing room, into which one sails through a high, arched door with a swan's-neck pediment and a lunette of three curling waves. Despite the heavy Empire-style hangings on the windows, the room is airy, and there is an easy, altogether English scale to the furniture. On the



walls, a shock of pictures: Renoir, Matisse, Sisley, El Greco, Manet, Cézanne, Corot, Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, Goya, Van Gogh. On an old library table, its leather top quite beaten in by the sun, stand several small Henry Moore–like bronzes and a grandchild's lollipop jar. A George III mahogany breakfront holds Mrs. Payson's collection of miniature ornaments—like many large people, she was fascinated by the small-scale; in fact, her nickname from childhood was "Mouse."

There is nothing miniature about Mrs. Payson's spectacular, uncharacteristically sybaritic bathroom on the third, master-bedroom floor: from the fluted corner columns supporting the *(Text continued on page 212)*

COURTESY OF PAYSON FAMILY COLLECTION



From the family albums, *clockwise, from opposite top:* an early photo of Joan Whitney Payson; one of her three daughters, Sandra, with son Blair Meyer, in the drawing room at the annual costume ball; Oleg Cassini poses with Grace Kelly in the early fifties at the top of the spiral staircase; the front of the Payson house designed by William Adams Delano.





Pool chairs and cushions piled up against the muraled walls in the main room of the pool house, built by Stanford White in 1910.



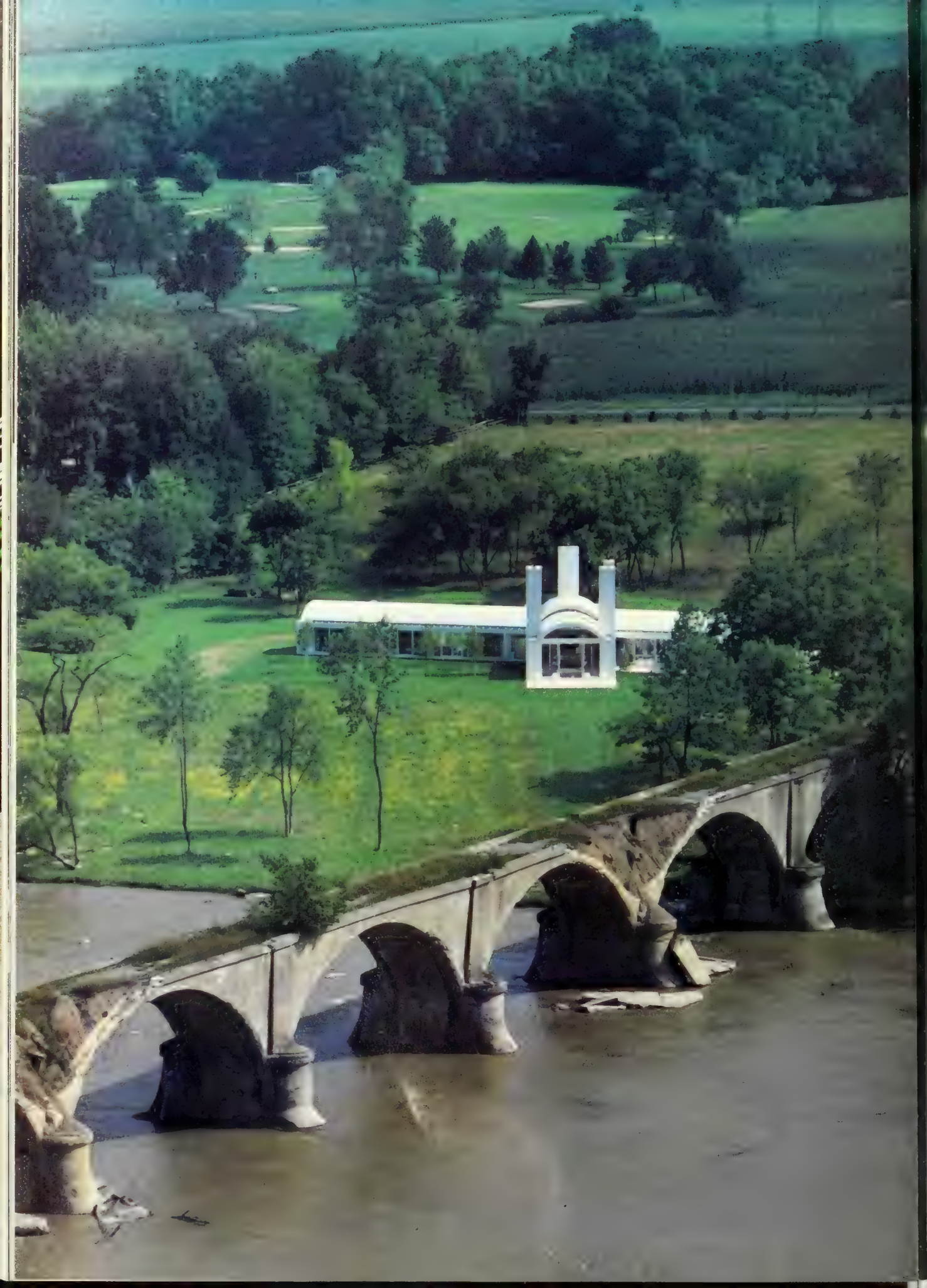
A view down the main hallway to the drawing room from the small family dining room, *above,* papered in an old hunting mural. *Below:* The last stop after summer parties: looking from the deep end of the 110-by-40-foot pool, surrounded by lattice, to the pool house.

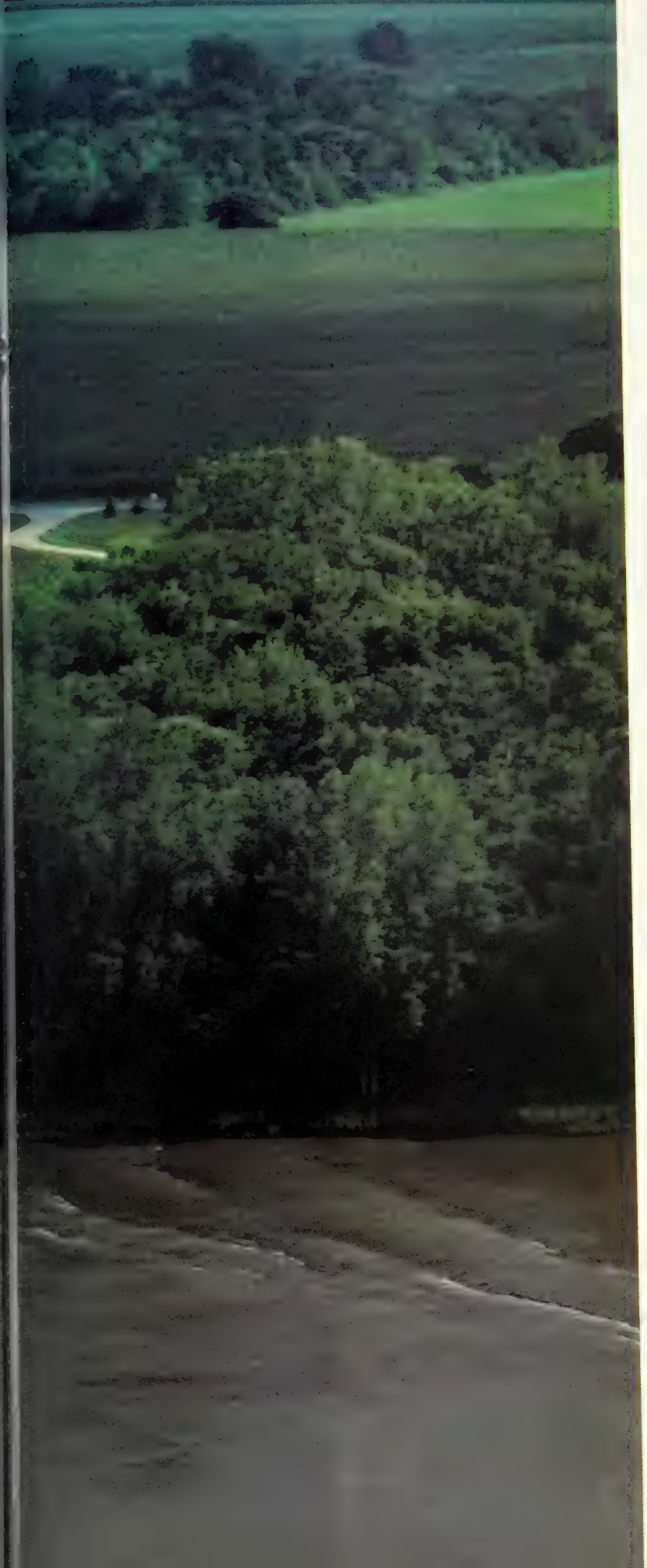




The powder room, *above,* designed by Charles Baskerville in the early thirties. The green enamel naiad panel on the sink cabinet is one of several in this room painted by Baskerville. *Below:* The pond, with a sculpture by Xavier Medina-Campeny.







A VIEW OF THE BRIDGE

Hugh Newell Jacobsen's design for a house on the Maumee River

BY WILLIAM WALTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LAUTMAN

On the Maumee River in northwest Ohio, architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen has positioned his newest house so every room has a romantic river view. The crumbling bridge is "something Piranesi would have loved." Its arches are echoed throughout the design, a cruciform centered by a dome.



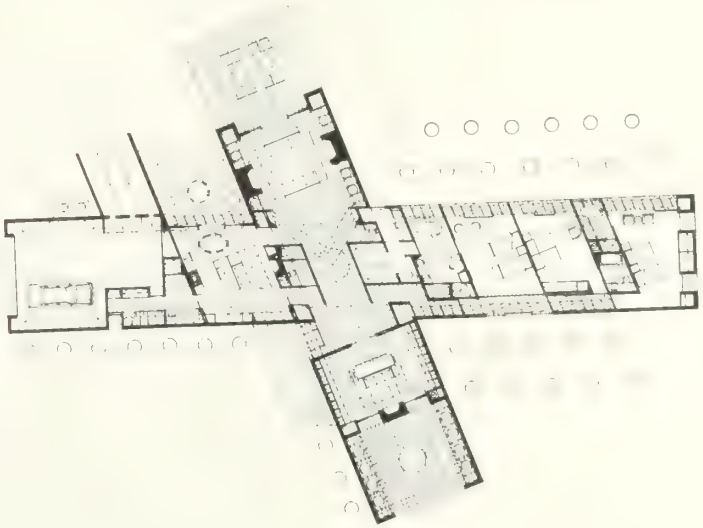


The river is timeless. The bridge speaks of time passed. The house, drawing strength from river and bridge, is of both today and tomorrow.

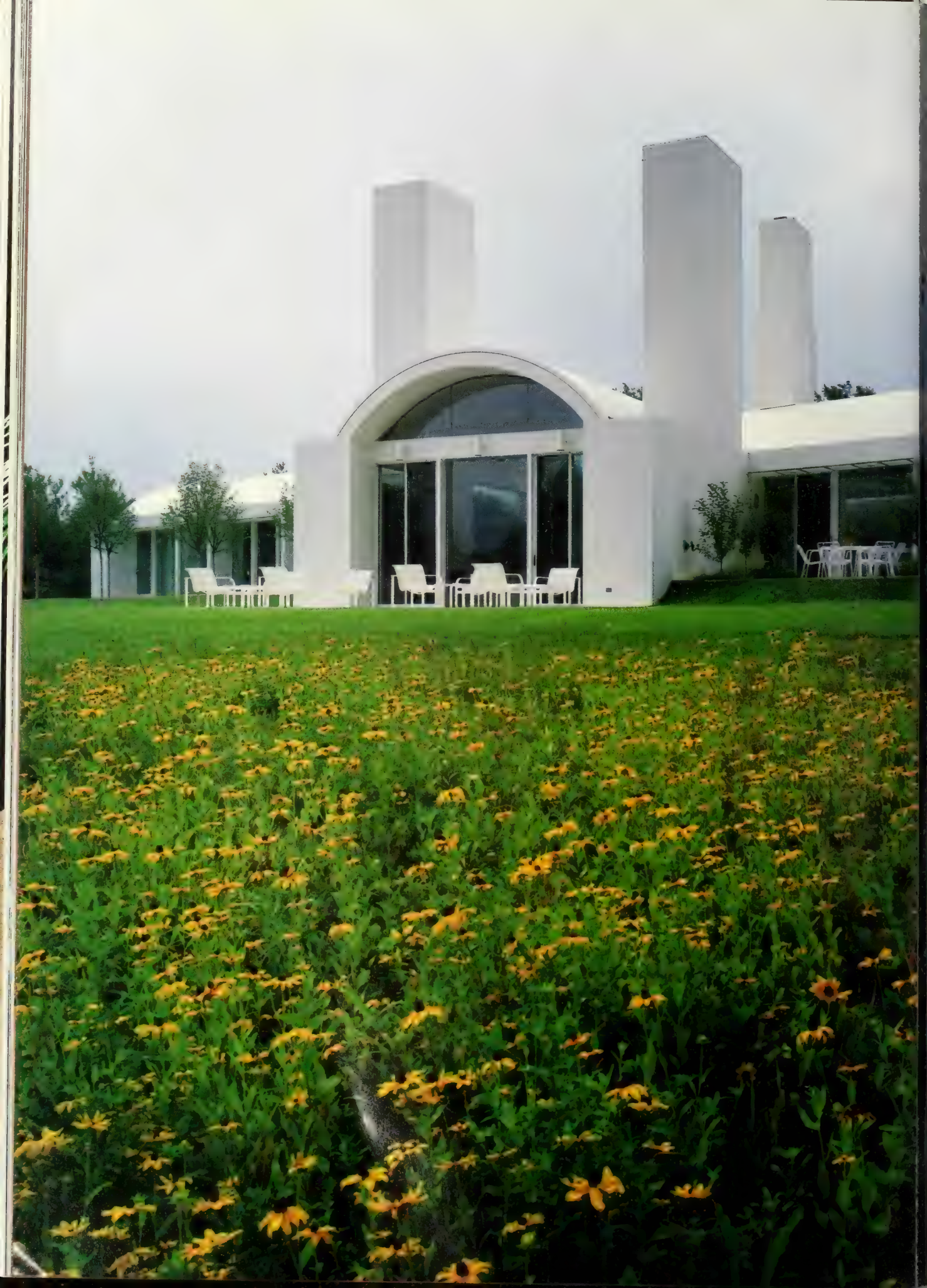
Bridge and river were already there, and it remained for Hugh Newell Jacobsen to complete the composition with an immaculate white house that knits the three elements into a landscape of magical beauty.

Meandering through land rich in Indian and Colonial history, the Maumee River rises in Indiana and flows across the northwest corner of Ohio before emptying into Lake Erie at Toledo. Some twenty miles above Toledo, the river, broad and shallow, gurgles under an abandoned railway bridge. Once the route of the Lima & Toledo Railway, the twelve pale tan stone arches of the bridge are intact, but decay has set in, and bushes, small trees, and a tangle of wild vines sprout between the crumbling joints. When Jacobsen's client first took him to the site, the architect's interest suddenly quickened as he envisioned working near "a bridge Piranesi would have loved."

Without the resonance of the bridge, the site would be undistinguished, merely a gentle riverbank rising to woodlands that screen the nearby secondary highway. The gener-

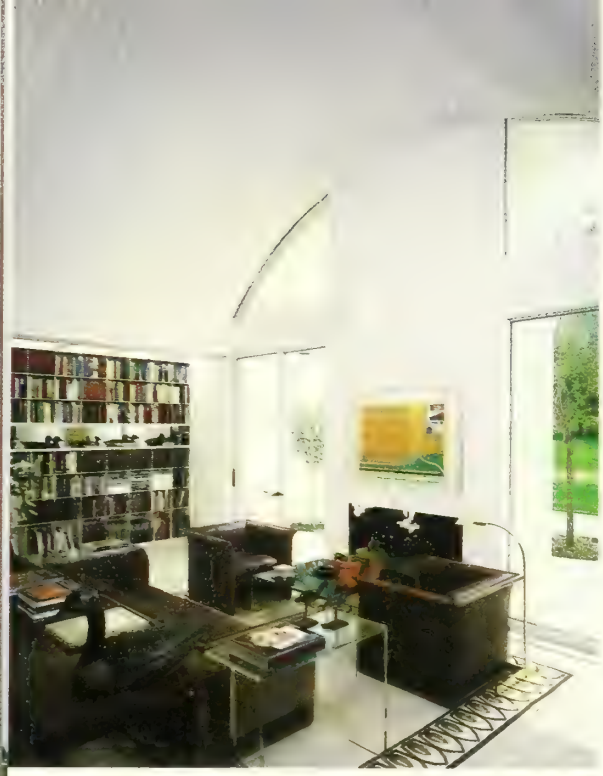


A circular dome showers sunlight and starlight into the atrium, *opposite,* which centers the house. V-shaped steps lead to the living room, where terra-cotta-colored sofas rest on an architect-designed rug repeating the terra cotta, blue, and beige of Jacobsen's Etruscan palette. Walls are all white; the floor, honed travertine. Six ficus trees are automatically fed and watered by concealed pipes. *Above:* Rear view centers on the sun-trap, a terrace closed on three sides. *Right:* Plan shows the generation of parallelogram rooms.





A carpet of black-eyed Susans, *opposite*, sweeps from the riverside up to two terraces outside the living room and kitchen areas. In a corner of the living room, *this page*, the bridge view competes with *Speedboat* by Milton Avery, one of two of his paintings in the living room.



al area is billiard-table flat, given to farming grain, vegetables, some corn, nothing spectacular. But a sense of history hangs over this part of Ohio where early settlers engaged in bitter struggles with the Indians. Nearby is the site of the Battle of Fallen Timbers, where Mad Anthony Wayne defeated a powerful Indian coalition in 1794 and helped rescue the frontier of the old Northwest Territory. Just twenty years later General William Henry Harrison, "Ol' Tippecanoe," defeated another enemy, this time the British invaders from Canada, who were driven out of Fort Meigs and eventually back across Lake Erie in 1814. Historic markers and Indian burial grounds are everywhere.

The crumbling bridge, completed in 1908, speaks of more recent times and problems. For a mere three decades the bridge carried the electric trolleys that were then an important link in the nation's interurban transportation system. Automobiles and the national highway system ended all that, and the bridge fell into desuetude. If the masons had not built so well, that might have been *(Text continued on page 194)*

Furniture in library, *above,* can be pushed aside to convert the room into a dining area, *right.* French 17th-century table is surrounded by stacking chairs, emerald velvet on brass.







Master bedroom, *opposite,* is papered in pale tan linen, the same fabric used for headboards and bedspreads. *This page:* Night view reveals structural elements used to create a bridge-river composition.



LACQUER PERFECT

The art of Jean Dunand reveals the luxurious side of the Art Deco movement







BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEILA METZNER

A baluster-shaped vase, *opposite,* with geometric decorations in black, red, and gold lacquer on a patinated brown ground, circa 1925, against Jean Lambert-Rucki screen, circa 1923. *Above:* Three views of a vase with abstract geometric design in red and black lacquer on an unpatinated ground with traces of silver dotting.



An underwater fantasy: reddish-brown and magenta spheres overlap on a patinated brown ground, circa 1915. Beside it, a vase of metallic gold and yellow spheres that seem to rise like bubbles against a Dunand screen of fish in five-color lacquer.



An Art Deco vase signed Jean Dunand (1877–1942) could be had for $100 from a Left Bank dealer in 1970. This year at Christie's in New York, a Dunand vase was sold for $71,500. A bargain when compared to his lacquered panels done for the luxury liner *Normandie* sold last year by New York dealer Bruce Newman of Newel Art Galleries for a cool $2 million. The grand salon's 32 panels, sculpted in gold lacquer by Dunand from drawings by Jean Dupas, had previously been auctioned in 1962 at Le Havre for $500. Pieces that once could be picked up for a song are now commanding prices that make Wall Street look like a bad investment.

Quietly gaining momentum since the early seventies in Paris, and catching on in New York in the early eighties, Art Deco has finally come back with a bang. Though some of fashion's finest—Rochas, Saint Laurent, Lagerfeld, and Geoffrey Beene stateside—were closet collectors of Dunand for years, well before his stock went up. Art Deco dealer Cheska Vallois, one of the figures instrumental in the revival, admits that these days 95 percent of her rue de Seine clientele is American. Madison Avenue gallery owner Anthony DeLorenzo has been collecting Dunand for two and a half years to mount the first major American exhibition in New York in May. "Getting through to someone in France who might have something to sell is harder than getting through to the President of the United States," says DeLorenzo, whose detective work has paid off; he has found some eighteen screens, ninety vases, and twenty pieces of furniture to put in his show at the gallery bearing his name. The feverish demand for Dunand vases these days can be measured by the number of fakes produced. They have been cropping up recently (not all of Dunand's work was signed)—some of them close to perfect renditions of his work.

Fakes, perhaps, but you won't ever find any of Jean Dunand reissued the way some of Eileen Gray or Mallet-Stevens has been, for today his technique is out of reach commercially. "Dunand turned to the traditional methods of Chinese lacquer to express a very modern sensibility—and the quality of his work was in many cases superior to his spiritual forebears," says Félix Marcilhac, an Art Deco expert whose shop on the rue Bonaparte is the sanctum sanctorum. "He crashed the gates of an extremely repetitive Oriental aesthetic and arrived at a totally new language." Marcilhac's book on Dunand, *Sculpteur, Dinandier, Laqueur,* to be published in the autumn, will join the other recent retrospective volumes on pioneers of the interwar period, Ruhlmann, Franck, Chareau, Lalique.



Least surprised by all the fuss is Dunand's son, Bernard, 77, his closest collaborator and keeper of the keys. "The prices paid today (*Normandie* panels aside) for my father's work in *laque de chine*—vases, screens, furniture—are really equivalent to what they were in their day. Don't forget a lacquered piece took us over a year to make." The man he still calls "Papa" took him out of school at sixteen to help prepare what was to be Dunand's triumphant participation in the 1925 L'Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs—the first major exhibition of decorative arts to be held after World War I and to which Art Deco owes its name. A luxuriously lacquered smoking room for the Ambassade Française pavilion in red and black complete with a silver leaf ceiling was praised for its "magnificently barbaric harmony of color."

Like Eileen Gray, Jean Dunand learned the arduous art of lacquering in 1912 from Sougawara, the great Japanese master then living in Paris. It was the turning point in a career that had begun with *dinanderie*—as hammering metal is often called, from the Flemish town of Dinant, where the production of brassware flourished in the Middle Ages. The once solitary craftsman who, upon marriage, had decided on *dinanderie* as a more reliable profession than sculpture, suddenly found himself taking on up to a hundred Indochinese workers to help execute commissions in lacquer. Considered more adept at the art, the Indochinese were also said to be less allergic to fresh lacquer, which often causes rashes and fever.

The technical excellence demanded in hammering and chasing metals (never striking the same point twice) served Dunand well in the painstaking process of *laque de chine.* At first applying it to sections of his *dinanderie,* he zigzagged his way to increasing Cubist complexity. Panels and furniture soon became part of the repertoire which meant at least twenty coats of lacquer, or rather forty, as the reverse side had to be done as well to keep the wood from warping. Each layer took up to three weeks to dry in a humid room after which it was rubbed down and smoothed before the next coat. "We had several *chambres humides* in the workshops we built around our house in the fourteenth arrondissement. My father rigged up gutters around the cement walls so water would run constantly," Bernard Dunand recalls adding wistfully, "Only a small commemorative plaque remains of what was once our own entire city block." Then there was the role of the moon. Since lacquer is a resin extracted from trees in the Far East, it is sensitive to the whole natural cycle of life. It only dried by a waxing moon. Results were best when the moon was full. Under those conditions, a folding screen or a piece of furniture took at least a year to finish. Though lacquer applied to metal is dried by heat in a kiln, even the smallest bibelots took months of work.

(Text continued on page 205)













An *au chapeau* vase with *ailettes,* <u>*opposite,*</u> one of the rarest Dunand vases, circa 1925–30. <u>*Above, clockwise from top left:*</u> One of the first vases of *coquille d'œuf* with two-color lacquer, circa 1925, against Dunand screen designed by Jean Lambert-Rucki; lacquer with silver dotting, circa 1920–25; black lacquer with *coquille d'œuf;* winged vase of red and black lacquer on gray patinated ground; vase of encrusted silver on brown patinated ground, circa 1918–22, against Dunand's *Le Cirque,* a four-panel wood screen designed by Jean Lambert-Rucki, circa 1925; black lacquer with *coquille d'œuf.* <u>*Below:*</u> An early vase, of geometric linear designs of encrustations of silver on patinated ground.



COLOR FEAST

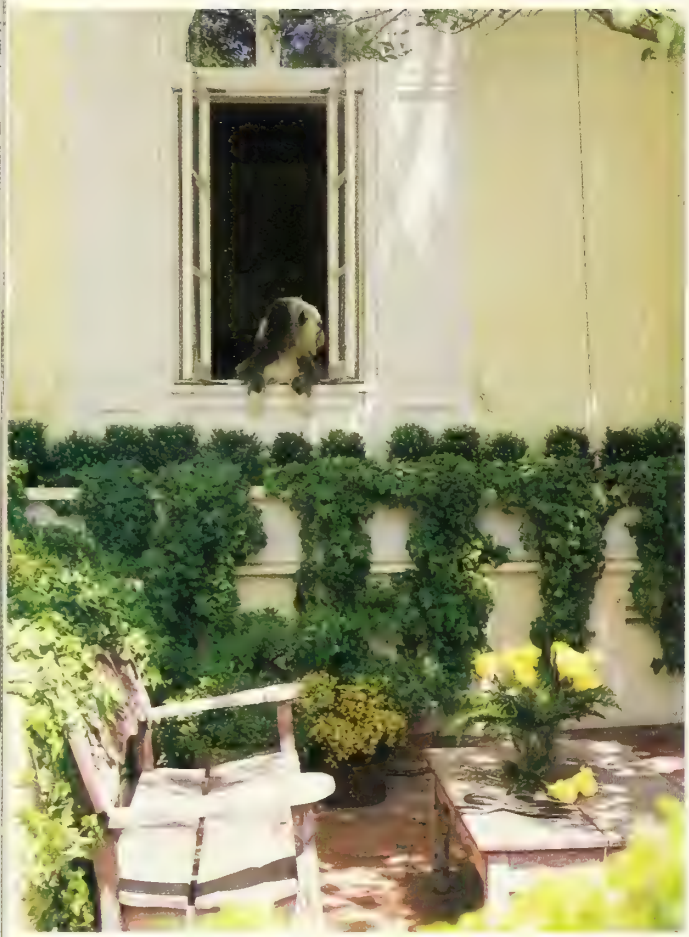
Rooms by Mario Buatta for San Francisco days and nights

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY NICHOLS





Pale yellow walls, fresh flowers, and a cotton print from Clarence House make any foggy morning sunny. On the wall, from left, are works by Joan Miró, Larry Zox, and Barbara Weldon. On Korean coffee table: Japanese geese, a Thai figure.





The owner of this turn-of-the-century San Francisco house decided to settle in California a few years ago and thereupon commissioned an unmistakably Eastern interior designer, Mario Buatta, to decorate her three-story house. A woman with two teen-age sons, she was raised in Texas, is well traveled, and has ties to New York and Southampton, yet there was no one geographical style she wanted to capture. She is content with a respectful bow to San Francisco in its Oriental mode and some clear references to a few of the places she has spent time in, especially England, the fountainhead of the Buatta style.

Mario Buatta describes the building as "an 1890s detached Victorian, somewhat Georgianized a few decades into its life." A staircase winds through the center of the house, and its landings are used by the art-collecting owner as small galleries. Flanking the stairwell on the main floor are a yellow living room and a teal-blue dining room; on the second floor, the main bedroom is apricot, the library garnet red. All these walls are glazed and luminous.

The owner chose these strong colors with her decorator's blessing but with some trepidation, and she

Casper, the English sheepdog, waits for his family at a front window, *above*. Courtyard planting is by Robert Bell of The Greenery. *Right:* A Picasso hangs in a corner of the garnet-red library, a room often used for the cocktail hour. Clarence House print; Stark carpeting.





is pleased that the house turned out to be "not like an Easter egg." This danger was averted, Buatta and his client feel, by his choice of a matte-finish putty color for the stairwell, providing "a neutral core."

Mario Buatta is always glad when a house is large enough to permit him to include several day and night rooms: some at their best in the sun, some made for candle- and firelight. His client, who knew Buatta as a friend before she called upon him to decorate her new house, worked closely with him in devising areas for entertaining, for her daily piano playing, for homework connected with a film she is currently coproducing, for her boys when they are home from school, and for those peaceful moments when she can just gaze at the Bay and the bridge.

Her art collection as well as an accumulation of antiques were the raw materials Buatta was given to work with, among them the library's lacquered bureau-bookcase and the chairs placed near it. "I like decorating with clients who have slowly acquired objects that represent their history and their taste," the designer says. "It makes it far easier to create a personal interior landscape for them to live in." □

Editor: Marilyn Schafer



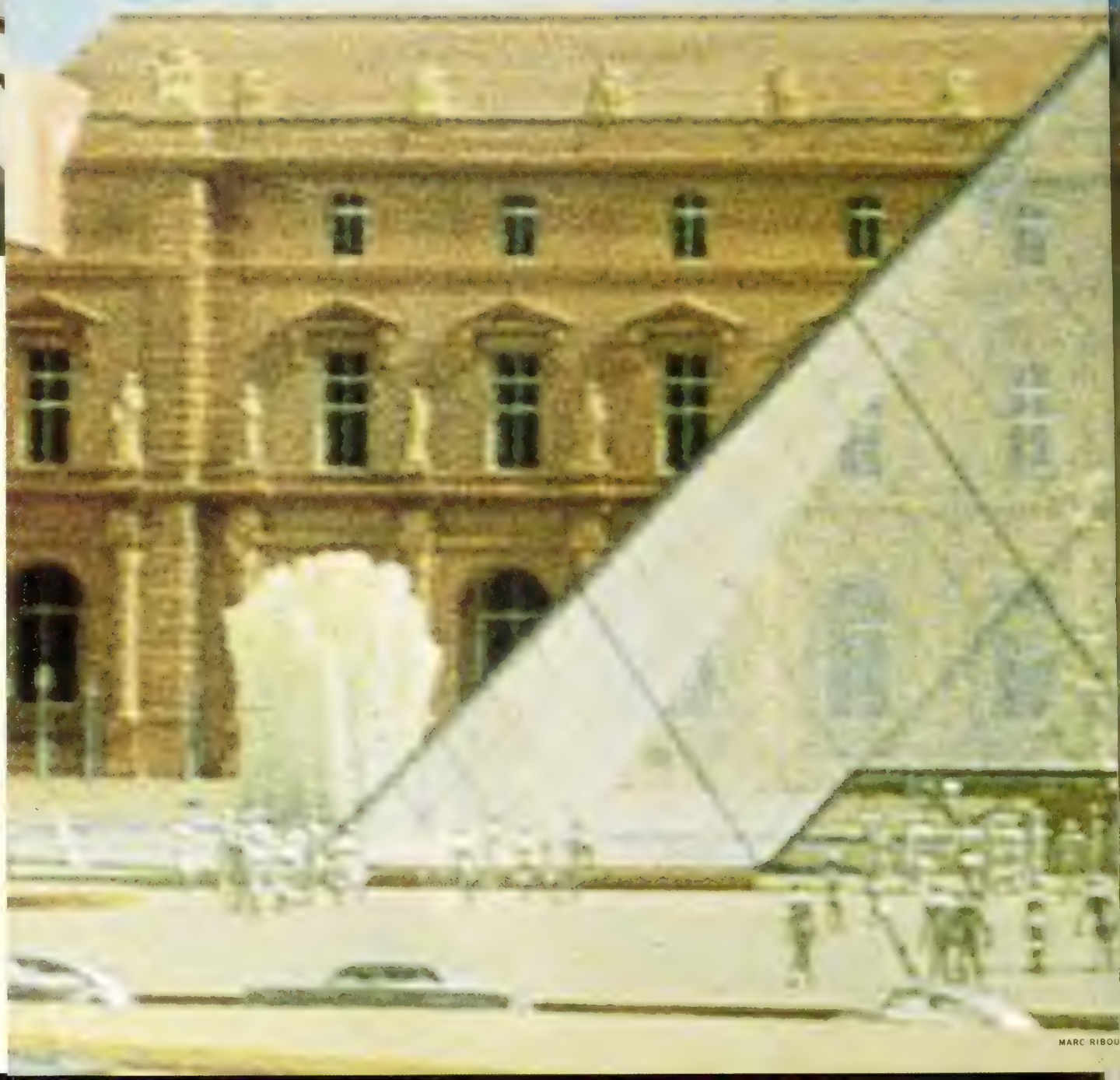
The center of this house of many colors is the graceful, pale stairwell, *above*. *Right:* The dining room's permanent table always wears a pretty skirt, this fabric by Clarence House. Ombré stripe at windows from Brunschwig; Brighton-inspired chairs from McGuire.



THE JEWEL IN THE GROUND

I. M. Pei's controversial pyramid for the Grand Louvre brings to light the rich evidence of eight hundred years of French history

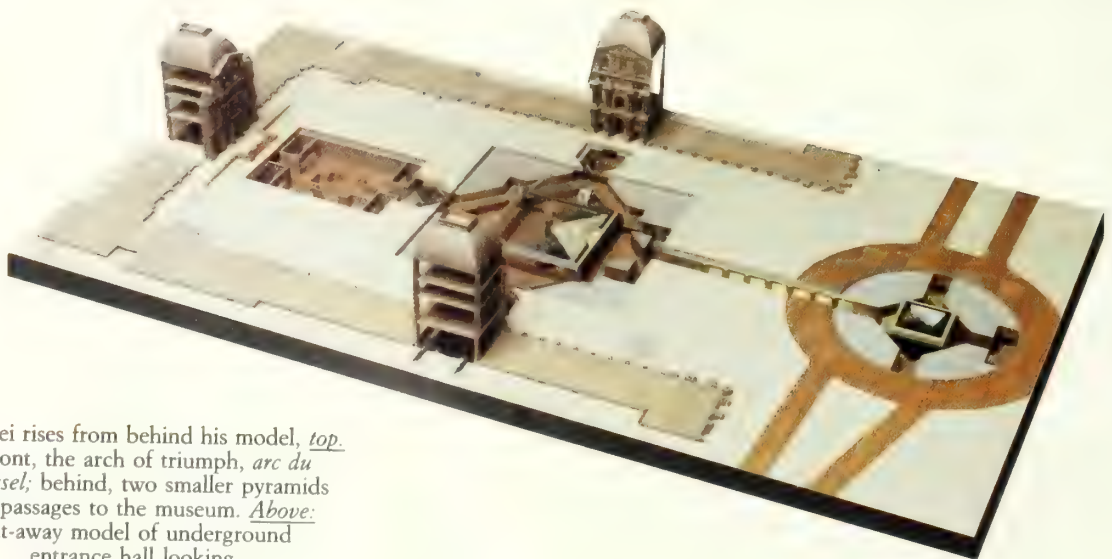
BY OLIVIER BERNIER



MARC RIBOU







I.M. Pei rises from behind his model, *top.* In front, the arch of triumph, *arc du Carrousel;* behind, two smaller pyramids light passages to the museum. *Above:* Cut-away model of underground entrance hall looking across the *cour Napoléon,* and entrances.

When it was first built, around 1190, it embodied the very latest word in military architecture; when, a century and a half later, it underwent the first of many major modifications, it became the most splendid palace in Europe, but palaces, too, go out of fashion: the Louvre's fate, from that day in 1365 to this, has remained consistent only in that every century has put its mark on it.

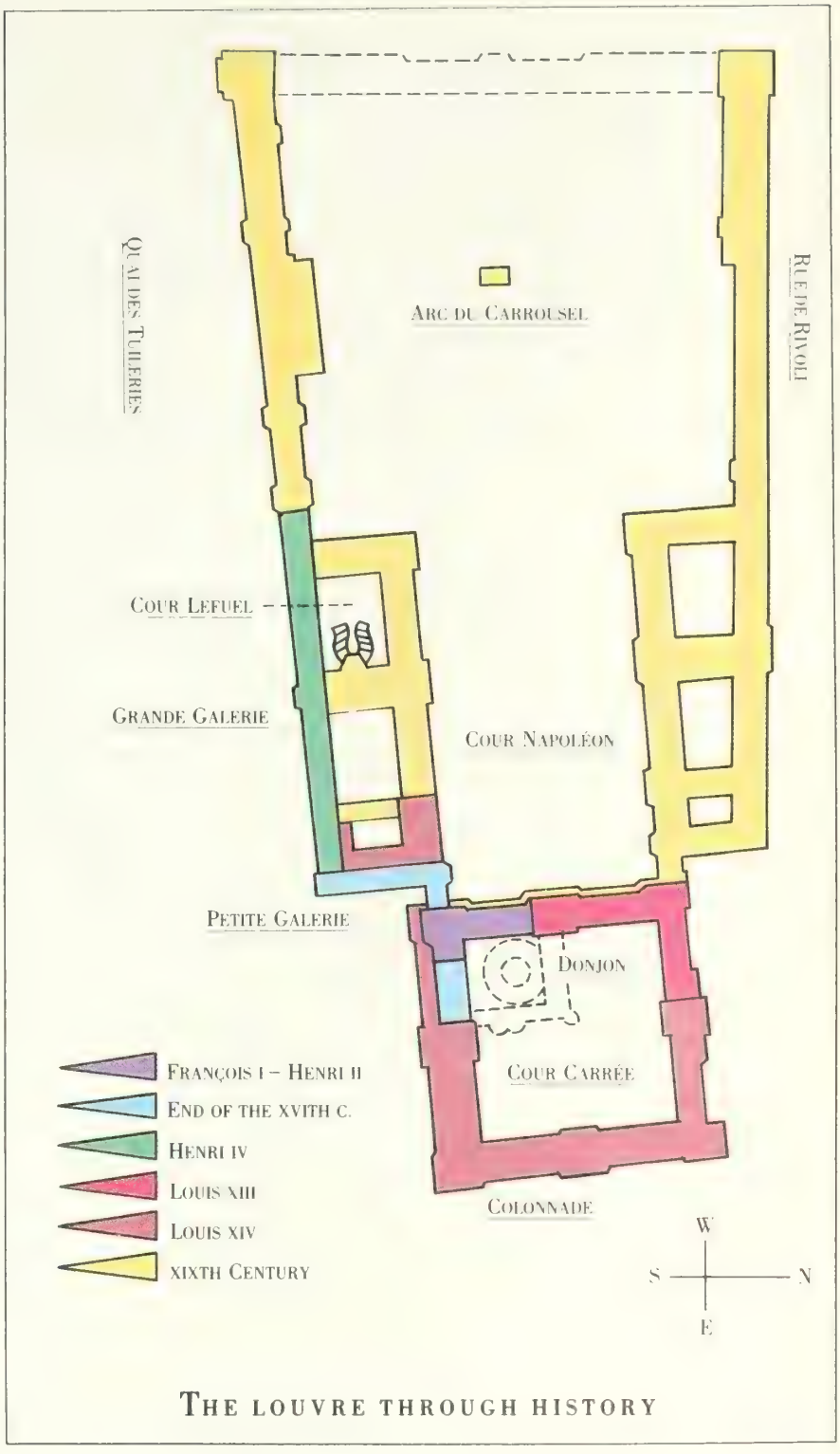
That the Louvre needed improvement must have been the longest-lived cliché in architectural history: from Charles V, who first transformed the fortress into a residence on through the Renaissance kings and Henri IV who ordered the building of the long, riverside gallery; from Louis XIV, who provided it with a decent, modern façade to Napoléon III who made it look the way it does today, transformed, rebuilt, extended, reshaped over more than six hundred years, it has become one of the world's great museums without quite losing its early vocation: palatial in aspect, its north wing still houses that essential arm of the state, the Ministry of Finances. It is thus not very surprising that when President Mitterrand, a man sensitive to architecture, history, and the visible manifestations of power, looked around for a suitable monument to enshrine his memory, his glance fell on the Louvre.

Whatever the merits of the project that ensued—and they are hotly debated—the President's decision has had one wholly positive consequence. Because I.M. Pei's plans for an underground entrance hall called for digging a very large hole in the middle of the *cour Napoléon,* it was decided to turn both this space and the *cour carrée* over to teams of archaeologists. The result has been to make history come alive.

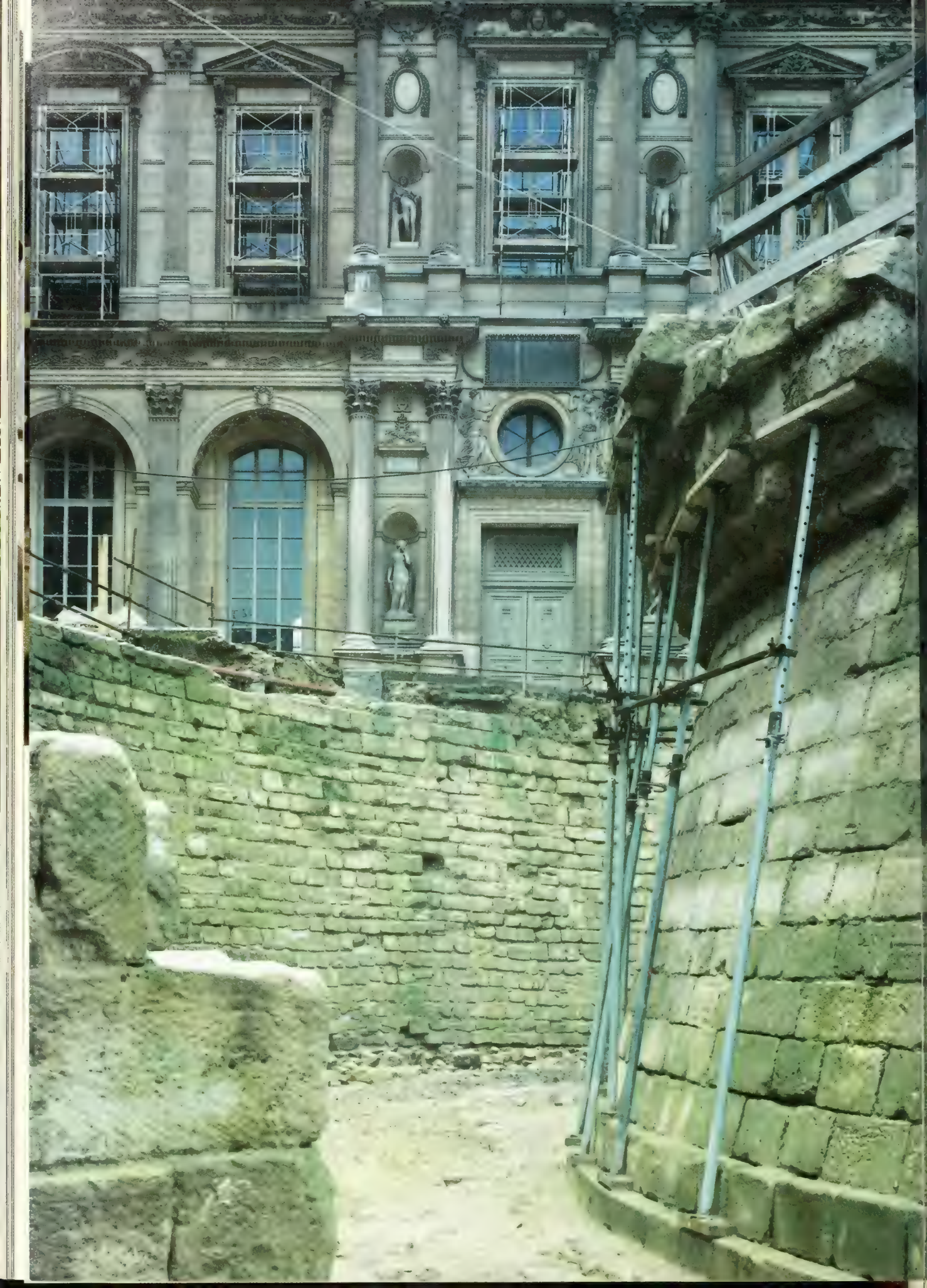
Not only did Michel Fleury, the archaeologist in charge of the *cour carrée,* unearth the foundations of the earlier structures, it has also been decided that they were too good to hide again. Mr. Pei was asked to modify his plans, the Permanent Architect of the Louvre is designing a new crypt, so that when the *cour carrée* is, once more, repaved (as it must be to preserve one of the most beautiful architectural ensembles in France) the public will still be able to see the fortress of Philippe Auguste and the palace of Charles V—or, at least, their foundations.

This decision has, very rightly, met with universal approval; still, fascinating as the sights in the crypt will no doubt remain, they can hardly compare with the view of the excavations, open to a pale blue winter sky and lit by the golden-pink light of Paris. Seen from a height, it is the plan itself of the original structures which lies revealed and surrounded by 21-foot-deep moats, while the blue-clad workers busy about the last of the excavation looked startlingly like the figures in a medieval miniature.

There, round and massive in the southwest corner of the *cour carrée,* stand the foundations of the keep, isolated at the center of a moat, and surrounded by a powerful curtain wall



THE LOUVRE THROUGH HISTORY



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ADAM BARTOS

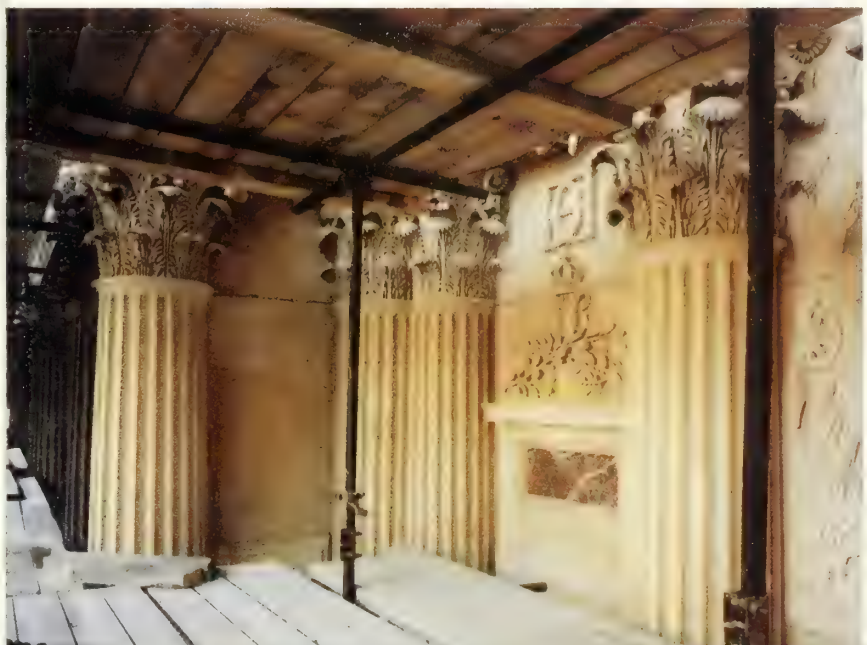


COURTESY ART RESOURCE

Excavations in the *cour carrée* show the round keep, moat, and towered, fortified wall surrounding it, *above.* Stone pile for the drawbridge is covered by blue tarp in foreground. *Opposite:* Foundation of keep with 16th-century wing behind *Left:* Miniature from *Les Très Riches Heures du duc de Berry* shows Louvre in 1395; keep is tallest tower.







reinforced at regular intervals by round towers. In the center of the east wing, twin towers flank an empty space which was once the grand entrance to the Louvre. This is underlined further by the presence of a small stone island in the middle of the exterior moat which once supported the beams of the drawbridge.

This earliest Louvre, built by Philippe Auguste around 1190, was actually a fortress just outside the walls of Paris, and it embodied the last word in defensive architecture. It stood there, unchanged for 150 years, with its dungeon used, indiscriminately, to house prisoners of state and the Royal Treasury. All the while Paris grew; when, finally it burst its old boundaries, and new city walls were built in the mid fourteenth century, the fortress lost its *raison d'être:* the Louvre was now within the new defensive system. Still, it was too good to tear down, so King Charles V, after consulting with Raymond du Temple, his architect, decided that the old fort would become a brand-new and luxurious palace.

By 1375, when the work was completed, a gleaming array of walls and towers reflected in the waters of the Seine enclosed a large new wing and a vast assemblage of remodeled rooms: we see this first of the Louvre palaces, tall and impressive, depicted by Pol de Limbourg in one of the most graceful miniatures of *Les Très Riches Heures du duc de Berry.*

As in most fourteenth-century architecture, height was the key. First, Charles V had both towers and walls raised: the keep, for instance, originally some ninety feet high, now reached well past the hundred-foot mark. All towers were topped with pointed roofs surmounted in turn by tall, gilded weather vanes and high, conical chimneys. The old curtain wall, now safe behind a new set of fortifications, was pierced by wide windows while, all around the top, it was adorned with

Restoring the 16th-century façade: the cornice, *top;* marble inset and semicircular pediment, *center;* half-concealed by the scaffolding, the entwined initials of Henri II and his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, *left.*

ılpted motifs. And in one of those
vers, the King installed a kind of
ɔm which no medieval palace had
ɛr contained before: there, in his li-
ary, the King started the collection of
ınuscripts from which, centuries lat-
the Bibliothèque Nationale was to
ɔw.

Not content with transforming Phi-
ıpe Auguste's fortress, however,
ıarles V also ordered the building of
arge new wing, completely unmili-
y inside and out. Its foundations are
ll clearly visible, as are those of the
ılpture-laden grand staircase which
ıce led from the courtyard to the roy-
apartments; and because the quality
the stonework had improved with
e passage of time, Charles V's addi-
ɔns are clearly recognizable: while
e remains of the old curtain wall are
ade of rough-hewn, loosely joined
ɔnes, the new buttresses are a model
smooth and sophisticated masonry.

It was probably then that deep la-
ines were dug; and they have turned
ıt to hide not only hundreds of pieces
broken crockery and metal objects
ıt also fragments from a fourteenth-
ɛntury helmet and horse trappings
ıat were used in a tourney, then dis-
ıarded.

In the end, however, the old palace
id not see much use. After Charles V's
eath, his son Charles VI's lapse into
ısanity, and the English conquest in
422, it became, briefly, Henry V's res-
lence. After that, it remained largely
mpty as the monarchy moved to the
oire valley; and when, in the 1520s
rancois I returned to Paris, the Re-
aissance had come: the Louvre had
ecome old-fashioned, uncomfortable
nd altogether unfitted as a residence
ɔr the King. Still, it was the only prop-
r royal palace in Paris, so new plans
ere made, and in the 1550s, the south
nd west wings of the palace were torn
own and the *cour carrée* was begun.

The immediate result was a well-dis-
uised improvement: while new, more
omfort- *(Text continues on page 202)*







Detail of the lush Renaissance décor: a river god topped by pediment with garlands of fruit, Roman-inspired faun, a fanciful leaf frieze, *top;* triangular pediment with faunlike *groteschi, center;* in a niche, the original sculpture is replaced by a 19th-century Venus, *right.*



When Henri II decided to build a new, modern Louvre, he called on the great sculptor Jean Goujon: his architecture curves around an oculus near the intertwined *HD* of Diane and Henri.



LIFE ON LOCH FYNE



The rhythms of a writing family's days in the Highlands

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

Strachur House, *above,* in Argyllshire on the shore of Loch Fyne, built in 1783 for General John Campbell, a commander of the British forces in the American War of Independence. *Opposite:* Coats, cromachs, saddles, golf clubs, and fishing rods are kept on the porch, added to the main entranceway in the 19th century to help guard against the cold winds that blow off Loch Fyne.



An unsupported stone staircase leads to the first-floor landing, *above,* where walls are hung with 18th-century landscapes. *Opposite:* Sir Fitzroy's office, where he writes when the weather does not permit him to work outside in the Bearpit. *Below:* A view of back of the house, with pollarded lime trees leading to the park.





When Chopin visited Scotland in September 1848, already a dying man, he sailed across the Clyde from Glasgow to spend a week with Lady Murray, a former pupil, who was then living in Argyllshire in a house on the shore of Loch Fyne. Chopin hated this Scottish tour. His ill health made him play badly, he disliked being stared at as though he were some kind of wild animal by the hordes of Scots who came to see him, and he complained constantly of the cold, damp, and discomfort. He appears to have considered Strachur House, Lady Murray's home, as being no exception, and could scarcely wait to get back to London. Perhaps things might have been different had he received the kind of welcome which visitors to Strachur are used to getting from the present owners, who have made it a favorite and celebrated resting place on the long haul from England to the west coast of Scotland.

Strachur was completed in 1783 for General John Campbell, a commander of the British forces in the American War of Independence, who had returned from the war determined to build for himself a fine house in keeping with his standing as a great soldier and a laird. He almost certainly designed it himself, possibly with the help of some local architect, and it is not unlikely that in his choice of design he was influenced by the restoration work being carried out by the Adam brothers at neighboring Inveraray Castle, which had been seriously damaged by fire. The central staircases are, for example, identical. Around the house Campbell laid out a park, a new and English concept quite unusual in the Highlands of those days, with beech avenues and stands of silver and Scots firs planted, so it was said, in the formation of one of the battles in which he had fought. When the project was almost finished, he called in the local minister, who was working on a report of the locality, to admire the view from his favorite room, now the library.



The far drawing room, *above,* on the first floor, which is hardly ever used except for parties. *Opposite above:* The dining room had the original 18th-century handpainted Chinese wallpaper there when the Macleans bought the house. The Sheraton table is used for dinners and lunches with guests, otherwise all eating is done in the kitchen.

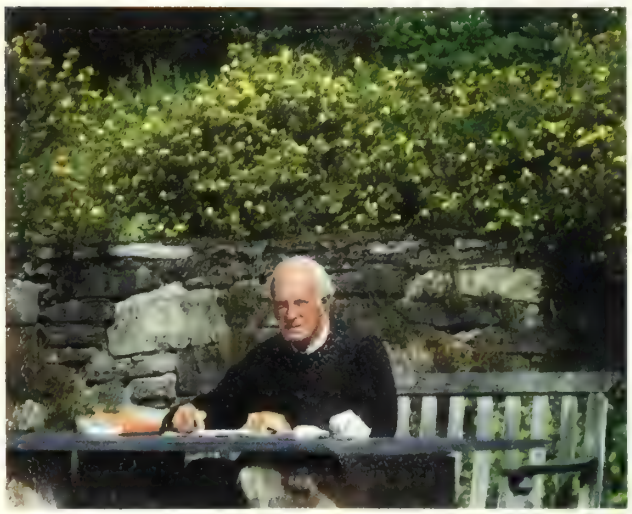
"Strachur Park is a very great ornament to this part of the Highlands," wrote the Reverend Charles Stewart in 1792. "It appears to the greatest advantage, viewed from the road that is carried down the opposite shore of Loch Fyne. A large basin, which is formed by a curve of Loch Fyne, lies immediately before the principal front of the house. The other front commands a view of the whole pleasure grounds, and of the neighbouring hills. . . . The General's tradesmen, his labourers, and even his crofters, have their houses built of stone and lime with slated roofs; these, an excellent inn, and the minister's house and offices, which are close to the General's house contribute much to enliven the appearance of the place. Everything about it has a new, neat and finished look. . . . " A traveler to Strachur today will find that little has changed since this description was written. The view from the far shore is still the finest, the surrounding houses are just as neat, and the inn, where the oysters from Loch Fyne are of a rare sweetness, is as excellent. No longer, however, is it the Campbells who are in residence. Strachur is today the home of another great soldier, Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Hereditary Keeper and Captain of the Isle of Dunconnel, descendant of Lachlan the Wily, war hero, ex diplomat and politician, travel writer, and a Scottish laird who might well have stepped straight out of central casting.

Fitzroy, his wife, Veronica, and their four children came to Argyllshire in 1957, after ten years spent near Lancaster, in the north of England, for which he was the local Member of Parliament. In doing so they were fulfilling a long-held desire to return to the land of their forefathers, for while Fitzroy is descended from the Macleans of Ardgour, a Godforsaken piece of land to the north of Loch Linnhe, Veronica also comes from an ancient Highland family, the Lovat Frasers from Inverness. As luck would have it, at the very time the Macleans had decided



Another view of the porch, *right,* with tokens of the sporting life. Stag and roe deer trophies (shot by Sir Fitzroy) hang over boule balls, the odd breastplate, fishing floats for nets, and a lantern. Family Wellingtons are lined up underneath.

The Storm Bedroom, *above,* in the back of the house, where one traditionally went when it was blowing too fiercely on the front. The bed is Venetian and the green wallpaper—hung with views of St. Petersburg—is bookbinding material found by Lady Maclean. *Below:* Sir Fitzroy in the Bearpit, where he always writes when it is not raining. *Opposite:* The drying room, on the ground floor, where logs are stored and coats, boots, and laundry are dried.

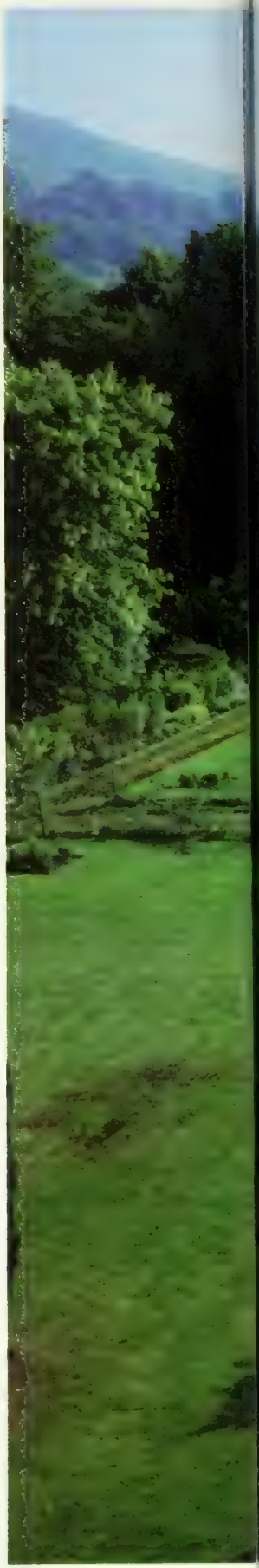


to uproot, the Miss Campbell then living at Strachur wanted to sell. They took one look at its magnificent position on the loch, at the burn running down behind the house, at its wild gardens, and at its beautiful lofty rooms looking out over mountains and water and parkland, and they knew they need search no further. It was a wise decision, for Strachur has embraced them ever since and, in spite of the fact that they have lived there for less than thirty years, already has that indefinable smell and atmosphere of a house inhabited by the same family for generations.

Much of this is due to the strong characters of its owners. Veronica is never still. Brought up by her parents, as she put it, "in a tradition of excellence," she is obsessive in her attention to detail which is what she believes makes for true perfection in the running of a house. "It's a tradition which was *(Text continued on page 192)*







The housekeeper and cook, Mrs. Cockerill, sits beside Lady Maclean, author of many cookbooks, in the kitchen before breakfast, *above*. Beans are from the garden and eggs from the farm.
Below: Son Charles Maclean, in his study/bedroom where he writes when he's at home.
Right: The path at the back of the house looking toward Inverglen. The round area in the middle is known as the Bearpit.





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(Continued from page 186) effortless in our parents' and grandparents' day, because they had a lot of people to help them. You can still keep the essence of it much more simply, but you must have a desire for not losing that kind of style." This means that she is constantly on the move, scuttling about the passages, forever checking that there are enough flowers in all the rooms, that the bedside tables are fully supplied with Malvern Water and munchies, the bathrooms with smellies, that the fires are crackling and the drinks tray groaning, all this in between planning the meals, putting in some work on one of her own books, and occasionally answering her husband's distressed cries of "Darling!. . . " which echo round the house as he searches in vain for some mislaid necessity. When the hustle and bustle become too much, her refuge is the garden. It is a magical place, part tame, part wild, and planned so that there are treasures to look at all the year round. In the spring it is the bulbs, masses of tulips, daffodils, and lilies, and the banks of azaleas and rhododendrons. As the summer comes on the herbaceous borders, marked by an avenue of limes running down from the house, begin to abound with twenty different varieties of geranium, tobacco plants, pansies, blue Himalayan poppies, lilies, sage, and catmint, all tumbling over themselves and buzzing with bees. Roses ramble everywhere. In the autumn there are maples, and three huge eucryphia, a profusion of white flowers in stark contrast to the great Irish yews which have watched over the house for over two hundred years. Beyond the main garden a charming woodland walk wanders along the mossy banks of a burn, through stands of beech and oak, round a small loch and back again, passing en route the all-important kitchen garden.

Fitzroy's domain is the library, a beautiful sunny room on the first floor with a view across the garden to three mountain peaks. Books are everywhere, strewn all over the floor, piled on the desk, in chairs, some in bookcases. Bonnie Prince Charlie looks down from the walls, sharing his space





Top: The bridge leading to Strachur House. *Above:* Sir Fitzroy's horse, Cloudy, grazing by Loch Fyne.

with various Maclean ancestors, including Colonel John Carlyle, who went out to America from Dumfriesshire in 1740 and founded the town of Alexandria, near Washington. In the window stand a pair of eighteenth-century globes, one terrestrial, one celestial. There is no doubt that this is the room of a man of letters and a traveler, an impression which is carried through into his bathroom, which leads off the library, also littered with books, and beyond that into his wonderfully Spartan bedroom with its heavy Scottish fourposter bed, more books, endless pairs of shoes, and his much-loved collection of hats—(to the tune of "Twelve Days of Christmas") four flat caps, three tam-o'-shanters (Balmoral bonnets), two Sherlock Holmeses, one Albanian fez, and a Georgian hat with a string.

The routine of life at Strachur never varies whether the house is full or empty, and is part of its charm. Fitzroy's day begins at eight with a swim in the loch, followed by a somewhat eccentric breakfast of a foul-tasting drink made from goat's milk, called kefir, a Turkish speciality guaranteed to purge the intestines. Then, fez on head, or Balmoral-bonneted, bearing the first of endless huge mugs of cold China tea, and accompanied by Jock, the faithful Labrador, he retires to a sunken area of the garden known as the Bearpit, where he conducts the morning's business at a slate table set on stone pillars. This consists of some work on whatever book he is writing at the time (when I was there it was a collection of lurid Highland legends, and was proceeding under the working title of *Tales of Sex and Violence in the Western Isles*) in between dealing with a series of constant and enjoyable interruptions. Every morning, for example, Big Jim, a 22-stone ex lion tamer who is the head cook at the Creggans Inn, the local hotel owned by the Macleans, brings him the papers, a visit which also provides a good excuse to hear the local gossip. Then Veronica arrives several times to discuss the garden, the family, the hotel, and, most importantly, the meals, conversations which are usually carried on simultaneously ("voices overlap" is written constantly on the transcription of my tape) so that in the end both parties believe that it is their point which has come across best. If guests are lucky, Big Jim will not have left without depositing in the kitchen some local delicacy, such as a box of fresh langoustines.

The food, as anyone who has ever stayed there will confirm, is a major feature of life at Strachur, and is an interest of Veronica's which stems from her childhood at Beaufort Castle, Inverness, a place which is legendary in the annals of country-house cooking. Her earliest memories are of a French chef, Monsieur Darde, who gave a classical French basis to the simple country food and, before he left, set up a number of local girls who all became superb cooks and carried on the tradition. An aunt, Ethel Lindley, who was an ambassadress, was an equally important influence, since she was a regular visitor and brought with her recipes from all over the world. So the Beaufort repertoire grew and grew. "It was really very delicious," remembers Veronica, "but oddly enough, my mother couldn't boil an egg. Yet she was always able to impart to cooks what was

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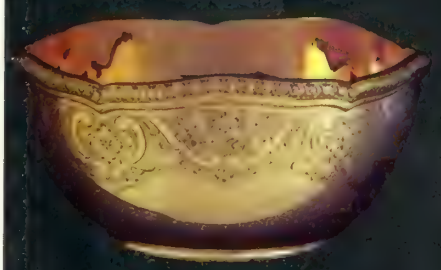
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LIFE ON LOCH FYNE

wrong. She used to have long talks every morning when she ordered lunch, and I remember her saying, 'Might it be that you didn't put enough of this in? or that?' When she was old and living in a flat in London, she would have starved unless someone cooked for her. She just didn't know how to do it." This is certainly not true of Veronica, who is an accomplished cook—the author of three successful books on the subject—though she is the first to admit that she owes much of her prowess in the kitchen to a remarkable woman who has been with her since she was eighteen. Rhoda Cockerill, known in the family as Dayda, originally came to Veronica as a nanny, graduating to cooking when the children were more or less grown up; since then she has ruled over the kitchen with a rod of iron tempered with a skillet of gold.

Lunch may be in the kitchen or, if the weather is fine, out comes Fitzroy's ancient and much-loved convertible Morris Minor (what he really longs for is a Rabbit) to transport a picnic up the glen. The afternoons are always lazy. Naps. Veronica ambling round the garden. Fitzroy taking a gentle ride on Cloudy, his trusty, gray Highland pony, then easing his aching limbs into a sauna. Each evening begins with a swim, and then a fine malt whisky is substituted for the cold tea, a silver beaker for the china mug. When dinner is over, and the last crumb of one of Rhoda's superb puddings has been downed, a losing battle is fought with a television set which only works if it is given a great bang every few minutes. Fitzroy watches, Veronica bangs. So the days pass, and Strachur lives on, casting its spell on all who pass through it. □

A VIEW OF THE BRIDGE

(Continued from page 154) the end of a sad story. But the kindly erosion of time has given the 1,200-foot bridge a new lease on life, this time as a romantic ruin, mellowed by sun and rain, more reminiscent of European than of American landscape.

Its commanding presence was seized by Jacobsen as the anchor of his design, a cruciform floor plan whose main element exactly parallels the river while the crossbar aims—askew—toward the bridge. The key word here is "askew." Not being at a right angle, the crossbar dictates the shapes of the rooms in the main element, all parallelograms. The shape gets repeated in many details, down even to the drawers of bedroom built-ins.

Where the two elements of the cross intersect, an eight-foot dome admits both daylight and starlight to an atrium, which is the core of the house. The shorter crossbar is a sweeping, light-filled space extending from the living room on the river side up four steps to the atrium and thence through an archway to the library, which doubles as a dining room when the occasion demands.

The longer element containing three bedrooms with baths on one side is balanced on the other side by the kitchen and a three-car garage including space for a snowplow, an implement never to be overlooked in northwest Ohio.



The skewed crossbar of the house, whose center is a domed atrium, dictated parallelogram-shaped rooms.

The house has no windows. Instead, sliding glass doors admit light and air and every room has a view of the bridge, whose arches echo through the house—arched ceilings, arched over-



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windows, the shape suggested gently, not copied. These arched shapes are responsible for the extraordinary feeling of generosity in light and space that Jacobsen has created.

When the architect came to the exterior of his river-bridge-house composition he saw the need for assertive verticals to give variety to the simple horizontal masses. He chose to emphasize the chimneys, four of them, each serving active fireplaces. Fattened and almost doubled in height, they admirably perform their dual functions.

The Jacobsen touch has been felt in every corner of the eight-acre site. First, he had the land cleared of scrubby undergrowth, carefully preserving shade trees, especially those clustered atop high ground behind the house. Several acres on that side of the house were then sown with meadow grass, which seems to have taken a happy hold on the rich clay soil. The same process was repeated on the river side, except the native plants were the black-eyed Susan and the daisy, which have already yielded their first bumper crop of summer bloom.

As a landscaper Jacobsen has remained true to the precepts of his Washington, D.C., neighbor the late Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, who told him to "always paint your garden with a wide brush." The owner of Dumbarton Oaks and its glorious gardens, she knew whereof she spoke.

> Here Jacobsen has abandoned his customary suppression of color

Aside from a heavy new interplanting of evergreens on the public side of the site, the landscape has been treated with Jacobsenian simplicity. So has the interior. Here he has bowed to the wishes of his client and abandoned, at least temporarily, his customary suppression of color. Instead of variations on white he has used what he terms a Etruscan palette—terra-cotta pink, reduced bleached blue, and warm ta

One bedroom is painted in blu gray, another is papered in a fine t linen. All other walls are white, wi the exception of a cocoa-brown la quered powder room. Color breal out in the furnishings of the livi room and library. The living roo couches are terra cotta placed on a architect-designed rug that plays wi stripes of terra cotta against faded blu on a beige background matching th travertine floor. The travertine ha been honed to a matte finish, making look less like marble. In the library th sofa and easy chairs are upholstered i brown leather, and in the kitchen a so and chair are covered in a faded blu fabric. Not a riot of color, but the resu is pleasant and, well—Etruscan.

The oldest object in the house is th first thing a visitor encounters— handsome grandfather clock that actu ally belonged to the client's grand father. The clock seems perfectly a home with its closest neighbor, a bi painting by Kenneth Noland, near eight feet tall, one of his latest, in whic he has returned to the chevron motif c earlier work. Here his chevron hap pens to echo the lines of the V-shape steps leading down from the atrium int the living room, just one of the man cross references with which Jacobse has enriched the house by the river.

These cross references are quicke to spot than Jacobsen's way with ma nipulating scale, done by building hi rooms without baseboards, door frames, or any other telling details. B erasing them, he withholds informa tion until the space is occupied. Onl then does the scale become apparent.

The owners, with the last ficus tree in place, have been putting the hous to good use. They have spotted a half grown bald eagle sitting in their locus tree, watched geese, ducks, and man species of songbirds migrate over thei land, caught an occasional white bas on a dry-fly cast from their own lawn.

But the blessing that seemed t move them most came when the spring freshets swept the winter ice down th Maumee this year, creating the wors floods in many a decade. The bridg house, they found, had been wisel placed well above the flood plain. □

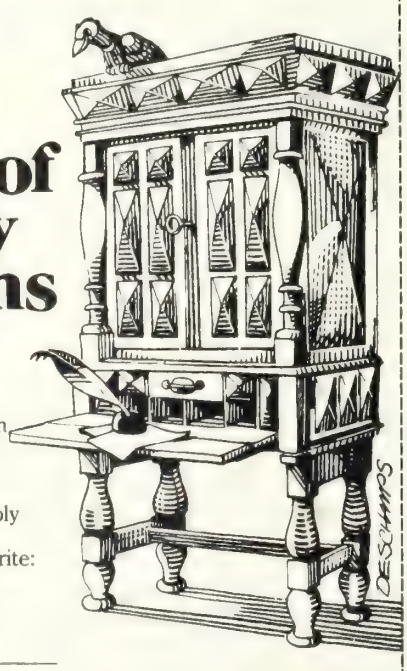
Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byro

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Shown: Market Umbrella, Wicker dining chairs, table and ottoman.

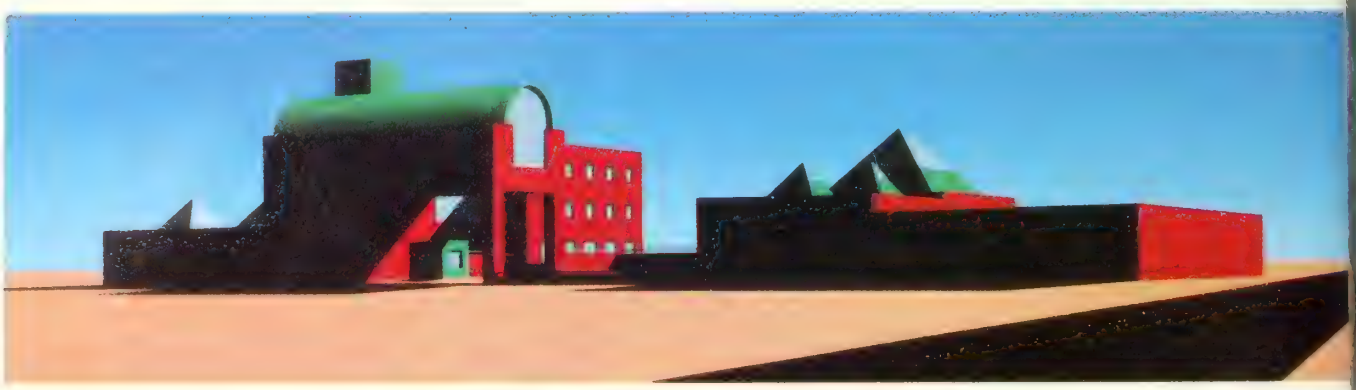
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JOURNAL



ARATA ISOZAKI, MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, LOS ANGELES

SENSEI SENSIBILITY

New Public Architecture: Recent Projects by Fumihiko Maki and Arata Isozaki, Japan House Gallery, New York, through June 30.



FUMIHIKO MAKI, NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, KYOTO

Though only three years apart in age, Fumihiko Maki and Arata Isozaki seem to have emanated from two different eras in architectural history. The 57-year-old Maki's work is dignified, tasteful, and lacking in the ambiguity and irony that typify the designs of the 54-year-old Isozaki. If Maki might be termed the I.M. Pei of Japanese architecture, then Isozaki is its Robert Venturi.

But this joint exhibition is more than a study in opposites. What is most interesting is the architects' recent moves away from their most familiar modes: Maki's buildings becoming more self-consciously artful in a manner pioneered in Japan by Isozaki, Isozaki's taking the historicist turn o his colleagues in the West. This show explains much about the role of artistic influence in Japan's highly absorptive culture.

Martin Fille



DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ART

MELANCHOLIC TULIP, 1939



DR RICHARD L. SANUOR

TRISTAN TZARA, 1927

RHAPSODY IN B&W

André Kertész: Of Paris and New York. The Art Institute of Chicago, through July 14. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, NYC, Dec. 12–Feb. 23, 1986.

This meditative master of light gave the clocks, stairs, and chimneys of cities the eloquence of sculpture. Often at the heart, though, some chance human scene provides a humble yet dignified sense of scale. *On Reading* was his *Family of Man.* Elsewhere, Kertész immortalized a single tulip (and a veritable bouquet of nudes) with a fun-house mirror—and "shot" Dada's poet Tzara with a gaze as intense as a burning glass.

Margaret Morse



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Eleanor Ostman,
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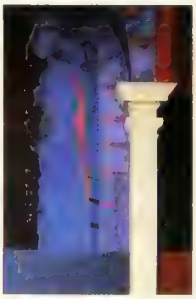
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ADAM BARTOS

Fifteen years ago, artist David Novros completed his first fresco—a wall piece commissioned by Donald Judd for his New York building. Since then Novros has created frescoes in Houston, Dallas, Newark, Marina del Rey, in modern and historic structures, private and public spaces. The painting of the classically modeled Old Federal Courthouse in Miami, *above,* is his most recent endeavor. Using traditional fresco technique—ground pigment painted into wet plaster—Novros covered three sides around the building's central cloister with murals of deep, bright colors and layered symbolic shapes. These frescoes are in many ways indebted to their antique antecedents, but they reveal just as clearly their connection with abstract art and Novros's own contemporary vision.

Amy McNeish

BOTANIC MAJESTY

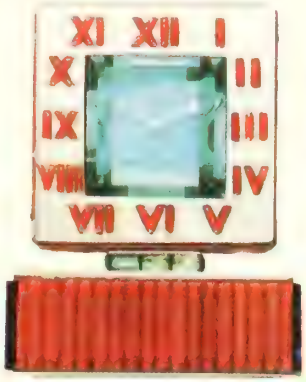
Not reflected on water but photographed through glass, Robert Hazzon's poster for Museum Edition in New York, *below,* conveys both graphic power and the evanescence of its subject. *M.F.*



HAZZON'S *GARDEN OF EDEN*

A LA CARTIER

The jeweler's art is an elusive one, not falling neatly into any larger category and seldom receiving great popular attention. But revived interest in glamour and ornamentation may bring the topic into focus, and anyone needing an introduction would do well to turn to Hans Nadelhoffer's *Cartier: Jeweler Extraordinary* (Abrams, $50). The book offers visual and verbal evidence of the intricate but fluid relationships jewelry may have with fine art, fashion, and decoration. Many color photographs illustrate why Cartier's designers and craftsmen set standards in their field for decades. *A.M.*



MYSTERY CLOCK, 1931



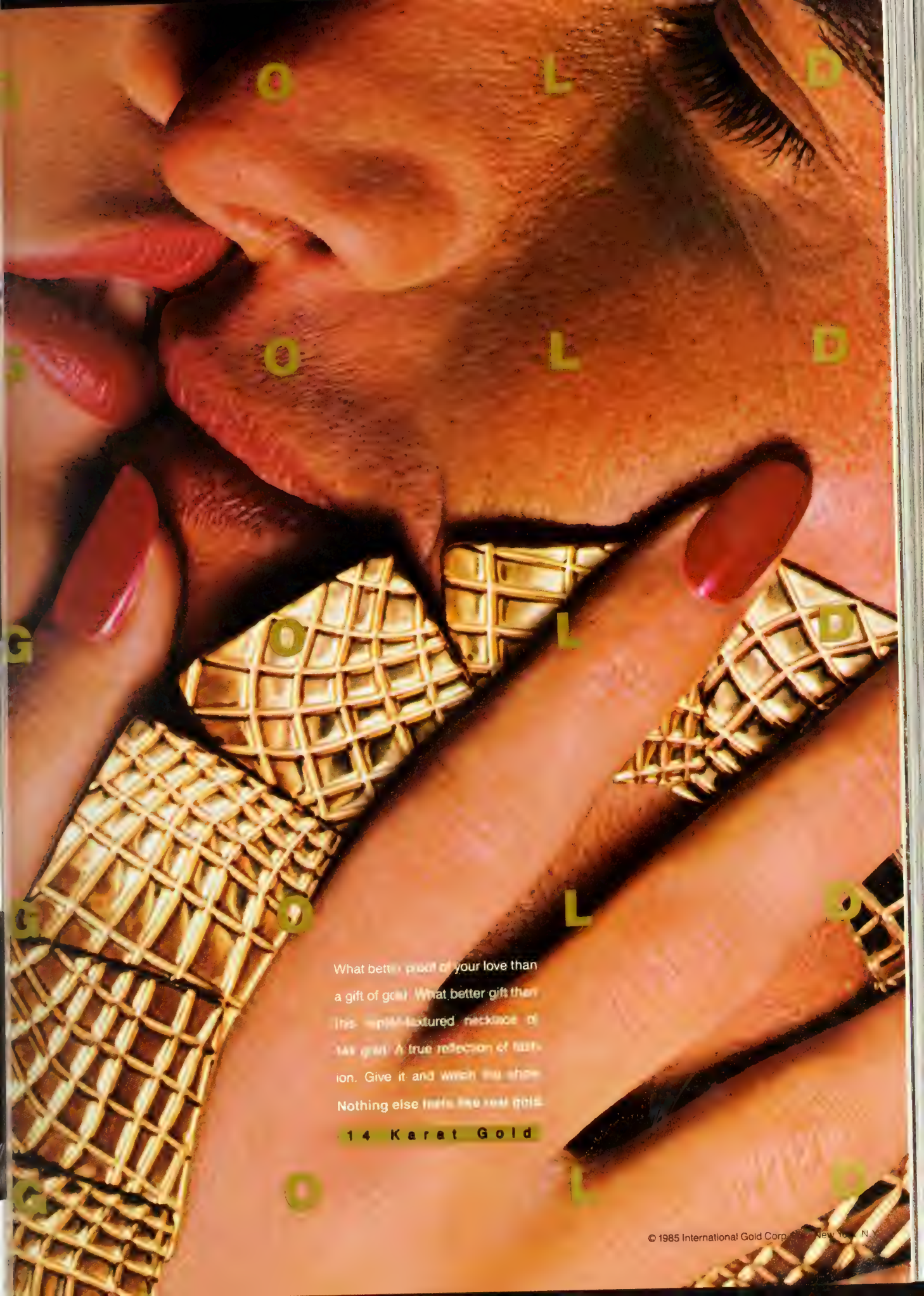
POCKET WATCH, 1919

PRETTY RING TIME

After three decades of *Ring* cycles based on the minimalist, Freudian-inspired stagings of the postwar Bayreuth Festival, a return to traditional values more in line with Richard Wagner's explicit instructions is signaled by the San Francisco Opera's new mounting this month of the mighty tetralogy. Directed by Nikolaus Lehnhoff, with sets and costumes by John Conklin and lighting by Thomas J. Munn, it provides a highly romantic vision for a new generation of Wagnerites. *M.F.*



SET FOR ACT III OF *SIEGFRIED,* WITH ENGLISH SUPERTITLE



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(Continued from page 177) able, more luxurious royal apartments came into being, the palace itself looked like an architectural nightmare: unfinished wings ran into medieval constructions, doors opened to unroofed floors, and, always, the stink so characteristic of the palace remained because the latrines discharged their waste into the moat which still surrounded the building. Sometimes, of course, there were worse things than just a bad smell: when, in August 1572, Charles IX and Catherine de Médicis ordered the slaughter of all the Huguenots, the victims of the Saint Bartholomew's Day Massacre were flung out of the windows into the water which ran red with blood for an entire day.

With the onset, in 1560, of the wars of religion, construction largely came to a stop, and it was left to Henri IV, the Huguenot turned Catholic on the grounds that Paris was worth a mass, to continue the work. Like his style of government, his buildings reflected a blend of the old and the new: while, on the one hand, he had Jacques II Androuet du Cerceau, his architect, complete the west wing of the *cour carrèe* in the style used fifty years earlier by Lescot, he also added first a short gallery which jutted out of the building toward the Seine—today it is the *galerie d'Apollon*—then an immensely long gallery which marched parallel to the river all the way to the Tuileries.

It is, in fact, one of the paradoxes of the Louvre that its shape was devised so as to link it to the Palace of the Tuileries, built for Catherine de Médicis in the mid sixteenth century, a building which today no longer exists. Henri IV, in fact, ordered his long gallery not just because he liked to walk indoors, but also because a connection to the Tuileries was the obvious next step.

The old gateway between its twin towers, however, survived long enough to shame Henri IV in 1600: his new bride, another Médicis princess who had been raised in that model of avant-garde architecture, the Palazzo Pitti, asked in disbelief whether this antiquated, inconvenient, and ba tered remnant could really be the e trance to the King of France's palace. must be a joke, she asserted, the re Louvre was elsewhere. It wasn't, course; so, as soon as she got th chance, she built herself a proper re dence, the Palace of the Luxembour

The next Queen of France, too, ha ed the old-fashioned Louvre. In tim she moved out with the six-year-o Louis XIV to a brand-new house, th Palais-Royal. She had cause to regret though: when the Parisians ro against the government, the open, we coming Palais-Royal was indefensibl and, as soon as she could, she move back to the still fortresslike palace.

There was not much the child-kir could do about it all, except remem ber, but when, in 1660, he began h personal rule, he promptly decided h must have an impressive place to liv in, so, of course, he started to improv the Louvre. With that sure instinct f architectural genius that was so chara teristic of him, Louis XIV chose L Vau as the architect in charge of con pleting the *cour carrée*. The result was masterpiece: strong but sensitive, th new décor picked up the rhythm Lescot's Renaissance façade while i troducing the clarity and classical me sure of the new French Baroque.

Even with a new *cour carrée*, howe er, and the destruction of almost all th remnants of the old Louvre, the pala still needed a new, grand entrance. L Vau was the obvious choice as the a chitect in charge, but both the Kin and Colbert, who supervised all build ing, had come to resent his dictatori attitude; so Le Vau was fobbed off wit the completion of the Tuileries palac which he carried off successfully, an the most famous architect, sculpto and designer of the age was called i what the Cavaliere Bernini had don for Saint Peter he was now to do for th Louvre. Soon after his arrival in Pari the Italian came up with a plan for powerful curved façade decorate with giant columns. The first stone wa laid with great ceremony, the work wa about to start when the French prefe ence for measure and restraint rea serted himself: Bernini was out— consummation President Mitterran kept firmly in mind when he an nounced that, unlike his seventeenth century predecessor, I.M. Pei nee

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r no change of the ruler's mind.
Thus, the new façade turned out to the first example of the new French le: Le Vau together with Perrault, engineer, designed the majestic colnade we know today. Even that, wever, remained unfinished as the n King turned to Versailles; the ork continued, slowly, all through e eighteenth century, but the *cour ée* was only completed, and the colnade roofed, under Napoléon.
All that part of the Louvre survives; t in acreage and visibility, the palace es more to Napoléon III than to any his predecessors: what the visitor to e museum, who enters through the *ur Napoléon* sees, therefore, is a nineenth-century building whose imense size helps to conceal its utter ck of architectural distinction.
Starting in 1851, a new façade was plied to the Henri IV riverside wing; new, north wing was built alongside e rue de Rivoli to link the Louvre and e Tuileries on that side as well; and e entire façade of the *cour Napoléon* nd the *cour du Carrousel* was transrmed according to plans by Lefuel nd Visconti. Today, the newest addion to the Louvre has begun in the pace enclosed by those nineteenthntury wings; and it is attacked just as gorously as the transformation of the 350s was in its own time: then, people aid that the new façades and wings ere destroying priceless vestiges of ne past; now, it is claimed that, by parally blocking the view of that façade, Mr. Pei's pyramid is spoiling Lefuel's chievement.
It seems, in fact, probable that the yramid will improve that dreary accumulation of purposeless columns and hird-rate sculpture. First, at ground evel, a new treeless, plantless garden vill fill the *cour Napoléon:* the main, orty-foot-high pyramid, flanked by wo smaller pyramids, two large fountains, and the Napoléon III streetights, will create a formal outdoor pace in which the structures will look very like gazebos. "I took my inspiration from Le Nôtre," the garden architect responsible for the parks of Versailles and Vaux-le-Vicomte, Mr. Pei says; but in fact, it is impossible not to think instead of the "fabrics," those fantastic, often ephemeral pavilions with which English gardens were adorned at the end of the eighteenth



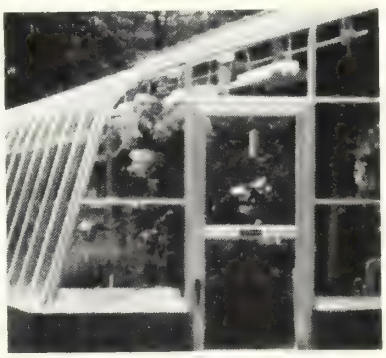
Excavations in the *cour Napoléon* with the *arc du Carrousel* in the background.

century. On a sunny day, with the fountains twinkling and the glass glittering, the *cour Napoléon* will look as if it has been filled with a parterre of diamonds; on a gray day, the structures will no doubt look warm and inviting, as well as, in part at least, transparent: in either case they will do no disservice to the façades by Lefuel and Visconti.

The pyramids, the fountains, the very idea of a central underground entrance are Mr. Pei's alone. "I was given the most general kind of assignment," he says, commenting on the commission handed him by President Mitterrand. "It was assumed that facilities would be added and that the galleries would be reorganized, but there were no specifics at all: I looked into the problem to see what should be done."

Thus encouraged, Pei first considered the possibility of using three ground-floor entrances. "That," he says, "was impractical: one, in the *pavillon Richelieu,* was too small, another was flanked by staircases built for Henri II and Henri IV and could not be modified, and the third, the entrance hall now in use, is unattractive and inconvenient because it keeps long lines of people waiting outdoors. I was left with an apparently insoluble problem: the Louvre is a complete building to which you can't add an extra, modern wing; but new spaces are needed, for services, restaurants, and a more convenient entrance." Relishing the challenge, he looked over the plan and came to the conclusion that the only

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place for this addition was the *cour Napoléon*.

This seemed all the more reasonable that the space in question, long used as a private parking lot for the Finance Ministry, cried out for improvement. And since there could be no question of putting up a massive building which would have looked out of place and obscured the palace itself, the architect says, "I decided that the new space must be underground. That, in turn, created new problems and determined the character of the visible, aboveground structures."

The problems in question were complex: because the Seine is so close, it is not possible to dig very deep, and a flat ceiling, even if it were made of glass, would make the visitors feel they were in a low, uncomfortable space; then, any access to an underground space has a natural tendency to look like a subway entrance; finally, Pei says, "I was determined to provide a series of tall, well-lighted spaces." After considering several simple geometric forms of which, Pei says, he has always been fond, he decided that a forty-foot-tall pyramid, flanked by two smaller pyramids, was the answer. And when President Mitterrand was presented with the project, he single-handedly approved it. "It is a great help," Pei says, "to deal with one man only."

Just as Versailles was Louis XIV's personal project, so the new Louvre is that of the President's. Indeed, Pei was chosen by M. Mitterrand at the suggestion of Emile J. Biasini, the president of the public corporation set up to oversee the transformation; there was no competition even though it is normally the rule in France for great public buildings: when he was asked by the President to enter a competition, Pei promptly said that he made it a rule never to do so. "Well," Mitterrand answered, "we are flexible."

"The project was an irresistible challenge," Pei says. "No foreign architect has ever left his mark on the Louvre." And, in fact, what Pei and Mitterrand together have planned is nothing less than a complete transformation of t museum. Not only will all the galleri in current use be reorganized, not or will the pyramids rise above a vast u derground, but the Ministry of F nances is scheduled to move out of t north wing so as to give the museu more space.

In the end, if the project is indee carried out as planned, and barring p litical vicissitudes, the *Grand Louv* will embody yet a new stage in th building's long history: the erstwhi fortress, the former palace, the part improvised galleries will give way t the kind of institution more ofte found on this side of the Atlantic.

All that is still in the future—th completion date for the entrance ha and pyramids is December 31, 198 but already, as the bulldozers begin t dig, one thing is certain: after so man centuries of continuous growth, th Louvre, transformed yet again, is en tering on a further stage of its rich an varied existence. □ *Editor: Elizabet Sverbeyeff Byron*

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ontinued from page 162) Then in-
ad of encrusting *laque de chine* with
rn, ivory, or mother-of-pearl, Dun-
d discovered the virtues of *coquille*
euf. "With only a simple eggshell
a can obtain a variety of effects. It
pends on the way you place the shell,
ether you use large pieces, whether
inside or the outside of the shell is
top." (The concave side made
nd dots while the other side did
t.) Applied to screens, vases, jewel-
entire tabletops, or as a background
portraits, *coquille d'œuf* was Dun-
d's ingenious way of obtaining the
lor white—not part of the normal
quer palette. The effect was daz-
ng and the pieces prized for their un-
ashed modernity. Early on he had
bellished his metal objects by pati-
ting them with acids or encrusting
em with gold, silver, or nickel—but
quille d'œuf, for many, remains the
imate imprint.

Jean Dunand apparently had time
everything—even six children. He
ver bought a car because he liked to catch up on sleep by napping in taxis. Besieged with commissions from the top talents of the day—Ruhlmann, Printz, Legrain, among others—to lacquer furniture of their design, Dunand also put his hand to some fine custom-made interiors of his own for an elite that included *couturière* Madeleine Vionnet and milliner Madame Agnès. (This furniture for Vionnet's *hôtel particulier* comes up for auction at L'Hôtel Drouot May 31, one of the biggest Art Deco events yet.) He designed lacquered accessories for hats by Agnès, buckles for Vionnet's shoes (these were designed by her White Russian taxi-driver husband), and made his own line of jewelry, powder compacts, watch and cigarette cases, as well as small plaques for bound books. (Between commissions these *petits objets* kept the work force busy.) Then discovering diluted lacquer and *coquille d'œuf* took on textiles, he went into more cooperative ventures with Vionnet and Schiaparelli, painting geometric designs on scarves, dresses, hats, and handbags. In 1925, *Vogue,* in fact, considered him the inventor of painted fabrics. Claim to fame enough.



Patinated vase in front of screen with herons

Despite the herculean demands of

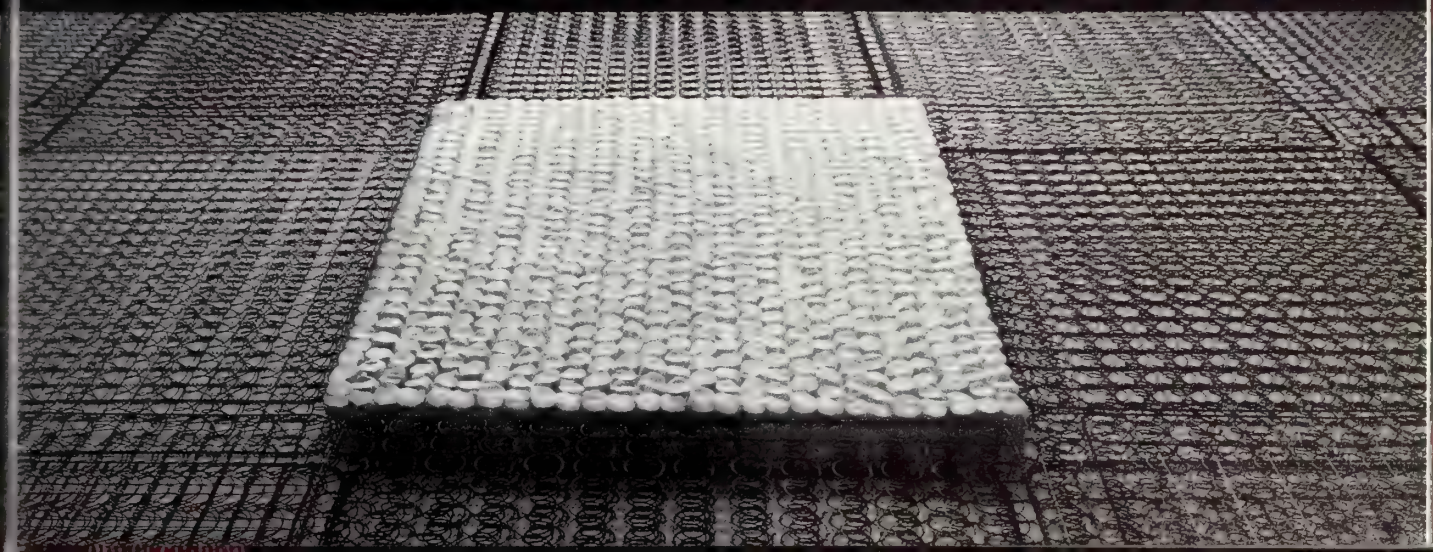
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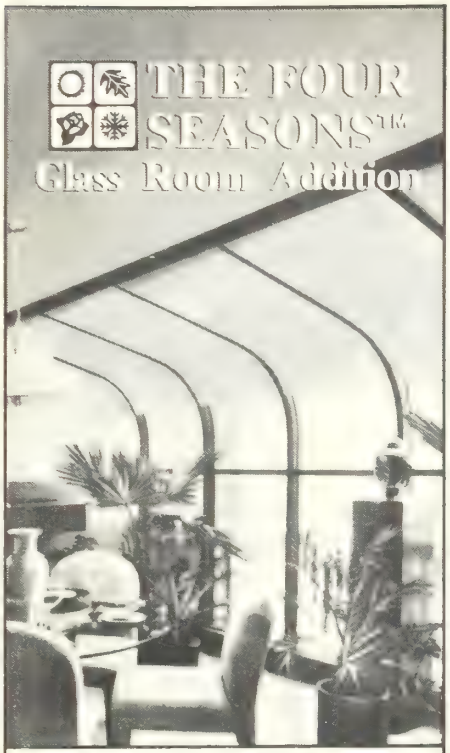




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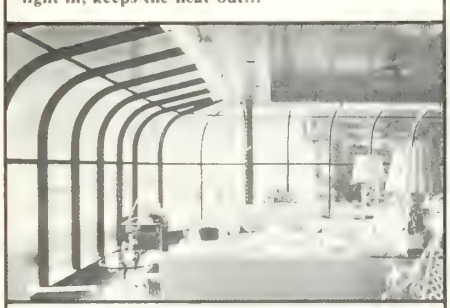
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his craft, Jean Dunand had an insatiable appetite for everything that made Paris sizzle. "Josephine Baker and her *revue nègre* was an enormous influence on my father. We went time and time again. She had her portrait done in lacquer too, for that was quite the thing in those days. American women would come to buy hats at Agnès, and once they saw her portrait in the showroom, of course, they wanted one too.

"Before Josephine Baker, there was the Ballets Russes and their Cubist sets." Dunand found inspiration in all corners of the globe without actually going anywhere. Not Africa, not the Far East, though Oriental and Negroid motifs and figures are recurring images.

"Audacious, that's what he was," says Dunand *fils*. "His entries in the *salon des artistes decorateurs* were often huge decorative panels and screens. '*What* are we going to do with that after the show?' I would say. But, of course, that's how he proved he could do monumental art. So when the day of the luxury liners came, naturally they thought of him." First came a game room for the *Ile de France,* a dining room for *L'Atlantique*, and then in collaboration with his son Bernard, a smoking room for the *Normandie* (1935)—whose panels in engraved gold lacquer depicting the "Pastimes and Joys of Mankind" catapulted Du- and *père* to the height of internatior fame.



Two-tone patinated vase

Swiss-born Dunand was keenly a tuned to the joys and pastimes of Par Appropriately, his shipments of la quer from Hanoi arrived in recycl French wine kegs. Destined to go b yond frontiers, he came to the rig place at the right time. There we those fortuitous encounters and ass ciations, starting out with Sougawar that would continuously give the *di andier* a new bent. Most fortuitous all, perhaps, was the luck of living ne to a bakery, that most Parisian of inst tutions. For that, in fact, was the cr cial source of all those eggshells. □

A REMEMBRANCE OF ROOMS PAST

(Continued from page 110) sively more and more run-down house became a paradise for children. They ran free, they bicycled, they bathed, they read, they absorbed their idiosyncratic surroundings. There was not much to eat, but they were never short of fresh flowers in astonishing quantity. Though not far from Paris—they could see the Eiffel Tower from the second floor of the house—it was a self-contained world, a world apart from the war, and it left an ineradicable impression.

Among the children who spent much of the war there were Xavier Fourcade, now internationally known as an art dealer, and his younger brother Vincent, who is now (with his partner, Robert Denning) one of the most sought-after decorators in New York. They loved the house, and when th war was finally over and it could be pu back into something approaching d cent shape their father asked Xavi Fourcade to see what could be don Whereas many people at that tim found it humiliating to have anythin but eighteenth-century furniture i their houses, Xavier Fourcade love the huge scale and the wild inventio of Art Nouveau furniture. (He als knew where to buy more of it for nex to nothing.) But there were elements i the house that were beyond repair, lik the elaborate portieres of caramel-co ored velvet embroidered with Quee Anne's lace that had to be stored i trunks. The boys' father had his shar of French thrift, and no great extrava gance was encouraged. But Xavie

ven then was alert to every tremor of ıe market—he knew, for instance, ıat the forced closure of the great Pa- ısian brothels had caused many an as- ɔnishing piece of furniture to come on ıe market—and in contrast to the eiges and the pale honeys that had een mandatory in 1900 he used the right and lively colors that were all the ıge in the fifties. Gradually, the house ame back to a double life, in which choes of the heyday of Art Nouveau oexisted with high-keyed color. Xavi- r Fourcade also brought some appro- riate paintings, like the portrait of La ɔelle Otéro that had been painted by ɔmeone called Dannat in 1899.

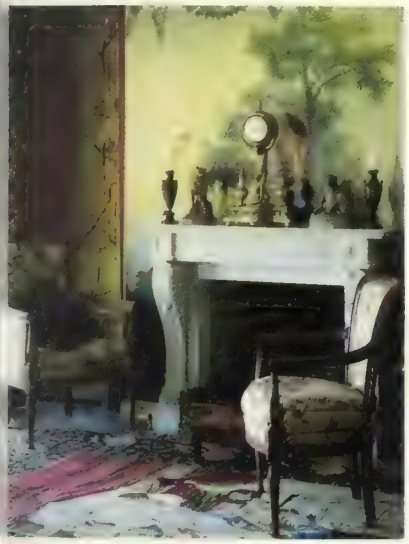
Thus transformed, the house stayed ı being till 1979, when the Fourcades' ıther died. The brothers were well es- ıblished in New York, the rest of the ımily was widely scattered, their ıother did not care to keep on the uge house by herself. Inevitably, it as sold. But what to do with the great ustom-built Art Nouveau ensembles, nd the additions that Xavier Four- ade had been able to make at almost ıughable cost, and the tattered relics f earlier days that had been in trunks ɔr thirty years?

For the Fourcade brothers, these ıings were their youth, their forma- on, their introduction to life. Vincent ourcade by 1979 had a highly devel- ped sense of what could be done with house—*any* house—and above all of hat could be done with the funda- ıentals of a house that in a real sense ad been the making of him. Almost without hesitation he bought the contents of the house, and in 1980 he bought the land on Long Island on which his new house, Monsoult, now stands.

He had no architect, no builder, and nothing specific in mind. What he did have was a lot of furniture that was too big, too strong, and too peculiar to take dictation. This was furniture that would tell the house what to do, not the other way round. Vincent Fourcade was bound to it not by "taste" but by a primarily atavistic connection. "Professionally, I would never have made an Art Nouveau room," he said recently, "and the furniture that I had just bought was in very poor condition. It had hardly been touched for eighty years, and it required an immense amount of attention. I saw at once that the new house would have to be made to measure to fit the furniture, and also that I should need more of the same kind of thing to go with it. So Bob Denning and I went around New York, and to the auction sales. People who will pay anything for Tiffany lamps are frightened of the big set pieces, so we were able to buy quite well.

"Then I worked out the plan of the house. I wanted one enormous living room with a very high ceiling. It had to be living room, dining room, library, everything. I wanted five bedrooms and a kitchen. I wanted a house that was easy to live in and to maintain, with no space wasted on corridors or unnecessary rooms. I always remember how in our house in France the most distinctive furniture was in the front hall, where no one ever got to use it. So I made up my mind that this time around the furniture would *make* the living room. I didn't know quite how to do it until I found out that Schinkel had designed a shooting lodge for Prince Antoine Radziwill that had a living room three stories high. In the middle of it was an immense double-sided fireplace with a flue that was like a great pillar holding up the house. I saw that, and I said to myself that that was what would give the room its oddity—I think a room has to be odd—though, of course, I couldn't foresee quite what it would look like.

"When it was built, it looked like I had the flue of a factory in my living room with two openings at the bottom of it. How was I to dress it up? Well, it



n the downstairs bedroom a French mantel, circa 1820, displays an Austrian clock.



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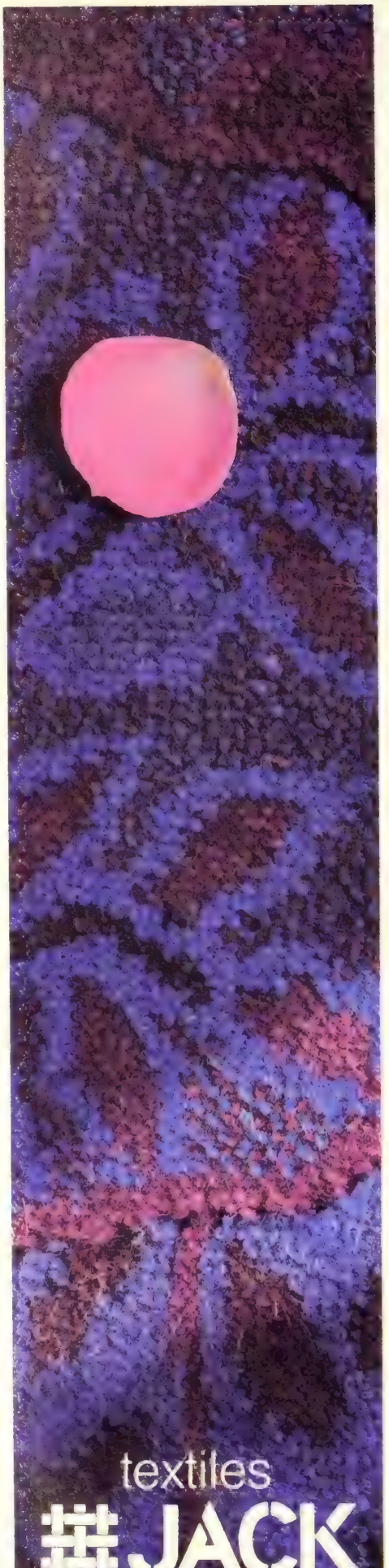
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so happens that I have a photographic memory. I learned my trade by going out every evening as a young man. I went to dinners, dances, balls—everything. I went to every pretty house in France and Italy and other places too, and I remembered them all, even down to what was on each little table. And I remembered how in great Art Nouveau houses like the Solvay house in Brussels they had varnished brickwork next to sophisticated paneling.

"So I decided to keep the patterned bricks of the big chimney quite bare, as if I had meant to do it all the time, and I had them painted with six coats of paint and then varnished, so that they looked like enameled tiles. But I still had the problem of the two openings. I needed something strange, but what? Then I remembered how Guimard had made doorways in the shape of monsters' heads with open mouths and how the Italians had done the same during the Renaissance in gardens like Bomarzo, and I decided to do to the same. But how to do it? That was something else.

"Then one day I happened to look into a new restaurant on 49th Street between Second and Third and I saw a staircase, half-finished, in the style of Guimard. It was being made by someone I had never heard of, called David Mills. So I left my card, and he called me, and he turned out to be a nice sort of boy who loved sculpting plaster and also loved Art Nouveau. He agreed to do it, and he and his sister came every weekend and worked on it, and except that we always ran out of plaster just before the store closed and had to run out for more, it all went perfectly and he made two fantastic faces—two faces of very ugly people with wide-open mouths.

"As that living room is really very big, I decided to give it unity by using a fabric that could go all the way up the 21-foot walls and also go on the furniture. So I went to Le Manach and asked to see his damasks, and there was a wonderful one, a sort of 1900 horse-chestnut-leaf pattern, that was just right, and I had it made up in chintz. You can make a terrible mistake and end up with a place looking like a zoo, but this one was not too heavy, and we had it made up with the same caramel background that I already had in the



pieces of velvet salvaged from the p
tieres in France. In this way I could
both the velvet and the chintz on
same chair, if I wanted to, so that
feeling of the old house and the feel
of the new house became one.

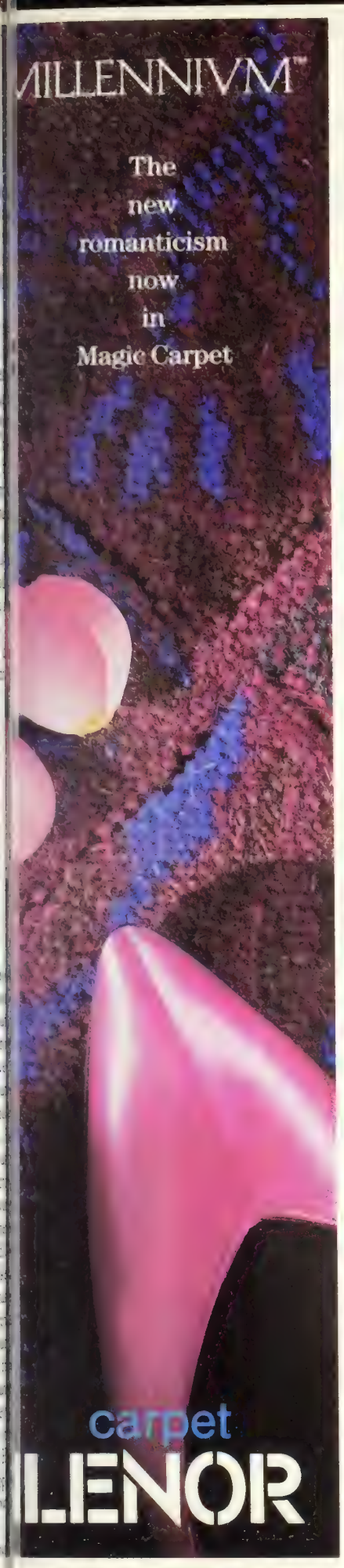
"I took care to have some very
chairs and some very small ones,
cause in an enormous room change
scale are important, and I also brou
in a lot of sculptures as punctuation
offset the sweetness of the fabric. Th
are not very good sculptures—I b
lieve that some of them were meant
trophies for the Olympic Games ma
years ago—but they ricochet off o
another. You have to be very skillful
make a big room comfortable, and
has to be as comfortable when you a
two or four as when you are twenty.

"As for the house in general, I d
not want it to look like a transplant

This was furniture that would tell the house what to do, not the other way around

French house that would act as a sho
in the landscape. I wanted it to lo
very American from the outset, a
very symmetrical. I really lifted it fro
South Carolina, where they have
large parlor room and a big porch a
usually two wings. I adore verand
and like to live on them all summer.
I already had such firm ideas, and a
already had a very good contract
who was all set to go, it was not a ve
inviting job for an architect. But the
were permits to be applied for, and
cal laws to be observed, and so I ask
Steven Potter if he would underta
the thankless task of being my arch
tect, and he agreed. As a matter of fa
it is thanks to him that we now have t
little hall with its stand for hats a
coats and umbrellas and the pret
banquettes that I cut down from t
ones in the pool room in France. H
told me, and quite rightly, that peop
had to have somewhere to put dow
their things.

"My builder, Robert Hartwell, w

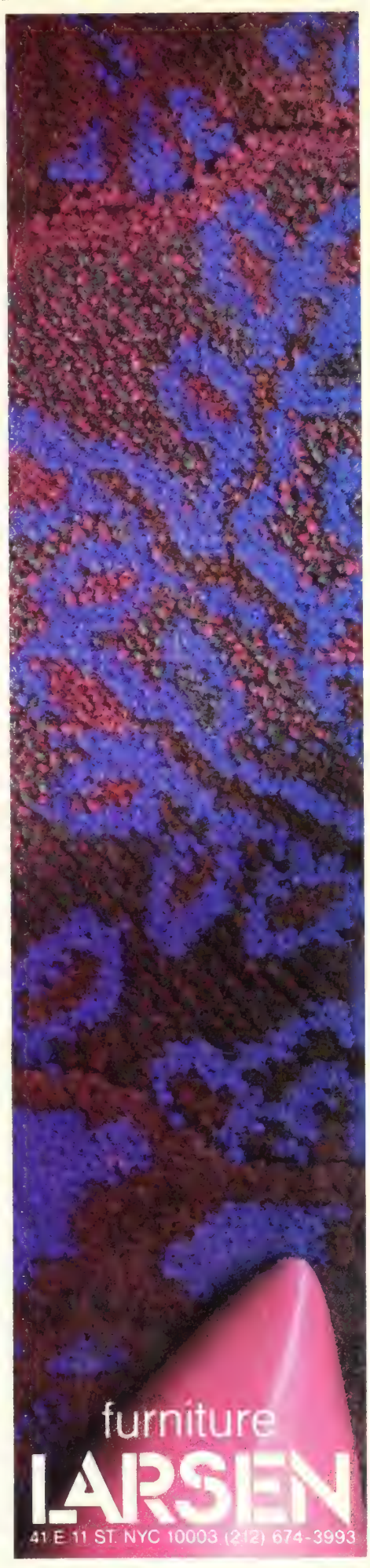


quite extraordinary. I knew him very well, and we worked with him on every detail. So we could, for instance, try moldings for the inside that we normally only use outside. A great piece of luck was finding that fantastic doorway that stands between the hall and the living room. It's so big that no one had ever dared to buy it, but in this house it's exactly right."

Upstairs and downstairs, a cosmopolitan fancy has been at work in this house. The large areas of terrazzo flooring may have a bloom like that of the floors in a Roman villa, but they were inspired by the long-running, hard-wearing look of the terrazzo floors in River House in New York, and they were carried out by a team of second- or third-generation Italian craftsmen who drove out from Queens in a truck and arrived at six o'clock every morning. Other unexpected derivations could be adduced. (Who else would have got the design for the wooden railing on the staircase from the work of a Scandinavian watercolorist called Carl Larsson?)

But fundamentally this remains a family house, full of family things. Even the tiles around the tub in the downstairs bathroom were taken from an old window box in the French house. There are family portraits, family photographs, and family jokes, like the fake book bindings on a bedroom door connecting with a bathroom, for which Xavier Fourcade took the names of the great French writers—Bossuet, Racine, La Fontaine—and matched them with the titles of pulp thrillers of our own day. The present is very strong in this house, but the past is very strong, too.

If it sounds like a Proustian adventure, that's exactly what it is. If there are also Chekhovian elements—well, it so happens that the name of the house near Paris was La Cerisaie (The Cherry Orchard). When the owners of the house come down for the weekend, with their station wagon full of potted flowers, they greet their surroundings in just the way that the owners of the doomed estate greet their beloved house in Act I of the great play. But the difference is that this particular cherry orchard will not be cut down, nor the Proustian overtones soon cease to be heard. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*



(Continued from page 139) available light, even through glass roofs, often suggests vaporized pewter, a technology-minimizing exhibition space calls for some fancy technical resourcefulness. To begin with, everything except the floor—a softly matte slate-gray achieved, after many experiments, with a tennis-court paint—is painted a white that is made hypersensitive to light by a gray undercoat. Hidden fluorescent tubes in troughs bounce a pale apricot-colored glow off the ceiling, its intensity adjustable for an optimum mix with the prevailing sun; the sunlight is filtered by layers of plastic film in areas that catch direct rays. The result is a fine-tuned environment, a perceptual machine, a cathedralesque gestalt with a single purpose: to induce a state of extremely heightened receptivity to visual art.

You do not so much enter the space as, after enjoying the deceptive reassurance of a medium-sized anteroom, dive into it: down steps (onto a floor excavated to maximize the vertical) into the center of the rakishly angled main hall, about fifty-seven yards across by about seventeen wide at its broad end, with walls fourteen feet high. Off to the left is the fleeing depth of a raised, hundred-foot-long gallery, flanked by three rooms: to its right, a spacious, exquisitely proportioned oblong to rival the most perfect in any museum and a funny, squarish, chapel-like enclosure, and, to its left, the building's pet headache, an oppressively low-ceilinged, tediously rambling afterthought (originally intended for storage). "A killer," Charles calls it, not without affection and an appetite for the challenge it presents.

The first fraction of the collection to make up an installation subject to change every few months comprises works by Donald Judd, Brice Marden, Cy Twombly, and Andy Warhol. (Emphatic single pieces by Bruce Nauman and Richard Serra hold forth in the anteroom.) "They are artists not seen enough in England," Charles explained. Represented mostly by work from the sixties (in Warhol's ca mostly from his halcyon period f 1962–65), they also convey a migh sense of the collection's fundamen ardors and art-historical vision.

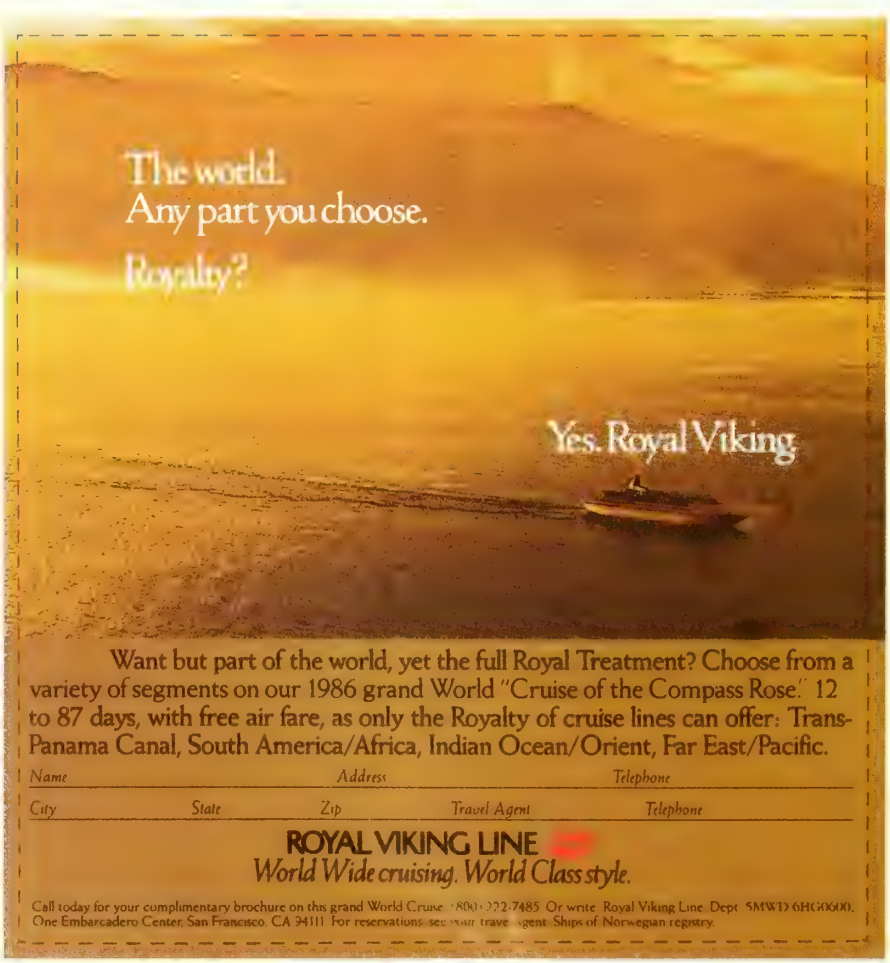
Judd, doyen of Minimalism as a vis al sensibility, is properly granted t main hall, where a cannily sparse c ployment of masterworks in metal a colored plastic—staying well clear o recent, Brobdingnagian, console-li plywood relief that functions as a ki of flagship for the inaugural install tion—generate a chaste version of B roque harmonies.

Assembled from the now-distan lean beginnings of a cluttered caree the fifteen paintings by Warhol that o cupy the central long gallery and t "chapel" (where a giant Mao hiera cally and hilariously dominates wh would be the altar wall) amount to major rediscovery, persuasively asse ing Warhol's primacy to the last tw decades in art.

The Mardens and Twombly among the earliest and the most r strained paintings in the collectio provide a kind of historical preface t the later, unbuttoned, Neo-Expre sionist pictures that at some point wi occupy the same walls. In the "pe fect" room, Twombly's pictures hav the kind of hanging, at once intima and grand, that every painter yearn for. The classic Mardens look a bit irr table in the problem space, but, loca ed with excruciating care to provide compensatory rhythm of viewing, the are all the more poignant for with standing their ordeal.

For most people, the list of favorit places to view art must surely includ New York's Frick Collection. And fo those undaunted by the several shock of art since Minimalism, the Saatch space must now be included: not be cause it makes art look better than it is but because, giving art every possibl consideration, it exacts the severest o tests. Bad art would be flagrant there Monumentalizing an era's most so phisticated agreements on how ar ought to look and ought to be looke at, 98A Boundary Road is already a address as much in history as on an ob scure London street. □

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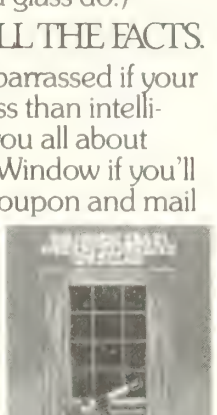
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(Continued from page 143) marble slab that forms the large sink, to the tiny fireplace that warmed her in the morning as she stepped down into the white-and-gray-marble sunken tub, to Bernard Boutet de Monvel's canvases of baby-faced amorini guarding the mirror and holding the garland over the washstand, with the familiar Latin motto *Nosce Te Ipsum*—"Know Thyself"—painted in warm sunburn tones. A background of foliage runs around three sides of the room—firm blue-green for the leaves, red-brown for the trunks. The effect is positively tropical.

With her attention to detail, Mrs. Payson was a Napoleon of hostesses. She was forever organizing bridge, backgammon, and golf tournaments, recitals, and fancy dress balls. "Joan was 'operational'—that's an old Air Force term. She got things *done,*" says Charles Baskerville. "She always carried an elaborate bag filled with all the day's newspapers and the racing form and enormous lists of things to do which she kept checking off."

In their house at Greentree every Fourth of July the Paysons traditionally staged a costume party to mark their wedding anniversary—"Come as a Picture," "Come as a Book." The thousand guests could be counted on to represent the best of breed not only of the social but of the literary and theatrical worlds as well. ("During the filming of *Gone With the Wind,* which Joan and her brother Jock heavily invested in, she was always rushing back and forth to California where she got into the movie set and had a marvelous time," Charles Baskerville explains. Mrs. Payson was also a major backer of *Life With Father* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*—as another friend of hers once pointed out, "she dabbled nicely.") Celebrating with the Paysons over the years were the Philip Barrys, the Stuart Symingtons, the Fred Astaires, Robert Benchley, Paulette Goddard, Reed and Diana Vreeland, Bill and Babe Paley, Shipwreck Kelly, Mona Williams, Gary Cooper, Ogden Phipps, Clark Gable, Serge Obolensky, Gene Tunney, the Averell Harrimans, the Winston Guests, the Sid Caesars, Mary Martin, Piggy Warburg, Katharine Hepburn, and the Nelson Doubledays.

On these occasions tiny lights were concealed in the hedges that lined th driveway, and huge urns were fille with flaming torches. The drawin room became a ballroom, a great ca pet was rolled all the way from th house to the pool to protect the ladie dancing shoes, and a late supper woul be served under a marquee flying th Greentree Stable colors, watermelo and black (chosen by Mrs. Payson mother from a favorite tea gown). An sooner or later everybody would en up in the pool, where underwater pa



Steps by the side of the house leading to the cutting gardens and back lawns.

tel lights played on the walls. (The 110 by-40-foot pool holds three hundre thousand gallons—not of mere tow water but of water from artesian well on the property. "It's not heated, ei ther," adds the superintendent of out buildings on the estate. "Mr. Payson he was from Maine—he liked col water.")

The Paysons used the house but fou days a week a few months a year. Ever January they migrated with their reti nue to Hobe Sound, Florida, where they remained till March. In July an August they were at their residences i Saratoga, New York, and Falmouth Foreside, Maine. In the fall, when they were not in their 22-room apartment i Manhattan, they were at their breedin farm on the Paris Pike near Lexington Kentucky. Until the end of her life i 1975, Mrs. Payson maintained a pri vate railroad car, *Adios II,* which had a lounge, a bar, and three bedrooms "The only problem," a friend said "was finding a train to carry her Pull man car where it was going when she wanted to go there."

But wherever she went in all her am plitude of spirit, it was the house a Greentree that—in the parlance of the two sports she figured in so prominent ly for so long—was, for her, home plate and the finish line. □

Continued from page 126) have ought it old-fashioned and poky and ickly decided to pull part of it down d build a new house. How often is a ve of gardening born in childhood d Cecil's love for it may well have mmed from the days of his youth at eobalds when his father had made a nous garden and where Evelyn had aised its labyrinth and little mount, med the Mount of Venus. "Its upon e whole," he said, "one of the most autiful spots in the world." (How at "upon the whole" seems to en- ge the praise!)

Certainly Cecil spared no trouble, ins, or expense to create a garden ich would be a fit match for his new use. He had found elaborate gar- ns surrounding the Old Palace and ite possibly incorporated some or rt of them into his new plans, though ese were to be far grander and more borate.

From the courts and terraces about e house, steps, lined by painted and ded lions, led to a parterre. There re espaliers on the sides and here untains played. Their designer was loman de Caux, the Frenchman. om here you had a prospect of the reat Water Parterre, also designed by Caux, where a French visitor tells us ou have also in those places where e river enters into and comes out of e parterre, open sorts of boxes, with ats around, where you may see a vast mber of fish pass to and fro in the ter, which is exceedingly clear and ey seem to come in shoals to enjoy all e pleasures of the place."

Here too was a great marble foun- in carved by the Dutch tomb carver arrett Johnson, an elaborate center- ece with a great artificial rock in its sin on which stood a metal statue inted to resemble copper. The bot- ms of these streams were lined with lored pebbles and sea shells and lit- e leaden leaves. Snakes and fishes ere scattered about the face of the ck and the bottom of the stream. here were allées and avenues, or- ards, walks, and arbors, a bowling een with four mounts—those hills to e clambered up to view a fair pros- ect—presumably for the spectators the game and for those who were ored with that to look at the garden. here were knots and borders set with nks, Cecil's favorite flower. He made

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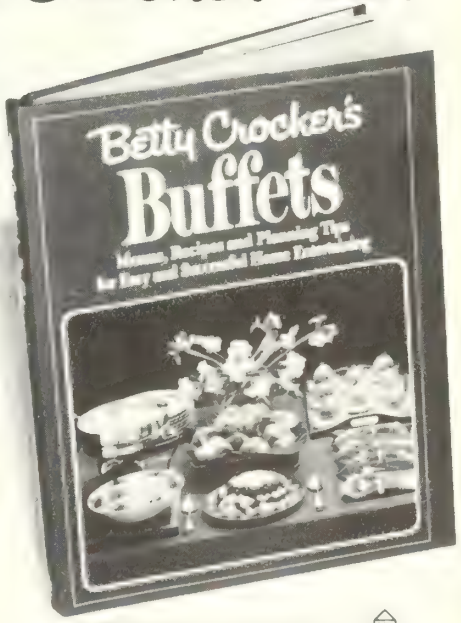
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a vineyard, two great enclosures facing each other across the river Lea, one with elaborate clipped-yew walks zigzagging down the slope to the water, and the other for the thirty thousand vines which were sent him from France by Madame de la Boderie as well as the five hundred fruit trees from the French queen who sent her own gardener with them and two others to help set them.

Chaundler, Mountain Jennings, and Bartholomew, the latter too old to do anything but advise, were Cecil's gardeners, but the one who became his chief gardener and designer was John Tradescant the Elder. To him he entrusted the planting of his garden. He sent him abroad and Tradescant ranged far to bring back new treasures. We have all his bills for plants, seeds, roots, and trees bought for the gardens and from these lists and contemporary descriptions (alas! we have no plans), a fascinating picture can be built up of what the gardens might have looked like, and when Robert Cecil died so sadly before his house and garden were complete, his son William continued to employ Tradescant and send him abroad.

Tulips were brought back, the Catalonian jasmine, the great rose daffodil, lilac and acacia trees, apricots and cherries, lilies from Constantinople, cistus, Tradescant's "the Holyrose," and roses, above all roses—the great white roses, the albas, Fladson roses (what were they?), sweetbrier, murrey and parti-colored roses. All were brought from overseas and planted in the gardens at Hatfield. And one other precious plant came and first grew in England in the gardens there and that was the plush anemone, the velvet anemone, the great double anemone—a florist's flower and to become a cult as did the pink, the auricula, and the tulip. Grown by Caccine in Italy it was given to Tradescant by L'Ecluse, gardener to Emperor Maximilian. It was bred from coronaria and grassiensis by Goaty and Pons.

Now here I must tell you a little tale—this last anemone (grassiensis) was in the last years thought to be los However, to my great joy it has bee found by a skilled gardener and kin friend who has been on the track of for me for several years. I now have plant and hope once more to grow th velvet anemone at Hatfield.

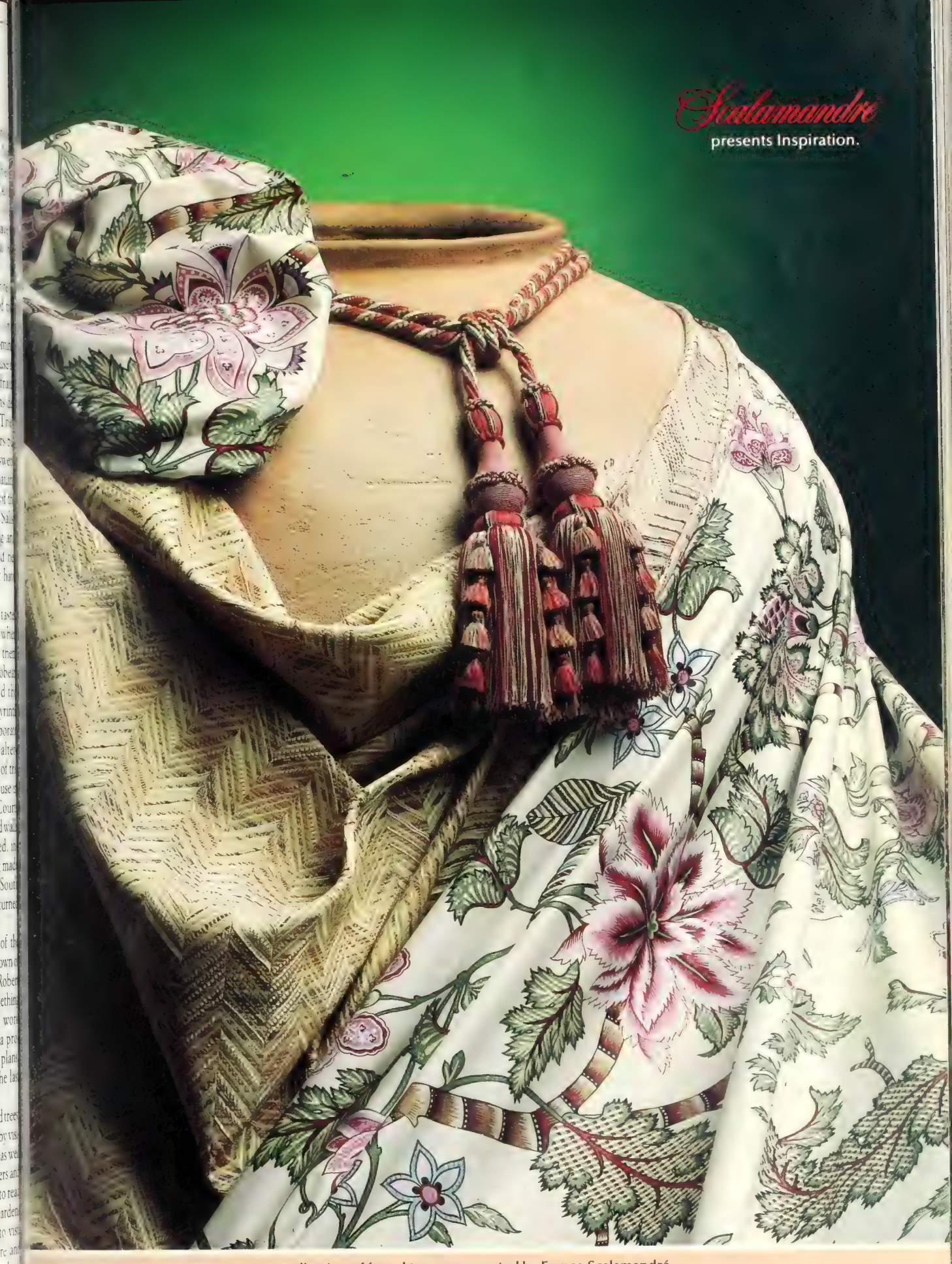
For over fifty years the great garden flourished but toward the end of th century a sad decline set in. Pepys, on visit, noted "that the rain was comin through the roof of my Lord's house a Hatfield" (my foolish Lord, I'm afraid was his adjective), and the gardens de cayed along with the house. The moldered and slept for many years be fore the remains were largely swep away, and the park, in the prevailin fashion, brought up to the walls of th house. The interests of the Lady Salis bury of the day were in gambling an hunting, not in gardens; she had he own pack of hounds and it must hav suited her well to have it so.

Her son had other ideas; his taste were not those of his mother and whe he restored the gardens he made ther as he thought they were in Jacobea days. He made terraces round th house, new parterres, and a labyrint and planted groves and built elaborat openwork walls. Many of the alter ations were inspired by the visit of th young Queen Victoria to the house i 1848. The North and South Court were enlarged, gazebos built, and wall and grand gateways constructed, in deed the last touches were being mad to a great set of gates on the Soutl Front as the queen's carriage turne the corner of the house!

I have told you this history of th garden and especially what is known o the original garden made by Rober Cecil and his son as well as somethin of Tradescant and de Caux's wor there because they have had a pro found influence on my ideas, plans and plantings at Hatfield in the las years.

Tradescant's lists of plants and trees the descriptions of the gardens by visi tors in the seventeenth century, as wel as what I have gleaned from papers an bills in the archives, has led me to rea all the literature I could on the garden and plants of the period and to visi other gardens of this time here an abroad, especially those in Italy, country that had so much influence





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Robert Cecil's work at Hatfield. This, and knowing roughly the plan of the garden in the seventeenth century, helped to form a picture in my mind's eye of the garden as it may have looked then.

The Elizabethan and Stuart gardens, although in many ways homely and simple, were architectural too, and in a subtle way adhered to strict rules of form. They were, as we have seen, very much extensions of the house they surrounded, and with it formed a blended whole most comfortable to the eye.

This must have been very true of Hatfield; the walls of the courts were close to the house, much closer than they are now. Today the house is more divorced from its gardens, much of the intimacy has gone; here in its surroundings there has been much change to what seems alien to it. The great house that Robert built still stands, save for a few small details, much as he saw it in 1611, a Jacobean palace marvelously unchanged. Our aim has been and will be to restore as far as is possible this intimacy between the house and garden.

Without the mind, feelings, and outlook of those gardeners of long ago, one could not and would not want (and indeed too much has been irrevocably altered) to re-create exactly, but with the bones fairly clothed of an early plan, one could hope perhaps to regain some of the feeling and manner of those early gardens. I feel, as the Elizabethans and Stuarts did, that I do not want to break with the past—they, simply, tried to make lovelier all that was most attractive in medieval times by their principles of beauty and sense of form.

At the same time much thought has to be given to labor saving: we have six gardeners for 45½ acres. There is a huge vineyard on two sides of the river Lea made by Robert Cecil and his son William with its yew hedges now grown into somber yew walks towering to the sky, lonely and romantic, but still to be weeded, clipped, and maintained. There are two cold houses, and one small hothouse (none too hot e ther and soon to be colder alas!). W have some help from two of the esta maintenance staff who clip the hedge once in the season. Mercifully many c the changes we have made and man we want to make will in the end save la bor.

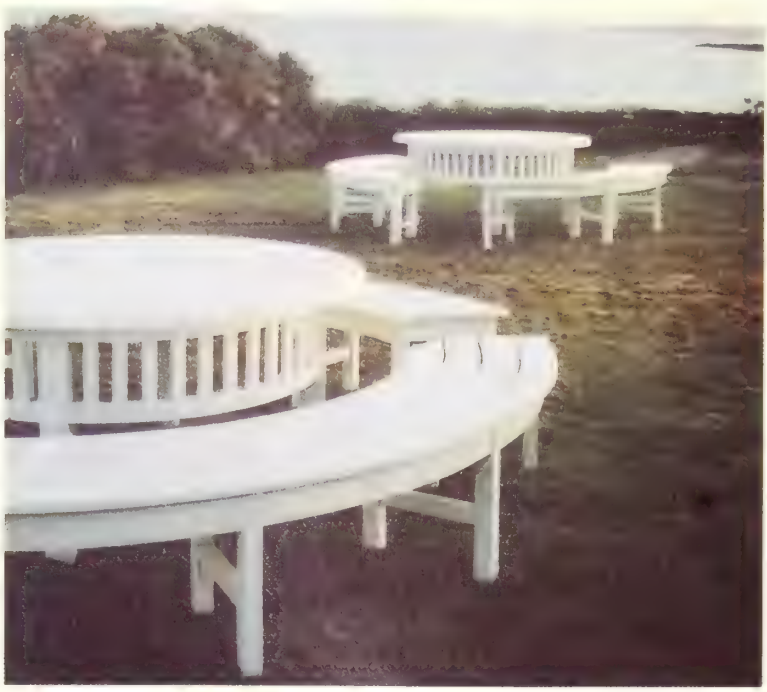
Along the edges of the beds and bo ders, as well as under the box hedge edging the beds, bricks are laid end t end, which saves that slow progress c the man with the clippers, and th edges are cut with a weed eater, a ma chine with a fast-moving nylon-threa cutter—a marvelous labor-saver fo trimming and clearing jobs in the ga den. They say a healthy body and on full of vitality best resists disease, s must the soil team with life if the plant are going to flourish, so we pour o quantities of leaf mold and manure an use some bone meal, fish, and calcifie seaweed.

We have made a Sweet Garde planted with scented things for all sea sons: winter sweet and honeysuckle scented tulips and crocus, a chocolate scented perennial cosmos, a scente mimulus, magnolias, mahonia, phila delphus and lilacs, daphnes, pansie and violas, and a crab apple with flow ers smelling of violets, and, of course roses and pinks—old-fashioned pink and old-fashioned roses, some goin back to the seventeenth century an perhaps grown in the original gar den—a romantic thought, and now a collection of some 65 varieties.

At the heart of this garden, gate and surrounded by old brick walls dat ing back to the fifteenth century an enclosed on the west by a clipped holly hedge, is the Herb Garden surrounde by a sweetbrier hedge made up of th double marbled Lady Penzance (wh seems to have lost her husband Lor Penzance).

It is entered on camomile-plante paths edged with paving and unde arches covered with hybrid sweetbri ers: 'Meg Merrilees' and 'Anne of Ger stein', the only ones tall enough to mee in the middle. On the left and right o each arch are standards of early Dutch honeysuckle with 'Miss Jessop's Up right' rosemary before them. These paved and camomile paths lead to a sundial with various thymes planted a its foot, and the broad paths are edged with lavender 'Munstead', grown from

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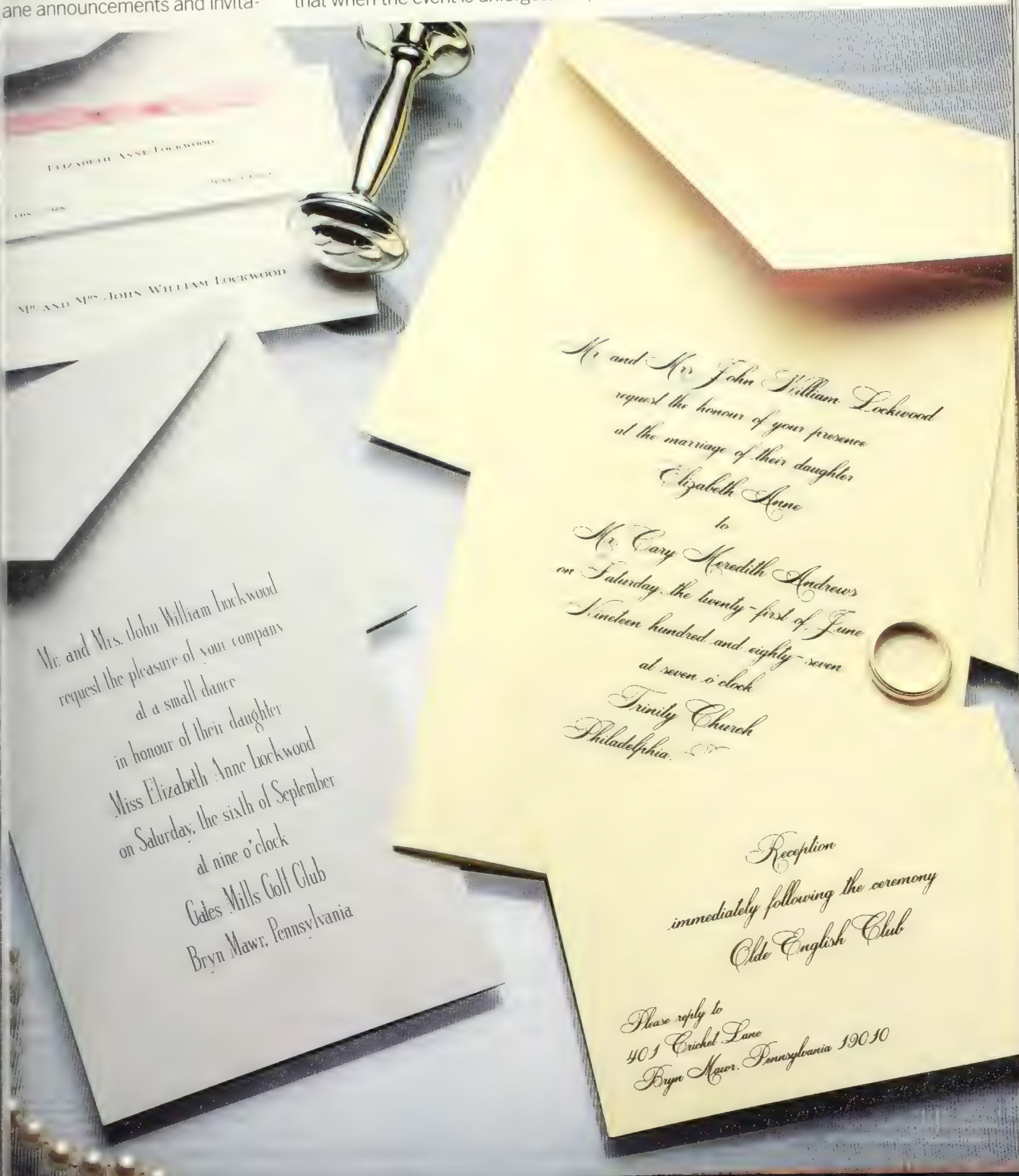
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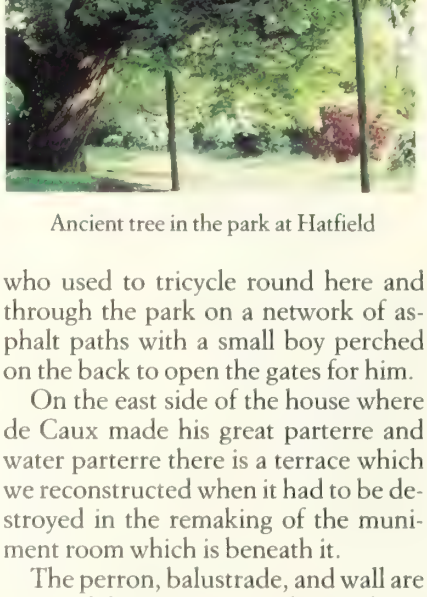
seed so the colors are a great variety of mauves and one charming pink-and-white seedling has appeared.

The beds are not only planted with a collection of herbs but with some of the oldest and most scented roses: centifolias, gallicas, and damasks and with foxgloves and small scented bulbs. At the innermost corners of the large beds globe artichokes are planted with their silvery-gray stiff leaves giving a firm architectural contrast to the other plants, many of which are small-leaved, fluffy, and feathery.

In one corner of the scented garden facing south I have made, from an old rockery, alpine beds to hold the small precious scented bulbs and plants that would get lost or smothered in the big beds and borders.

On the west is a raised border faced with a low brick wall, topped with stone, and broken by three seats planted in the Elizabethan manner with camomile and box clipped into seat backs. Facing is a long border interrupted by paved edged paths planted in the centers with a variety of thymes and a border facing full south divided by a path.

Above this garden is a parterre where the old privy garden lay, surrounded by an undulating yew hedge and copied from one of the parterres of the Old Palace from a plan found in the archives, planted with roses, some of the hardier grays, helianthemums, violas, hollyhocks, pinks, and sunflowers—a mixture of small shrubs and herbaceous plants, these replacing much bedding out and annuals which are so labor-absorbing. At the center of this parterre there is a large fountain planted with water lilies with golden carp in it—not alas a Saloman de Caux fountain, but the center basin is very old and may well be one of his. Outside the yew hedge are lawns and here is the mulberry planted by James I, the only one left of four. The others I have replaced and we have rooted cuttings of King James's tree. A walk goes round the four sides of this garden, covered by a canopy of pleached lime of unknown age. Its asphalt path is very ugly but viewed with much sentiment by my husband and his family as it was laid by the Lord Salisbury, who was three times Victoria's Prime Minister and who used to tricycle round here and through the park on a network of asphalt paths with a small boy perched on the back to open the gates for him.



Ancient tree in the park at Hatfield

On the east side of the house where de Caux made his great parterre and water parterre there is a terrace which we reconstructed when it had to be destroyed in the remaking of the muniment room which is beneath it.

The perron, balustrade, and wall are new and the statues are Italian and seventeenth century and came originally from a villa near Como. The parterre below the steps is formed by sixteen box-edged beds planted with roses, tree peonies, peonies, iris, tradescantias, and many other plants. There are borders under the walls facing north and south and a small alpine scree garden in the southeast corner. Here I am trying to create what to George Eliot was the ideal garden and whose description of it had so charmed me—I wonder if you know it—a garden full of homely plants, vegetables, and fruit (Tradescant had mingled fruit and flowers), "a charming paradisical mingling of all that was pleasant to the eyes and good for food—you gathered a moss rose one moment and a bunch of currants the next; you were in a delicious fluctuation between the scent of jasmine and the juice of gooseberries, the crimson of a carnation was carried out in the lurking of the neighbouring strawberry beds."

Running down from west to east either side of the parterre, walks of *Quercus Ilex* brought from Italy nine years ago.

Below this parterre and down some steps is a lawn for croquet and below that is the Maze planted in 1840 and below that a garden with a pool and

paved walk of newly planted a
trees. The apples are old varieti
'Col. Vaughn', 'Flower of Kent', s
of which may well have been grow
Tradescant. Beyond still is the
Pond which with the Wilderness
den to the southwest of the hou
planted with forest and ornam
trees, camellias, rhododendrons,
azaleas. Here we have cleared m
Rhododendron ponticum and are p
ning shelter belts to grow more came
magnolias, and shrubs with underpl
ing of bulbs and woodland things.

It is my dream and vision that
day the house and garden at Hatf
may be as harmonious as a woma
face in the right hat—a place plan
with the deliciously fragrant hom
plants which filled the gardens of
Tudors and Stuarts with sweetness a
the hum of bees and also a place of f
cies and conceits, which will toget
fulfill the idea of a garden as a pla
where pleasure and peace are both
be found.

There is still much to be done. W
have made an Elizabethan garden w
knots and a labyrinth in the courtya
of the Palace (1498). There is a fou
tain in the center and it is planted wi
all the flowers I can find, beloved
the Tudors, auriculas and doub
primroses, ancient pinks Cecil love
Lilium chalcedonicum, the great ro
plantain, and the plume hyacinth,
collection of historic tulips and a co
lection of historic narcissus datin
from the seventeenth century given b
the Hortus Bulborum in Holland.

It was here that the young Elizabet
spent much of her childhood—a pris
oner—and I like to think that we sha
be able to walk among and smell th
same flowers and plants that may hav
comforted her melancholy.

But today the force that moved hill
and made a great water parterre in
year is no longer with us and wonderfu
as our team of gardeners are we canno
move so fast and there is half a life
time's work to be done.

But is that not the chief delight i
making a garden? The continuin
painting and repainting of the pic
tures—the reaching for a perfectio
that always seems to be just around th
next corner. □

Editor: John Bowes-Lyo

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CLINIQUE

CAPTAIN AND CREW ARRIVE IN THEIR PEUGEOT.



The Captain, at 6½ years old, was the veteran of many a day sail, but this was to be his first extended voyage—a solid week at sea.

His crew numbered exactly three and, at the moment, they were all busy transferring provisions from car to boat. Everyone, of course, had brought far more gear than needed, but thanks to the extra size of the Peugeot wagon, it was accomplished with no fuss. (There were questions as to whether the First Mate really needed an inflatable giraffe, but in time, this issue was settled.)

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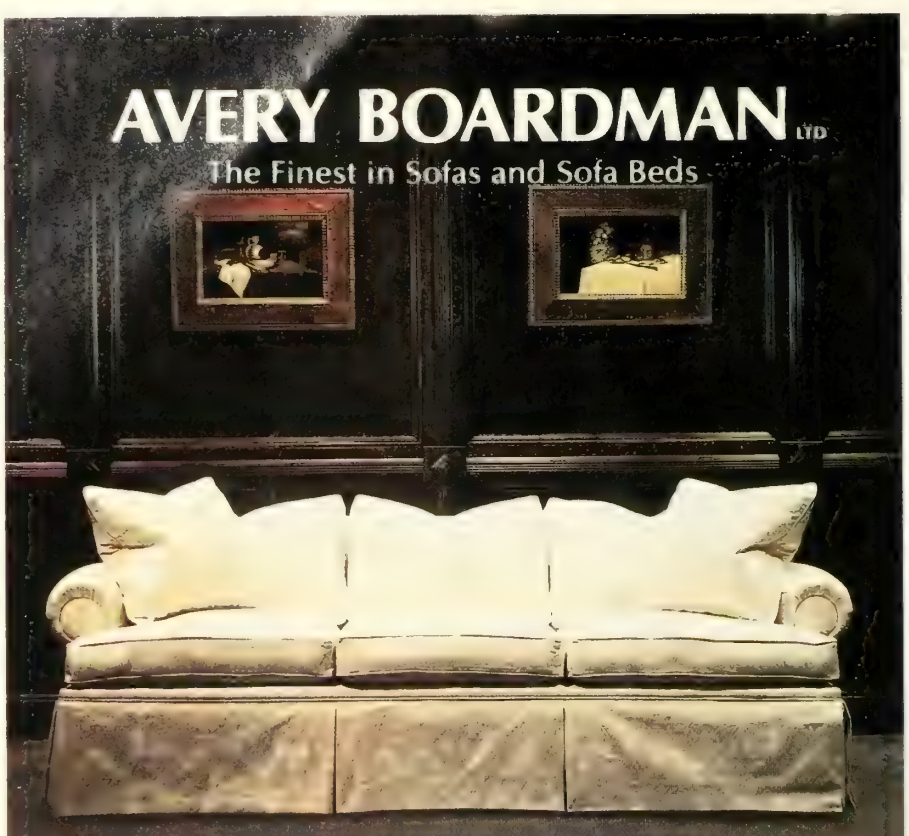
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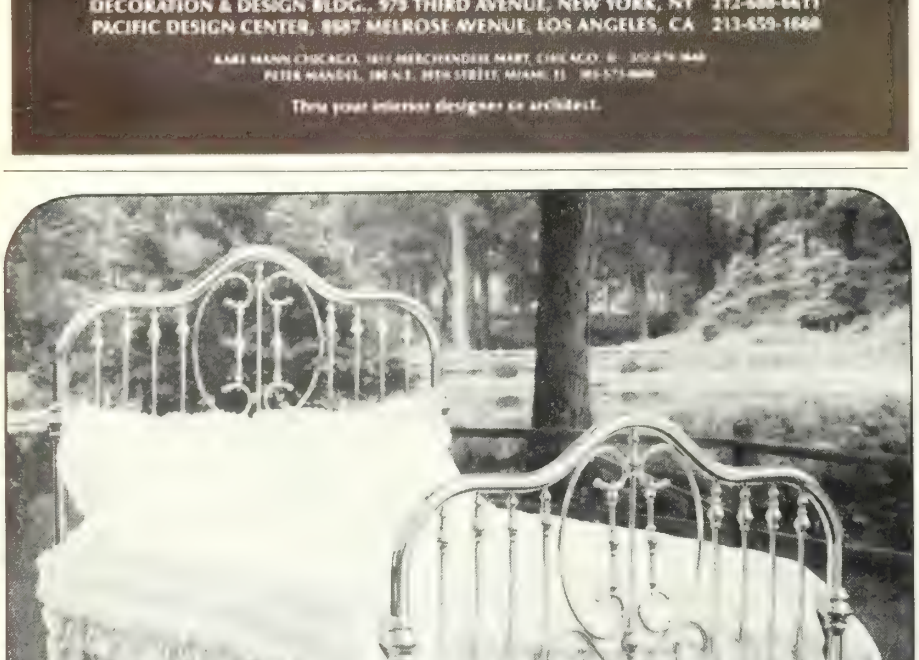


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THE EDITOR'S PAGE



David Pleydell-Bouverie sharing his conservationist vision with a group of youngsters touring his 500-acre spread in northern California.

It was Arthur Miller who wrote, in the April 1983 House & Garden, that "Keeping a garden makes you aware of how delicate, bountiful, and easily ruined the surface of this little planet is." I was reminded of that perception as we put together our story on the Bouverie ranch for this issue. "Owner after owner plundered and exploited this bit of land," David Pleydell-Bouverie tells us, "cut down groves of oak and madrone, dynamited the steelhead trout out of the streams, dug great holes and sold the shale for road material and finally, in 1911, took wagonloads of beautiful volcanic rock across the valley to make Jack London's famous Wolf House."

Then, in the thirties, just as it was about to be cut up and sold to developers, Mr. Bouverie was able to buy it and ensure the future preservation of the several hundred acres that make up his ranch in northern California. See page 84 for Jacques Dirand's photographs and Rosamond Bernier's text on the "blissful, stylish, open-hearted, and entirely constructive life" lived on the land David Bouverie is giving away, year by year.

Fifty years ago another garden was given away by Denmark to its crown prince, Frederik, and his bride, Princess Ingrid of Sweden. It wasn't long before the now Queen Mother decided to plant an English garden on the twenty-acre park surrounding Gråsten Castle, and she has been at it ever since. Perhaps because this queen turned out to be a real gardener, Gråsten Park has a personal intimacy in contrast to the formality of most gardens surrounding official residences. As our cover reveals, Queen Ingrid has a particular passion for roses: each of 27 separate beds is devoted to only one sort of rose. For more of the garden where Gravenstein apples were developed, turn to page 68 to see the photographs by Marie Holstein; the text is by Hathaway Hardy.

Our apologies are due another respected garden maker and writer, Marjorie Salisbury, whose credit for the text on her garden in the June issue—An Eden Regained—was inadvertently dropped during production of the issue, along with the credit for Mick Hales, who photographed the restored seventeenth-century gardens at Hatfield House.

Having just laid out our story on the house of Gilbert & George, we were more than a bit excited as we made our way to the preview of their exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum in New York. Through the doors, we immediately spotted the ar
ists, standing side b
side in their Englis
worsted suits, a
much a part of th
exhibition as th
paintings that hur
chronologically
demonstrating th
increasing strengt
of the photo-worl
the two men have a
complished sinc
they met and bega
their artistic collab
ration in 1967. As w
looked at thei
uniquely contempo
rary vision of th
world we could easily imagine the
telling their story to Brenda Richar
son, who quotes the artists in the cat
logue published by The Baltimo
Museum of Art: "We are only huma
sculptures in that we get up every da
walking sometimes, reading rarely, ea
ing often, thinking always. . . lovin
nightly, finding amusement, encoura
ing life, fighting boredom, being natu
ral, daydreaming, travelling alon
. . . philosophising a lot, criticising ne
er, whistling tunefully, dying very slowl
laughing nervously, greeting politely an
waiting till the day breaks."

They wait for the daybreak in a renc
vated row house on Fournier Stree
where they have amassed an extraord
nary collection of furniture and potte
of the English neo-Gothic and Art
and Crafts movements. Critic Joh
Russell collaborated with his wife an
our editor-at-large, Rosamond Be
nier, on our story, page 130, with pho
tographs by Richard Bryant. At home
as well as at the Guggenheim, Gilbe
& George embrace life with rare beau
ty and special insight.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chi

Frederick Forsyth's Rolex is like his novels. Tough, accurate and very stylish.

Frederick Forsyth is not prolific writer.

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Apart from his Rolex, Frederick Forsyth is particularly pleased with the coat you see him wearing in the photograph.

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"Jackal."

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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



Albert Hadley's star wallpaper for Mrs. R.T. Wilson, New York



■ ART FOR DECORATION'S SAKE While today's art scholars argue about what ought to be the subject matter of serious art, some collectors, decorators, and photographers of interiors are by-passing the issue of artistic seriousness and heading straight for the visual ideas that the content of a painting offers. Still-life painting in particular provides plenty of this sort of inspiration. Though many such paintings were commissioned as decoration or made to satisfy a commercial market, they sometimes qualify as serious artistic exercises and often imply a metaphysical truth. The desire to look at paintings for design inspiration doesn't always traffic in great art, yet the best ideas are usually found in the best pictures. The austere treatment, for instance, of a few simple objects seen in much still-life painting for the three hundred years from Zurbarán—by way of Chardin and Meléndez—to Manet and Cézanne fits our century's ideal of elegant simplicity exactly. In their way, the prudent, matterbound elements of Dutch still lifes afford a model for the arrangement of country mantels, window sills, and tables. Collectors and antiques dealers ignore the philosophical implications of seventeenth-century *vanitas* pictures and admire the objects—musical instruments, documents, armillary spheres, chalice-shaped ivory or bone fantasies, marble busts or architectural fragments in stone, pipes, locks, and pens. Part of the charm of these pictures is their offhanded composition—another lesson not wasted on decorators. Eighteenth-century still lifes of bookshelves with books stacked both sideways and straight up and down, nineteenth-century Japanese trompe-l'oeil panels showing life-sized cupboards filled with stacks of paper, boxes, brush and ink pots provide ideas on the arrangement of open shelves. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century trompe-l'oeil still lifes by Europeans—Marcos Correa, J.-F. de la Motte, Edwaert Colyer—and Americans—Frederick Peto, Raphael Peale, and William Michael Harnett—of letters, eyeglasses, newspaper clippings, and ribbons tacked up on pine boards can inform the arrangement of present-day bulletin boards and trompe l'oeil for kitchen cupboards. In the tradition of more is more, the dessert and buffet paintings done by Monnoyer and Desportes in the eighteenth century are unabashedly splendid and aristocratic displays. What a way to stack oranges, show off silver, mix fruit, flowers, and precious objects and otherwise give the atmosphere of a high feast. Other eighteenth-century still lifes show porcelain pots filled with flowers and used as





Top: Artichokes and Tomatoes in a Landscape by Luis Meléndez. *Above:* Stephen Lorber's *Dawn. Above left:* Contemporary still life, Fritz von der Schulenberg.

STAR WALLPAPER PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER MASS; ESTATE OF MELENDEZ PAINTING COURTESY NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN; LORBER PAINTING PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE SLOMAN

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lere, from the glitter and nchantment of a Viennese allroom steps Joanna. Iold her in your hands. She's a reathtaking beauty—the "belle f the ball." Then find the idden key ... wind it ... and the trains of Johann Strauss' *Blue)anube Waltz* is heard.

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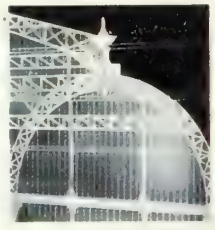
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devices for filling niches or fireplaces in summer. The contemporary still life shown here, a photograph by Fritz von der Schulenberg, implies points of both decoration and flower arrangement. A Neoclassic jar filled with old roses stands in front of an Etruscan wallpaper and illustrates the fact that Neoclassical interiors are cold and historically inaccurate without adequate doses of flowers and plants. (See the essay on Osterley Park House in the Victoria and Albert's Album 3 with this photo on the cover; 999 Bookshop, New York.) Stephen Lorber's present-day still life of Shaker baskets is both an exploration of textures and an exercise in how light plays off simple things. (Alexander Milliken, New York.) An exhibition of the work of eighteenth-century Spanish still-life painter Luis Meléndez at the National Academy of Design in New York until September 1 is a reminder that certain excellent still-life artists continue to be little known. Many of Meléndez's still lifes were meant to decorate rooms in Spanish royal palaces. Both startling and appealing are his heroic fruits and vegetables painted against a receding landscape and sky. The fruit is polished and often bursting. The immediate reaction is to make such an arrangement on a nearby sideboard and invite the neighborhood in. And indeed when the exhibition opened in New York, Jean Shanks's decorations took their cue from the paintings.



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etched with two di
architectural fanta





■ SUPER STARS Carriage and curtain linings, finely patterned old papers on the insides of armoires and bureau drawers often end up having a greater impact than boldly patterned wallpapers and fabrics used in full view and in ample amounts. Albert Hadley's gold-star wallpaper is such a design and he uses it, in this case, to set off old engravings and linen hand towels in a tiny New York powder room. Think how the stars sang when he lined a small country bedroom with a version of this paper where the stars were iridescent and the background a pale ice blue.



■ PEOPLE WANT TO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES Late-nineteenth-century industrial architecture often ended up by looking as romantic as the Crystal Palace or the Eiffel Tower. Today a blend of technology and fantasy is still appealing to young architects and designers such as Jean-Pierre Heim and his wife, Christine Feuillatte. Their twelve-by-seven-foot contemporary glass screens are etched with an illusion of architecture and louvered in order to function as real windows. Shown at the B&B America offices in New York, these tough-yet-lyrical creations can act as glass walls, room dividers, scrims against ugly views, or—if actually installed—as tour-de-force Palladian windows.

■ LOST SECRETS OF THE RECENT PAST There was a moment in France just after World War II that people today who ought to know love to recall. It was a life that centered around the Lopez-Willshaws and Carlos de Beistegui. A taste for theatrical

Watercolors, *left*, by Alexandre and Catherine Serebriakoff. *Top:* Dining room, Château de la Celle les Bordes, 1984. *Bottom:* Tapestry drawing room, Charles de Beistegui, Paris, 1950

WATERCOLORS PHOTOGRAPHED BY ATELIER [illegible] PARIS. GLASS SCREENS PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFFREY MCNAMARA


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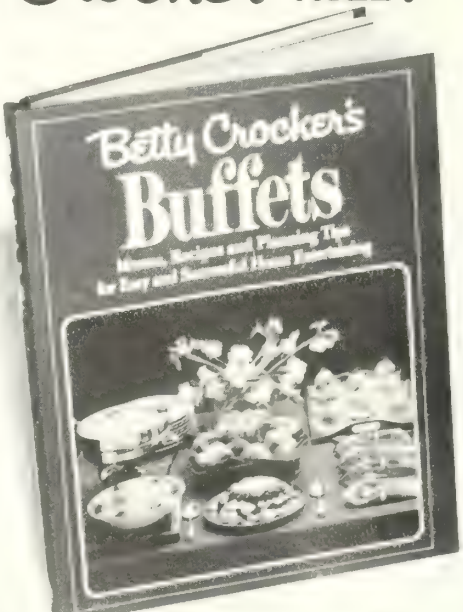
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RANDOM HOUSE

décor prevailed in these years afte brief flirtation with the Modernism Le Corbusier and the pared-down fu niture shapes of designers like Jea Michel Frank. Emilio Terry was the chitect many of them used along wi decorators Stephan Boudin, Victo Grandpierre, Georges Geffroy, an Beistegui himself. Alexandre an Catherine Serebriakoff, Russian-bo brother and sister artists trained in signing sets for the ballet, encountere this world in the forties and thereaft turned their talent to making wate colors of the houses, private theate and stylized spectacles that made su a lasting impression on the guests wh this group entertained at great ba and fetes. The Serebriakoffs admir the concept of luxury achieved in th period because it was based not on on the extraordinary possessions m ney could buy but also on great inn refinement. Lopez and Beistegui, f instance, were both perfectionists a used the same craftsmen but applie their taste in different directions. L pez was interested in the period Louis XIV, admiring the Sun King flamboyance as well as his grandeu Beistegui, on the other hand, loved th look of English houses in the ear nineteenth century and sought to r create their ease with the use of com fortable, big furniture—often shi mahogany—and objects in silve bronze, or gilt that would glea against a dark background. As the fo ties became the fifties, sixties, and se enties, the Serebriakoffs continue their profession of recording the mo luxurious houses of each era. Many these houses no longer exist or room have been rearranged by subsequen owners, yet families have tended hang on to the Serebriakoff waterco ors. Sometimes these little works a signed by both brother and sister, bu for the most part the pictures carr only his name. Catherine Serebriako did the details—minute copies of po traits and human figures—after Alex andre decided on the composition treatment of light, and arrangement furniture—analyzing each room as if were a set. For the first time and unt July 5 there is an exhibition of fifty their watercolors in Paris at La Demeur Historique, the association of privat historic houses, 57 quai de la Tournelle every afternoon. Laure de Beauvau Craon has organized the exhibition. □



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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF OLD BERLIN

Childhood memories of a *gemütlich* way of life that soon would be swept away forever

By Gabriele Annan



The street where I was born has disappeared from the map of Berlin. Not a stump remains of the acacias that lined it and filled the oppressive summer air with a smell like the inside of my box of wooden bricks, only sweeter. The last time I went there, rabbits were munching willow herb where the cook used to stand over the long black range. Only the yellow brick church of St. Matthew sticks up over acres of rubble stretching away to the new Mies van der Rohe art gallery. An undistinguished mid-nineteenth-century building, it has nevertheless been carefully restored. Seeing my adult feet on the familiar green, black, and dirty-white encaustic tiled floor brought back memories of the funerals I used to attend there.

My nanny took me to one whenever she could. We both liked the hymns, the clash of puce and yellow flowers in the wreaths, and the pitying glances I attracted, poor orphaned tot that I seemed to the passers-by when we emerged. I also put up with the long walk across the Tiergarten (Berlin's Central Park) to where there was an undertaker's shop with a dear little baby's coffin in the window, all covered in white spotted muslin. On her free Sunday afternoons Nanny stumped off with a bunch of flowers, a bag of sandwiches, and a bottle of schnapps to visit some dead acquai ance or other in a cemetery—not a re tive, because they were all buried Silesia where she came from. After f ty years in the city she was still a pe ant *dépaysée*. Heavy and slow, wit flat, patient brown face, she smelled *savon de Marseilles* except on tra journeys, for which she drenched h self in eau de Cologne. She was nev cross and I loved her very much. I w an only child and we needed one a other about equally.

We lived on the edge of the Tierga ten in the "Old West." "Old" was relative term in a city where few buil ings date from before 1800; but at lea this quarter had been built before t rush to the perimeter where the fores came—and still come—right up to t city. The Tiergartenstrasse along t park was full of imposing *palazzi*, mos ly embassies. Several quiet, leafy stree ran down from it to the canal; their m dium-sized houses, each in its sha garden, aspiring more or less energet cally toward Schinkel. Our neighbor was guarded by two glum caryatid they gave me an aversion to Classic sculpture which took years to ove come. Our own house had steps and pillared portico. The door was a swered by a manservant supervised b Bob, my father's bad-tempered bla Alsatian. My mother had two yappin West Highland terriers called Bess and Tommy, and her navy-blue roa ster sported a curb-level hatch f them into the dickey. I had a mela choly Aberdeen called Frank. Englis names were fashionable: not only f dogs, but for little boys as well. Ever one kept dogs, even though they had t be leashed and muzzled (for fear of r



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The street where I was born has disappeared from the map of Berlin

bies) on the street. Dogcatchers were said to lurk, ready to scoop up any offender. I was sure there was one by the canal, and never took Frank that way.

Once past Bob, you came to a pretty oval staircase lined with English sporting prints. They seemed to go on endlessly with horses racing from left to right or from right to left as I toiled up to the nursery. Halfway up was a window with a cream silk festoon blind to hide precisely what I loved to see: the courtyard belonging to a building in the street behind our house.

Individual houses like ours were rare in Berlin. Most people lived in tenements with two or three courtyards leading back from the street. The apartments at the front were often *hochherrschaftlich*—highly aristocratic. They could be vast, with more and grander rooms than our house had. Red Turkey carpeting went up the communal stairs which were marble to the *piano nobile* and guarded by a concierge. The first court was less luxurious: lavender-scented Miss Hislop, who gave English lessons, lived on one of these with worn green haircord on the stairs and spittoons on the landings. But the stairways in the second and third courts had no carpets at all and smelled of boiled cabbage, fried potatoes, and urine. That was where the poor lived. Poorest of all were the *Trockenwohner*, who occupied newly built apartments that had not yet dried out: as soon as they did, the landlords would move the *Trockenwohner* on. Their children, Nanny said, died of tuberculosis and rheumatic fever. You could not grow up in Berlin without sensing the terrible poverty all around. To a rich child, the poor seemed both romantic and threatening.

Each tenement courtyard contained a sort of goal post for hanging up carpets. People were supposed to beat them every Monday when all windows were kept closed until eleven o'clock. No beating was allowed at any other time: this was one of many prohibitions nailed up under the great gateways. But they could not keep out the beggars selling bootlaces, or the woman who wailed *La Colomba*, or the organ grinders with monkeys an sometimes marmots. We kept a supp of coins wrapped in paper to throw t them, but I begged in vain to be a lowed to buy their animals and s them free. So I worked instead on fantasy of filling the courtyard with w ter to the first-floor windows and kee ing a hippopotamus family there.

The hippos in the zoo, rising unpr dictably from the muddy water, ga me a weird *frisson* like the Witch of E dor in the Doré Bible which I looked a in the library after lunch (the salo with its crystal chandelier, grand p ano, pier glasses, and throne-shape Empire chairs was used only for partie and music lessons). Nanny did not ca for the library because the green leath er upholstery was powdery with ag and came off on my starched romper In any case, it was not her territory: a ter lunch she would go and lie down i her room next to mine, and I would b sent up quite soon after.

The nursery was hygienic but friend ly: it had a blue linoleum floor and a the furniture was painted white. Cu tains and walls were blue-and-whit toile de Jouy, and during my compul sory insomniac siestas I would make u stories about the girl garlanding he goat and the boy fishing by a hump backed bridge. But this did not work a night. Nanny left her door ajar, bu even so, big, slimy fish got into my be and the Witch of Endor tried to com up through the library ceiling under neath. When Nanny went down t supper with the servants in the kitchen I would creep out to the landing an listen to their voices coming up th food lift. Then at least I knew that no everyone in the house had suddenl died. I felt like Andersen's little matc girl, shivering and desolate on the col landing floor.

My mother's room was on the othe side of mine. Pale yellow chintz wit ochre and sepia roses filled it with per petual sunlight. The chintz was calle Malmaison and I have been trying t find it again ever since. A waist-high conservatory called a *Blumenfenste* was filled with rather unappealing German favorites like gloxinias an

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meaty begonias. Still, when the inne window was opened, a delicious dam green smell came out.

All the other windows in the hous were double casements. From autum to spring, bulb glasses stood betwee the panes: until just before Christma they wore conical hats of marbled Ita ian paper to keep them dark; then th hats came off and soon there were pin and blue hyacinths with an intoxica ing spicy sweet scent. But this scen was bad for you at night: Nanny knew of a girl dying in her sleep from th smell of flowers. So then the inner win dow was closed and only the top fla opened to let in a sharp splinter of ic air.

My parents' rooms were separate by the breakfast room. They actuall did breakfast there sitting on a stripe Biedermeier sofa at a round Bieder meier table. Afterward my mothe moved to the little Empire desk wher I now work. She wrote figures in blu morocco-bound books and once week Herr Schulte came from the o fice to take them away and leave a blu leather pouch full of money. While thi was going on I sometimes danced sol to the sound of a wind-up Gramo phone, always averting my eyes fro the records, though, because the sigh of the dog listening to his dead master voice made me cry. "Tit Willow" sun in German by a bass was banned alto gether because it threw me into parox ysms of grief.

My father's room was like an aquar um: everything dark green, walls an curtains in dark green striped and wa tered silk. A smell of Pears soap cam from his bathroom. Sometimes he con sented to be a Sultan, and I, in a towe turban, was his slave Abdullah. I lai out his cuff links and tie (always my fa vorite blue foulard with white spots until my assiduity wore him out and h presented the slave to the Sultana. Bu she was hopeless at keeping up th game. We were soon back to "Mum my" and "darling" and I would slin off to Nanny, anxiously passing th door to the attic stairs. I was not al lowed to open it, let alone go up. should disturb the servants, my mothe said. I knew that this was a fib becaus they always welcomed me in the kitch en; so why not in their bedrooms There must be something unmentiona bly threatening up there. □

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THE RICHES OF MODERNISM

Lloyd Macklowe foresaw the new taste for luxurious handcrafted twentieth-century furniture

By Steven M. L. Aronson



Lloyd Macklowe, *above,* surrounded by his wares: a Georges Barbier poster above a tea set by Philippe Wolfers on a Josef Hoffmann and Koloman Moser foxed-oak desk. *Below:* a Karl Witzmann clock in front of a Hoffmann and Moser foxed-oak and marquetry cabinet.



For fifteen years, Lloyd Macklowe has carried a superb range of Art Nouveau and turn-of-the-century French furniture, sculpture, objects, and jewelry in his New York gallery on Madison Avenue and 77th Street. "I started out as a collector," he says, "but I soon found that the only way I could continue was to sell something occasionally. That's how it all began."

Three years ago, Macklowe decided to extend his interest in Art Nouveau, which he saw as a bridge between nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorative arts, to furniture and design that were totemically twentieth-century. He established, next door to the Macklowe Gallery, a shop to which he gave the resoundingly declarative name "Modernism, Gallery of Classic Furniture and Objects."

The new gallery specializes in bo Viennese furniture from 1900 to t mid twenties by such masters as Jo Hoffmann, Josef Olbrich, Hans Ofn and Koloman Moser, and the flower French Art Deco furniture from t twenties by Jean-Michel Frank, Ju Leleu, Pierre Chareau, Émile-Jacqu Ruhlmann, and Edgar Brandt, amo others. And, Macklowe admits, t cross weave of cultures is juxtapos with "whatever I can find that has fo and architectural merit. I occasiona have turn-of-the-century pieces Mackintosh, or German furnitu from the same period, and even Ba haus. And some of my Art Deco fur ture goes right up through t thirties."

"Lloyd Macklowe has been the fo runner of a brand-new field ov here," says Alastair Duncan, head the department of nineteenth- a twentieth-century decorative arts Christie's and author of the recen published *Art Deco Furniture*. "H recognized before anyone else that t market would swing from Europe America. And indeed, there's a part ular urgency in America now to colle architect-designed furniture of th century."

"All of this *is* actually very popular the moment," Macklowe grants, su veying the significant loot he has sembled in his gallery. For Modernis is no dust-bitten warehouse, no a chaeological museum of functiona dead objects. There is not a morgui fragment or ungainly form in sight- rather, a wondrous array of chai chests, tables, desks, lamps, cloc and even four-piece bedroom sets.

"A lot of contemporary architec and designers are very interested in th furniture," Macklowe elaborate "Some want it for itself and others u



BANANA TREE: a panel from the ROYAL PROMENADE scenic wallpaper.

it as a prototype for their own designs. I'm not going to tell you which ones *they* are—you can figure that out for yourself," he chuckles. Among the architects and designers who do make frequent visits to Modernism, many with clients in tow, are Richard Meier, Charles Gwathmey, Michael Graves, Joseph Durso, and Noel Jeffrey.

"These Hoffmann baskets are interesting," Macklowe offers. "They're made of white-painted metal. Originally they had clear-glass liners so they could be used for hors d'oeuvres or flowers. Hans Ofner did those sweetmeat dishes over there, sometime before 1910. And here's a 1906 collaboration between Hoffmann and Koloman Moser for an office—desk, chair, flower stand, and cabinet, all in foxed oak. What they did was rub white pigment into the oak to accentuate the grain and give it a very warm feeling; then they decorated it with inlays of different woods and mother-of-pearl in a geometric pattern. And this is an amazing piece of furniture, a 1907 cabinet by



Some of Modernism's smaller objects

Fritz Nagel in black lacquer that was featured in a 1908 issue of *Das Interieur* in Vienna. It has repoussé panels with set stones in brass by Georg Klimt, brother of the famous artist.

"This cabinet is by the French lacquerist Jean Dunand," Macklowe says, moving toward a platformed space where some of the gallery's Art Deco objects are displayed. "It's a unique piece of furniture—there's only one and this is it. A lot of good French twenties furniture was commissioned for the home. That's why it's so rare. It wasn't made in the same volume as Viennese furniture—various furniture companies in Vienna manufactur and sold Wiener Werkstätte desig so pieces still turn up. But you'll nev find anything like, for example, th burled amboyna bedroom set ov there by Jules Leleu. He made it 1923 for a villa in Lyon."

Macklowe is at his most avid wh speaking of Leleu. "Look at this ma vel," he exclaims, stroking a Lel sharkskin buffet from the late twenti "This is even lined on the *inside* sharkskin. Leleu made very few thin in sharkskin, maybe only ten over a p riod of time, because they were very e pensive to produce and also becau sharkskin is an extremely difficult m terial to work with. You cannot belie how hard this stuff is." He thumps t buffet. "It's like a rock."

The next object to which Macklo turns in his exuberance is made of material so fine it looks as if it mig pucker if even puffed on. It is a Jacqu Adnet parchment cabinet, formerly the collection of designer Karl Lage feld. The cabinet has seven drawe each a different size, representing Macklowe supposes—the seven da of the week.

"I also carry ashtrays and lamps it's all part of providing a complete i terior. Over there are the original pal lamps—you see reproductions of the out in California but these are th French originals, done by Serge Roc around 1930. They're plaster of Pa on a wire frame. And *this* is one of t most exciting lamps I've ever seen— bronze cobra lamp by the French d signer and ironworker Edgar Branc made around 1925, with a shade by t Daum Brothers of Nancy. The ter cotta vases in the corner were made f Primavera, the French departme store, in the twenties—they're sign by Madeleine Sougez. And this silve and-ivory tea set is by Philippe Wo ers, a Belgian.

"I like to think that there's virtua nothing in this gallery that wouldn make an addition to some museum Indeed, shortly after Macklo opened Modernism, he sold the Me ropolitan Museum a white-painte angular-paneled, curvilinear-arm wood chair by Ettore Bugatti.

"Museum-quality" implies an e travagant price—what actually *is* t price range for the spoils of Moder ism? "A thousand, fifteen hundr



llars, and up," Macklowe replies. he Viennese furniture goes for up to rty, thirty-five thousand, and as for · French Art Deco, well, that Leleu ırkskin buffet is seventy-five thou- ıd. But there are very few things that uld be in that price category. The te where we're sitting now, for in- nce, which is Hoffmann from 1906, ɔnly twelve thousand five hundred. e whole thing—the table, the ıch, the two armchairs, the two side ıirs. Of course, there's less and less this furniture available now, and its pularity combined with its lack of ıilability tends to exert an upward essure on prices—year by year y're rising slowly. But if you hunt ·d enough, there will always be good ys. A lot of the furniture I get in Eu- ɔe, but really anywhere I go I might d something."

'Macklowe makes the effort," says astair Duncan. "He travels, he rches out objects and brings them ck—whole containerfuls. A lot of alers just sit in their stores and buy at :tion here, which is why there are y few dealers of top quality in this ıntry."

Macklowe's hunt for buried trea- :e has taken him to some of the rld's mustiest attics, cellars, barns, d garages—indeed, to wherever the ·longer-loved shards of depleted es- es have been relegated. It has cer- ıly had its dangerous moments. "A ɔresentative of a titled French family ɔroached me and said they had some niture to sell made by DIM, Deco- ors Intérieurs Modernes," Mack- ve recounts. "He took me to this use in the seventh arrondissement— vas so huge I couldn't believe one ıily still lived in all of it, but they did. · showed me the garage, a four-car ·age, and he told me that the furni- e I was interested in was piled up in ·back. I had to push two vintage cars t of the way, and as I stood up I :ked into some hunting trophy on ·wall and got stabbed in the head by ɔair of ancient antlers! But the im- rtant thing is I got a great bedroom t of that garage."

Macklowe's search for objects of ɔdernist distinction has also had its endipitous side. In the window of shop recently sat a silvered-bronze ck of such stunning geometry—all aight lines, flat planes, and hard edges—that it drew the attention of passers-by. Priced at $7,500, it was made around 1923 by the firm of Süe et Mare, which went on to design twin pavilions for the Paris Exposition of 1925, as well as to decorate the French Embassy in Washington, the grand salon of the *Ile de France,* and parts of the S.S. *Paris* and *Normandie*. "The firm's work is represented in the collections

> Macklowe is at his most avid when speaking of Leleu

of both the Metropolitan Museum and the Musée des Arts Décoratifs—and I found that clock in a Miami junk shop!" Macklowe exclaims, hugging his luck. "I paid next to nothing for it."

Whatever their provenance, the objects he exposes us to are ones we might not otherwise see. "Before Lloyd Macklowe," says Penelope Hunter-Stiebel, a free-lance curatorial consultant and a former curator of twentieth-century decorative arts at the Metropolitan Museum, "the market in Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and Wiener Werkstätte was very localized—there were French collectors who went to French dealers for French Art Nouveau and French Art Deco, there were Viennese collectors who went to Viennese dealers for Wiener Werkstätte, and there were, of course, American collectors who went to American dealers for Tiffany. What Macklowe has done—through his travels and his contacts with auctioneers and with other dealers, large and small, on every continent—is bring to Madison Avenue the pick of the world's market in twentieth-century decorative arts. He's broken through the provincialism of the field, and that's really a major contribution." □

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BOTANIC BATTALIONS

The great estates of nineteenth-century England were maintained by armies of proud and dedicated gardeners

By Allen Paterson

Time was, not so very long ago, when, it seems, everybody kept servants. Read any novel by Charles Dickens and the dependence upon domestic assistance in early Victorian days appears complete. The arrangement of domestic staff was as rigidly hierarchical as the families they served, and visiting menservants and maidservants took the rank of their employer upstairs. "In grand houses," as Mr. Girouard explains in his book *Life in the English Country House*, "the steward, housekeeper and head cook (usually a male chef) ate in the steward's room, along with the head gardener, the senior lady's maids and valets, and the coachmen. A footman or steward's room boy waited on them."

The inclusion of the head gardener in that hierarchic sequence of below-stairs dining suggests an outdoor mirror image of the indoor staff of a big country house—that of the gardeners, gamekeepers, foresters, and general estate workers, not to mention the laborers on the home farm.

Certainly the head gardener on a big estate was a man of some importance; in the 1720s the Duke of Chandos's head gardener at Canons was paid the then considerable sum of £100 per annum while the secretary, the librarian, and the chaplains only got £75. Doubtless, if good at his job he earned it, being responsible for the cultivation of many acres of land and the overseeing of a veritable army of men.

Just as inside the house, the gardens were divided into departments and by the nineteenth century such a differentiation had reached its apogee. Horticultural technology had progressed amazingly yet any form of automation was virtually unknown. Only in one aspect can one see the possibility of labor saving. In 1830 Edwin Budding invented the cylinder grass mower, adapting the idea of the cylinder of spiral blades which was used in the textile industry to cut the nap of cloth. The growth of grass, he realized, is very like cloth in habit and could be attacked similarly. Mr. Budding wrote of his revolutionary invention, "Country gentlemen may find, in using the machine themselves, an amusing, useful, and healthy exercise."

The rising middle class, for whom John and Jane Loudon wrote so profusely in their books and magazines, might well be amused by a little "useful and healthy" grass mowing. In the great country houses it is as likely th the patrician owner would push mower and peruse *The Suburban Ga dener and Villa Companion* as h would peel the potatoes for luncheo and consult Mrs. Beeton's *Household Management* for advice on how best do it.

But then, he was not always ther Gone were the days when Pop could write: Happy the man whose wish and care A few parental acres bound Happy to breathe his native air On his own ground. The exigencies of th social round preven ed it. At the mome when English garde were at their mo beautiful, "the Se son" began and ever one trailed up to Lo don (you went "up even if, coming fro Yorkshire, you trav eled "down" sout some two hundre miles). A ceaseles round of balls an parties began, inte spersed with the Roya Academy's Opening Show, Ascot (fu ther horse racing could follow Goodwood), and the Royal Regatta Henley. This at the beginning of Jul signaled the end of the season and fam ilies which avoided Goodwood an which didn't sail at Cowes could we enjoy their gardens for a month befor packing up for Scotland to pursu grouse and deer.

From 1888, however, there was day each year in the third week of Ma when fashion and flowers could legit mately meet. This was the first, Fe



Greenhouse staff at Halton, Buckinghamshire, early 1900s, noted gardener Ernest Field, far right.

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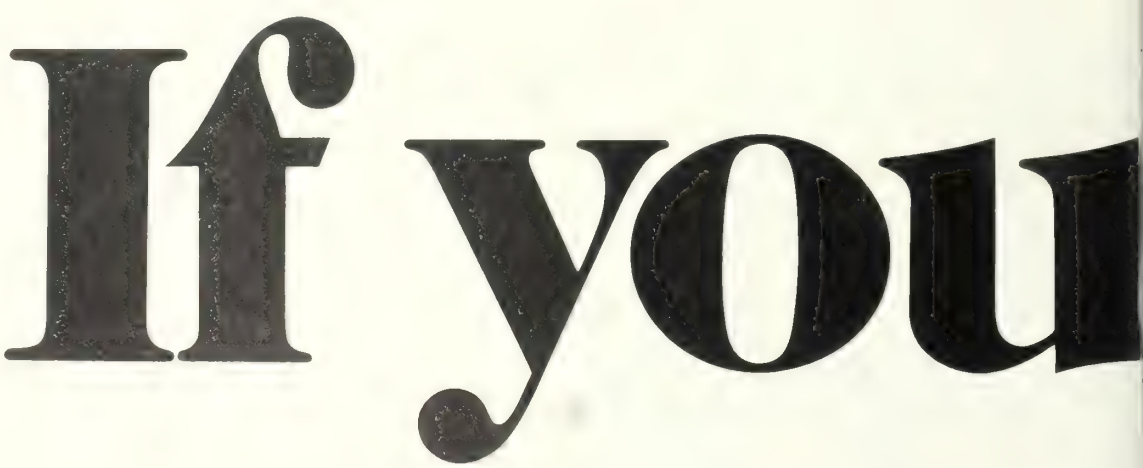


lows, day at the Royal Horticultural Society's great spring show. Originally held in Lincoln's Inn Fields, it moved to the ground of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and has been *the* Chelsea Show ever since. Even now in these more egalitarian days when "Fellows" have become "Members" and the party of royals visit the evening before to avoid the crush the change has caused, the first day of Chelsea has a certain air of social grandeur about it. Seventy-five years ago, to be there was *de rigueur,* each keen garden-owning gentleman followed at a respectable distance, silk hat by bowler hat, by his head gardener who had come up from the country. Next day the latter was back in his domain, deciding where all the newly ordered plants should go.

The head gardener's position was one of organizing and planning; he was in sole charge of what today could be considered a considerable horticultural business with a work force of complexity and of highly specific roles. Directly responsible to him were only slightly lesser men. The inside foreman was in charge of the greenhouses and conservatories, while an outside foreman led the pleasure grounds and kitchen garden staff. In the higher establishments each of these had its own foreman. As with the upper indoor staff, foremen were followed by a host of minor mortals, journeymen, apprentices, and boys. Under the inside foreman these varied from specialists in orchids or in the production of musk melons to humble potboys who did nothing from one year's end to the next but scrub unknown thousands of clay flowerpots. This suitable chastening period was considered necessary until they showed the spark of potential which would gradually light them up the hierarchical ladder. All the great names in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century gardening began in this way. Lancelot Brown worked in the gardens at Wallington in Northumberland and at Stowe before, at that great palace of Lord Cobham, he began to be involved in the laying out of grounds and earned the immortal nickname "Capability."

Sir Joseph Paxton, member of Parliament, a Director of Railways, an designer of the Crystal Palace for th Great Exhibition of 1851, also bega thus and working at the Horticultura Society's (not yet Royal) gardens a Chiswick he became arboretum fore man in 1824. By fortunate chance h became head gardener to the Duke c Devonshire at Chatsworth in 1826 a 25 shillings a week, plus a house. Suc was his success in transforming th Chatsworth gardens into a nationa showplace with unparalleled green houses that only a dozen years later h was sought as head gardener at Wind sor Castle at £1,000 per year. Paxto refused and pursued his glittering ca reer with the duke.

In the 1830s the inefficiencies of th royal gardens at Kensington Palace Hampton Court, and Windsor had be come a public scandal with, it is re corded, gross underproduction o simple requirements such as parsle and spinach, while excesses of pineap ples and cucumbers were almost as re markable. The situation became se serious in the first year of Victoria'



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gn a House of Lords inquiry was set . Eventually great new kitchen gar- ns were developed at Windsor cov- ng over thirty acres. Clearly the ganizing genius of a Paxton was re- ired.

The queen's new gardens reflected the horticultural possibilities of the e. Long ranges of glasshouses, heat- to every necessary environmental gime, provided flowers and fruits out season as well as countless young ants needed for annual planting in e vegetable plots and ornamental ounds. Every garden well supported ined fruits according to its aspect; aches and nectarines, sweet cherries, d figs enjoyed the warmth of south alls, red and white currants, goose- rries, and sour cherries accepted eir reverse. Apples, pears, and plums vered others and, as well, made ar- itectural patterns as their formally ined shapes lined the walks.

The head gardener's house, like that a spider's in the middle of its web, od centrally and a couple of rooms th the best views of the garden were reserved for Her Majesty's own use. Though head gardeners traditionally maintained a fiercely proprietorial air about "their" gardens one cannot imagine Queen Victoria being daunted as Reginald Arkell relates:

The Queen was in the garden
A-smelling of a rose
She started for to pick one,
To please her royal nose;
When up speaks the gardener;
"You can't have none of those."

The annexation of space in the gardener's house by the owner was not uncommon. At Castle Howard in Yorkshire one may still see in the charming eighteenth-century house two elegant and sunny rooms so designated. If anything they are even more desirable now that parts of the kitchen gardens there have been turned into one of the finest rose gardens in Britain.

Castle Howard has happily found a modern role for some of its kitchen-garden areas. At far more country houses this has been the first part of the grounds, being out of sight and often out of mind, to be let go as staff is reduced. A great estate has no longer, even if still maintained in some prosperity, the population it once did. The nineteenth-century family and its friends and relations, the dozens of indoor servants and the outside staff together may have comprised a hundred souls and more. All were fed from the kitchen gardens and home farm.

Today, with garden visiting having become something of a national sport, there is a sad irony in the fact that the once impeccable maintenance is seldom possible, especially within those high brick walls. However, where a big kitchen garden still exists, even run with careful economy, it is of absorbing interest to visitors. Perhaps we can all relate to the noble lord's rows of leeks and lettuce because our own at home look just as good. But where there is still a working vinery or a peach house or two, where a central walk arches between a pair of summer borders backed by espalier apples and pears, where sea-kale pots still do the job for which they were intended, we get a glimpse of a vanished age. □

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of a different country of the wor

FRANCE
Brigitte

Shown actual size.

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UNITED STATES
Abigail

IRELAND
Aileen

SPAIN
Carmen

ITALY
Luisa

Shown smaller than actual size of 8½" in height.

ine a collection of porcelain dolls, each one authentically aying the traditional dress of a different country. Picture a ction in which each porcelain doll is unique, not only in s but also in facial appearance. Imagine a collection you uy today that is crafted with the same care that the great century dollmakers lavished on their creations.

impossible dream? No! The Danbury Mint proudly presents *of the World.*

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llectors of antique dolls, doll-making reached its peak in century France. Some of the great French dolls of the 1800's sold for thousands of dollars.

lls of the World will be crafted with the same care as those ndary dolls of long ago. Head, arms, and legs will be made of rted bisque porcelain. Facial features will be sculptured for icate look and feel, and painted by hand. What's more, *each head will be a different original sculpture*—the facial appear- of each will capture the special personality of its homeland.

Each doll's costume individually hand-tailored

n young girl's costume will be individually hand-tailored. As ropriate, costumes will feature elegant embroidery, exqui- lacework, and fascinating fabrics with different weaves, ures and colors. Each doll will be distinctively dressed from d to toe – in a generous eight and one-half inch size. Each g girl will have a personality of her own, which reflects the ntry she represents.

ere's *Brigitte,* of France, attired in traditional dress that fea- s a ruffled bonnet, lovely pinafore and a dress with elegant work. *Carmen,* of Spain, will wear a bright red dress with ed flounces as well as a matching *serape.*

isan, of Scotland, will be clad in a traditional tartan kilt and land hat. *Abigail,* of the United States, will be dressed in the nial style: a bright red bonnet with matching apron, and a ered dress which she would probably have sewn herself.

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ch doll will also come with a Certificate of Authenticity bear- your personal serial number – establishing each doll as part ur registered collection.

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CULINARY CONQUESTS

Some immodest thoughts on the battleground of the table

By Alexander Cockburn







Nouvelle Mexique from Saint Estéphe: Chile Relleno Stuffed with Mushroom Duxelle; Salmon Painted Desert and caviar Blue Corn Tortillas; Seabass Tamale in a corn husk.

We drove south on the San Diego Freeway, past the neon sea of L.A. International Airport, through the purple twilight to Manhattan Beach and the restaurant they call the Saint Estéphe. I was well armed, for beside me at the wheel of the Nissan Sentra was a man I'll call Mercator, a professor of economics at UCLA, undiluted in his radical convictions, awesome in appetite, his palate trained in Mexico, Paris, Budapest, Moscow, and the Upper West Side of Manhattan; in the back seat was his wife Augusta, a child of Portuguese colonialism, nourished on the *caldo verde* of Lisbon, the *muamba* of Angola, the *feijoada* of Brazil.

We'd heard of the Saint Estéphe a few weeks earlier, with reports filtering in of a successful fusion of New Mexican with New French cuisine. As we rolled along the freeway I brought reports of the food frenzies of New York, of gastrofads bursting like comets in the night, gone in an eyeblink: the mustard mania, the vinegar madness, the peppercorn frenzy; American tongues darting at the spinning globe, at Szechwan, Osaka, Bangkok, Hanoi, and now, most recently, at Mexico and the great American Southwest.

Mercator addressed the inside of the Sentra as though it were a lecture hall. "You ask, why this frenzied food faddism, this orgy of gastroglobal eclecticism? Consider. There is a familiar pattern in which food in the imperial, mother countries is influenced by, even replaced by food from annexed, or colonial or even neo-colonial areas: Algerian or North African or Vietnamese food in France; Indonesian or Surinamese food in Holland; Indian food in Great Britain. In pre-revolutionary Russia the best food came, still con from the Transcaucasus, from Ar nia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, and cen Asia. Why?"

The tempestuous Augusta bu forth: "Food from imperial count is inherently bland. Being in tempe areas the imperialists are less likel be using interesting condiments spices, and besides they're so busy perializing the world that they have time."

"What about French food?"

"Stolen from Italy via the cook Marie de' Medici, when she cros the Alps to marry Henry IV. The sine of France is oversold. Engl food? Bland beyond belief. Think o the least imperial countries in Eur have the best food: Italy and Hunga which is the crossroads of eastern rope." Augusta fell silent, and Mer tor, peering for the exit sign to M hattan Beach, resumed.

"How else can we account for

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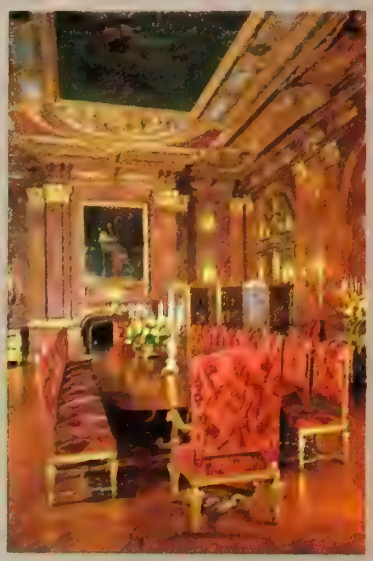
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mania here for Third World food? As an economics professor I could point to the ready availability of cheap raw materials as an essential component of colonialism. As a student of our political culture I could cite liberal guilt over colonial repression, the frumpies—formerly radical, upwardly mobile professionals—saying to themselves, 'If we can't fight for their causes, the least we can do is eat their food.'"

Mercator suddenly swerved the car into the exit ramp and there was a startled blare from behind as a Buick wooshed past us into the red ribbon of taillights streaming south. I thought of the cult of Vietnamese food, of the success in lower Manhattan of two restaurants, dowdy Saigon and modish Indochine. "Don't trust liberal guilt," I said. "It's always two-edged. What could not be conquered in the Mekong Delta is consumed at the table; in an anthropological paradox the defeated devour, symbolically, the victors."

We drove down Sepulveda Boulevard. The Saint Estéphe was in a shopping mall and at last, to our left, we saw the gray expanse of Manhattan Village Mall. Obedient as only California drivers are, Mercator obeyed the NO U-TURN, NO LEFT TURN signs. As we searched for a legal left turn Augusta brooded further on the appeal of Third World cuisine: "It is the exoticism of the subordinate. You and I read qualities into a culture that conform to the stereotypes and reinforce our dominant position vis-à-vis that culture. The English, for example, eat Indian food. They tell each other that the true Indian eats fiery curries to make himself cool in a hot climate. What they are really saying is that the Indian is impervious to pain and hence can be treated abominably; because they think that the Indian must be silly to think he can get cool in this way. The Dutch say that the Indonesians eat such mountains of *rijsttefel* that they cannot work hard, proving they must be lazy. Take this craze for Mexican food . . ."

But at last Mercator had made his legal turn, gone back along the boulevard, and was parking in front of an undistinguished concrete structure labeled Saint Estéphe. From the outside it had Bad French Restaurant written all over it, the sort of place that sells Steak Diane and crêpes Suzettes to the notables of small towns across America. But the interior was chaste, th menu seductive, and the meal—for a its bad faith—a beautifully contrive affair.

The cooking was modern French technique, *nouvelle* in presentatio with some polite, though restraine bows in the direction of the America Southwest, mostly in the higher huc sterism of the menu's language. spoke of the Sangre de Cristo mou tains, the civilization of the first Amer can Indians, the small villages Hispanic settlers and the natur foods—corn, chile, beans, wild herb pumpkins, piñon nuts, squash—th had "blended together to make Amer ca's first historic cuisine." The Sai

The menu spoke of the Sangre de Cristo mountains, the civilization of the first American Indians, the small villages of Hispanic settlers

Estéphe, the menu suggested, has co cocted "a modern Southwest cuisine by taking these raw materials and ad ing "new interest, inspiration and r finement."

We ordered blue corn tortilla "served with smoked salmon and tw types of American caviar." They we cocktail canapés, resting on whi plates and set off against a trim of sma red peppers. A snap of Mercator's jav and they were gone. We had a tiny ca soulet of sweetbreads with pinto bea and wild rice. The only element he the Southwest could claim for its ow would be the pinto beans, but the dis was good. As our third hors d'oeuv we had "New Mexican style ravio stuffed with *carne adobada,* served wi a cream garlic chèvre sauce"—fou pale squares, a mini-UN of ingred ents: Southwestern filling, Italian e velope, sauce from a peasant produ of the eastern Mediterranean.

Contented as we waited for the ma

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dishes, perched in the western edge of one of the largest Spanish-speaking cities in the world, we debated the fashion for Mexican food and the meaning of the Saint Estéphe.

"After all," Mercator pointed out. "though Mexico has some of the most sophisticated food in the world in the United States we basically eat what the cowboys have round the campfire: beans, enchiladas, rice, and tacos. What's being enforced is the peasant stereotype, a version of pastoral. The classic Mexican leftover dish is *ropa vieja,* literally 'old clothes.' You tell us it's on the menu of the Cafe Marimba in New York for $14.95. That's like selling a hot dog with sauerkraut for $10. Now the colonized are not only exotic but also threatening. Mexico conjures up an image of illegal immigrants flooding across the Rio Grande, of perilous external bank debt, of drug smuggling. It has these dual connotations—quaint but threatening. Hence you get attempts at domestication and cultural pacification via a pastoral version of Mexican cuisine and, even less threatening, the notion of New Mexican food. New Mexico isn't going to threaten America. It *is* America."

Augusta, who had just been reading Marcuse, burst in, "Yes, it is the very image of repressive tolerance! The proliferation of Third World food is a concession to immigrants, allowing them a toe hold in the American dream. You integrate the Third World into American cuisine while at the same time segregating it from American society. As an immigrant you have the vicarious pleasure of seeing your food move out of the gastro-ghetto into middle-class respectability in a fancy restaurant where you might be lucky to work as busboy."

The main dishes came: the menu's "fresh prawns from Arizona served Southwest bouillabaisse style, flavored with nopalitos and chile pods"; though entirely unrelated to bouillabaisse in any style the prawns were great and the little bits of nopal cactus served as signifiers of the Southwest as surely as an ox skull on a whitewashed wall signifies Georgia O'Keeffe. Signifier of the Southwesternness of the *suprême de volaille* was *jicama,* Mexico's retort to the daikon radish, this year's crisp texture of choice though, in the Saint Estéphe's presentation, pointlessly



shredded. The delicious saddle of lamb had its signifying *posole,* and the New Mexican *carte d'identité* of the equally delicious veal chop was established by a *sopaipilla*—a square pouch of puff pastry from which one tears a corner to pour in honey.

We ate and we drank and as we did so parties of sober-looking men in suits and ties came in to eat, straight from the office evidently even though it was now well past nine, Hughes engineers, aerospace executives, traders and guardians of the Pacific rim. As the hefty bill arrived I told Mercator and Augusta of the feeding frenzies of the East Coast: bogus regionalism disguised as the "new American cuisine." In New York at Jams, for example, Norwegian salmon with *jícama* and green-pepper *concasse;* sautéed foie-gras salad with *jícama,* sherry vinaigrette, and deep-fried spinach; red-pepper pancake with salmon and Oestra caviar.

Mercator raised his hand. "Stop, please! It's the same here in Los Angeles, as you well know. Probably worse." But it was my privilege to give myself the final word. "The last refuge for an elite frantic to define itself, ye with nothing creative to say, is conspi uous, relentless consumption of com modities of which the most basic food. The British elite, at the height their empire in the late nineteenth cen tury, conspicuously consumed mea which were vast in size and, amid the belches, proclaimed, 'We gorge, there fore we exist.' Today, the conspicuou consumer in the United States know that to gorge is to die. He renders h orgies of consumption—hugely ex pensive to be sure—more theatrica He nods to the humble New Mexica pueblos with a blue corn tortilla. H winks at the Orient with a cumin seed at China with a water chestnut, at Sia with some lemon grass, at Japan with dried *bonito* shred. He consumes th world by symbols and the more he eat down the more he pays up. Ideally ou conspicuous consumers must ingest a these symbols at the same time, fo then truly they can fold their napkin with a contented sigh and say, 'We ar the world.' " □



A strictly French dessert: Saint Estéphe's striped almond chocolate cake.



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THE ALL-AMERICAN PORCH

Old-fashioned, comfortable, and sometimes terribly stylish, it is our national summer living room, a box seat to the outdoors

By Mark Hampton

In this lovely season I think of porches: the nostalgic, varied, old-fashioned, enormously comfortable and sometimes terribly stylish porches of American houses, outfitted for long, hot summers. The porch with its rocking chairs, old sofas, wicker, gliders and swings, its iced tea and palm-leaf fans, its hanging plants dripping on painted planks—this porch is, in fact, an American phenomenon. The idea of a warm-weather outdoor retreat is so exotic to the English mind that it practically doesn't exist in English houses. What we call a porch, the English call a veranda, a word taken from the Hindi and suggesting the intense heat of India. One of the pleasantest porchlike places ever seen in Britain was in fact not a porch at all. It was Cecil Beaton's winter garden, which was half glassed-in roofed gallery, half greenhouse, with Gothick mullions at the windows, a profusion of basket furniture, blue-and-white Chinese porcelain pots and garden seats, and masses of flowers.



The grand but invitingly informal porch at Westbury House

To some architectural historians the American porch as a summer living space has Southern antecedents. Practically every example of Southern American domestic architecture, whether Palladian, Greek Revival, or French or Spanish Colonial in its origin, includes in a major frontal way a porch, call it what you will. This tradition seems to have lodged itself into the mind of the American builder just as firmly as that of green shutters. The marvel of the climate in the United States is that even in Minnesota, Michigan, and Maine, not to mention the other northern latitudes where winters are so unforgiving, the summer months are regularly and dependably hot and sunny. Consequently, the architecture of American houses, whether built for year-round use or for summers, has come to include an encyclopedic variety of porches. Moreover, the porch as a summer living room exists as a happy appendage to the grandest of houses whatever their style.

The porch in the illu
tration is a very famili
one to many people. It
the west porch of Wes
bury House on Long I
land, New York, which
open to the public. Th
great Phipps house w
built in the first decade
this century. The porch
the perfect marriage
grandeur and comfort.
is just as easy to imagi
spending time there on
self as it is to imagi
Edith Wharton sitting
one of the vast sofas tal
ing to Bernard Berenso
or Daisy Buchanan wi
Jay Gatsby (Mrs. Bucha
an's house, not M
Gatsby's), or even Ne
Lutyens having a co
chat with Lady Sackville

Architecturally th
Phipps porch is an Ioni
order post-and-bea
structure attached to
Edwardian version of
Christopher Wren hous
The ceiling is roughis
oak but constructed in a very intrica
way and supported by beautifully fi
ished stone columns. The floor is pa
marble laid in contrasting squares. Th
furniture is, according to one memb
of the family who remembers it fro
many years ago, nearly exactly the w
it was originally. It consists of a coup
of gigantic sofas that do not matc
slipcovered in chintz, a few chairs
various types, some assorted table
and lots of plants. The whole combin
tion was loosely assembled, and it w
clearly arranged for comfort and info
mality, the major purpose of porch fu
nishing. It seems to me that th

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edom with which the furniture was
ıd is) arranged on this gorgeous
estbury porch results from a desire
soften the rigidly architectural atmo-
ıere of the space itself, which as a
tter of fact seems to apply to porch-
in general. In their hard, structural
y, they need all the ad hoc tricks of
re decoration. Loosely arranged fur-
ure is visual shorthand for an infor-
l mood.

A similarly grand porchlike space
h an equally inviting atmosphere in
midst of great architectural detail
ists at Vizcaya, Burrall Hoffman's
lazzo in Miami, Florida, built
14–1916. The house itself, although
ounds gauche and corny, is a pas-
ne of fifteenth- and sixteenth-centu-
Italian design, and it is as beautiful as
s possible to be. Vizcaya's east
rch, or loggia, is wonderful. The
ling is vaulted and the space is open
both its long sides, facing the ocean
one direction and into a courtyard in
other. The end walls lead into the
use. The floor is paved with marble
an extraordinarily complex pattern
interlocking circles, better than the
ıza at Lincoln Center. In the middle
this palatial space sits a heroically
led marble-and-stone Renaissance
ble. Around this table and tucked in
d out of the huge plants in pots and
oden tubs are simply lots and lots of
ge wicker chairs with deep seat
shions and smaller pillows stuffed in
back. The effect is perfect; it is
ormously inviting, but it is unex-
cted, and being unexpected is prob-
ly one of the ephemeral qualities that
ike up chic, a word that lovers of
hion have argued about ever since it
ne into use in France in the 1850s.
ıe Vizcaya porch is definitely chic. It
also nostalgic and romantic, and I
ppose that these qualities are very
ıch a part of the planning of all suc-
ssful porches and terraces and gar-
ns.

Another porch I've always loved
nking about (I saw it once years ago)
n Maine, looking through huge trees
wn to the water. It is part of a house
th dark timbering of that curious
rt that is neither Tudor nor Norman.
st dark. The porch does not attempt
be light; it is furnished with shiny
ack wicker of all sorts, with lacquer-
d canvas covering its cushions and
erything looking terrific against the
rk posts and beams of the timbered
structure of the porch itself. The flow-
ers and plants are equally controlled,
consisting of nothing but masses of ge-
raniums in all sorts of terra-cotta pots,
many of them covered with moss, the
way pots should be.

A coat of paint can be the perfect an-
swer to lots of porch questions, and is
not a compromise either. I can recall
many porches with old rocking chairs
of one design, benches and tables of
another, and, of course, the ubiquitous
wicker of various shapes and styles,
and the underlying element that held
the whole thing together was the uni-
form paint color of the otherwise unre-
lated furniture. The best porch colors
are dark green (the color of shutters),
whites of all varieties, grays, natural
tones, and black. It is not exactly a rain-
bow of choices but as a background
color for the foliage and potted ver-
dure of summertime and as a compan-
ion color for the architectural details of
most houses, one of these colors will
speak in the classical vocabulary of
porch decoration. They are also colors
that allow the free use of awning
stripes, chintzes, and sailcloth slipcov-
ers and the assorted mats and old rugs
that end up on porch floors.

A porch that has been created in re-
cent years and that embodies all the
qualities of the past that I love but
which belongs to two people very
much of the present is one in the Con-
necticut house of Virginia and John Sa-
ladino. The architecture of the place is
Georgian and Palladian, and the porch
makes reference to all the periods that
are combined by the Saladinos' own
personal style as well as all the periods
that are found in the charming Geor-
gian Revival style of so many American
houses built fifty or sixty years ago. Ar-
ranged in this lovely setting of mold-
ings and columns and pilasters are
an antique marble cistern or lavabo
against a wall, lead garden chairs that
were already there and had been for a
long time, and a modern sofa, designed
by John Saladino, consisting of a very
strict post-and-beam frame and made
soft and comfortable by a terry-cloth-
covered pad. From then on, it is pots
and paths and topiary and daydreams
of Derbyshire or Tuscany or the won-
ders of Connecticut itself as you look to
the distant hills. Whatever else they
are, porches are box seats from which
those of us who worship nature can re-
lax and watch the show. □

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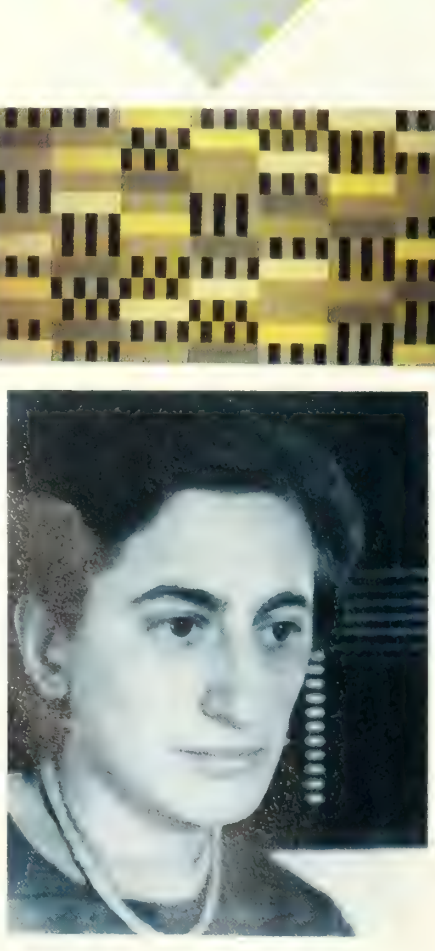
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One of the last great Bauhaus teachers, Anni Albers has brought color and texture to the Modern Movement

By Nicholas Fox Weber







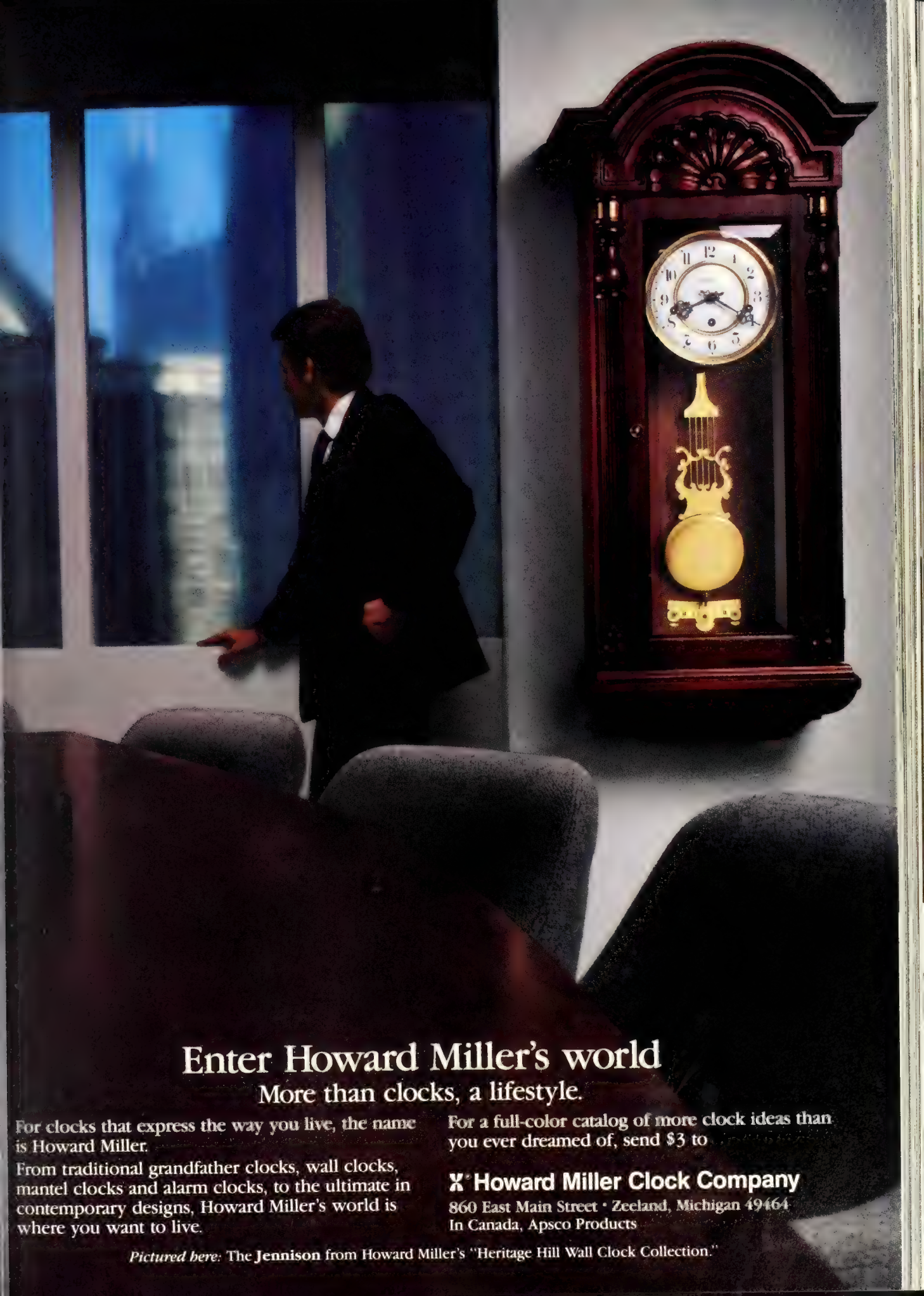
When Anni Albers at age 22 told her father, a Berlin furniture manufacturer, that she wanted to attend the recently formed Bauhaus school, he scowled. "What do you mean 'a new style'? We've had the Renaissance; we've had the Baroque; there are no new styles."

It was at the Bauhaus, however, that Anni developed the pioneering approach to abstract art and textile technique that has led her through over sixty years of creativity and quiet yet radiant influence as a weaver, writer, teacher, and printmaker. And it was the new style that eventually proved to be Anni's ticket to America, and hence her parents' salvation.

An American architecture student named Philip Johnson had admired samples of Anni's textiles on a visit to the Dessau Bauhaus. One day in the summer of 1933, shortly after the Gestapo forced the closing of the school, he ran into her on a street in Berlin and accepted an invitation for tea. Knowing that her husband, Josef, a Bauhaus teacher, was out of a job, and that Anni had a Jewish background (from the Nazi viewpoint, although she had been confirmed in the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche), Johnson asked if they would like to go to America. Anni said yes but gave it little more thought until a cable arrived asking Josef to head the art faculty at the new and progressive Black Mountain College in North Carolina. The founders of Black Mount had gone to The Museum of Mod Art and asked Johnson (then affilia with MOMA) for the name of an ceptional art teacher, and he had ommended Josef Albers, suggest that Anni could teach weaving. A said that they thought North Carol might be in the Philippines, but a hearing a bit more, they cabled b their acceptance, with the warning t Josef spoke no English. The Bl Mountain founders urged them come anyway, and in November 1933 they sailed, visa and immigrat formalities having gone surprisin smoothly because of the intervent (unknown to the Alberses) of seve influential Americans who had form a committee to rescue German artis

It wasn't the first time that Anni h plunged from one world into anoth For a woman whose grandfather, Ullstein of publishing fame, ow one of the first telephones in Berlin wouldn't answer it "because bells w only for domestics," the Weimar B haus had been quite a change. She h rented an inexpensive room, w baths available only once a week, n the school. Having failed on her f attempt at admission, she was k from heading home by the sight of

Top: Anni Albers's *DO V,* screenprint, 1973; *Center: Black, White, Yellow,* wall hanging, 1927; *Bottom:* Anni Albers in 1929.



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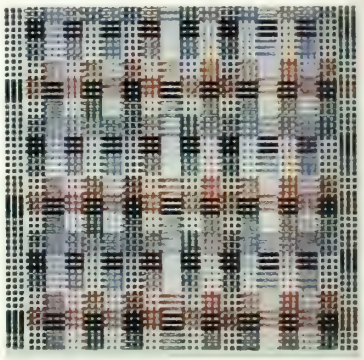
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Design for a tablecloth, gouache on paper, 1930.

"lean, half-starved, ascetic-looking Westphalian Catholic Josef Albers, well as his glass constructions made brightly colored bottle fragments fro the local dump.

Josef's assemblages had go against the rules. The Bauhaus facul had told him he would have to leave t school if he did not do murals instea he persisted nonetheless, the forbi den work winning him an appointme as a Bauhaus *Meister* (he was the fi student to be so elevated). Josef's ten cious independence and creativi were just what Anni loved—ar shared. As an adolescent in Berlin s had been so moved by a Lucas Crana *Venus* that she had defied her Impre sionist teacher Martin Brandenburg putting black in her work. (It was t only aesthetic battle she ever lost; s ended up, at her mother's insisten tearfully apologizing to Brandenbu and agreeing to obey his rules for h palette.) She had quit the Hambu Kunstgewerbeschule insisting th flower patterns had no relevance to t design of wallpaper. At the Bauha she at first did not want to work wi textiles—she considered them "t sissy, like needlepoint and the oth things that groups of ladies do"—b the weaving workshop was the on one open to her, and she soon four threads and the construction of mate als, "the limitations of the craft," to b a source both of stability and of a rath astonishing, previously unimagine beauty.

She wove simple yard materials which the fibers themselves and t way they were linked are the so source of their visual character. S also made geometric wall hanging which, like the yard materials, lack ar

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:t matter or historical style. These are
tricately balanced, rhythmic abstract
mpositions, simultaneously serene
d playful. With the pure visual pow-
of the late abstractions of Mondrian,
e hangings make a claim for textiles
a high form of art. They were every
t as serious in intention as the oils and
atercolors of Klee and Kandinsky,
o of Anni's older heroes at the Bau-
us. And even the smallest samples of
ni's drapery and upholstery fabrics
veal tremendous imagination and
ve a strong, sure voice. Metallic
reads take on a worldly, nocturnal el-
ance; jute and unbleached cotton
em to extol their rugged, handsome
nctionalism. The beauty of simple
aving techniques, of the way that
arp and weft can make something
at covers, clothes, or shelters, is
oked in all its power.

Practicality and aesthetics were in-
parable for Anni. In 1930, by which
ne she had been married to Josef for
e years and had briefly headed the
aving workshop in the absence of its
ual director, she received her Bau-
us diploma for a sound-absorbing,
ht-reflecting material for an audito-
m in Bernau designed by Hannes
eyer, the second Bauhaus director.
e principle of this fabric was based
part on the properties of velvet (con-
aled on the side that did not show).
t its simple, unfussy appearance was
long way from the velvets of Anni's
ildhood.

She had not dropped her past com-
etely, however. There was the time,
r example, when Josef told her that
ies van der Rohe and his "lady
iend," Lily Reich, were coming for
nner; a recent bride determined to
her best, Anni decided to make but-
r balls with the butter curler her
other had given her at the time of her
edding. Lily Reich's first words on
ntering the Alberses' house were,
Butter balls! Here, at the Bauhaus?
t the Bauhaus I should think you'd
ve a good, solid block of butter!"

It wasn't the only time that Anni was
ade to feel unsure of herself socially,
:eptical about the world around her.
he realities of life—arranging for



PO I, screenprint and offset, 1973

family and friends to leave Germany in the late thirties, coping with infirmity and loneliness since Josef's death in 1976—have often been taxing. But the different aspects of her art—her "pictorial weavings," as she grew to call her wall hangings in America; the textiles she has designed for Knoll and Sunar and other firms; her writing (published in two anthologies, *On Weaving* and *On Designing*); and more recently her printmaking, which she began in 1963—have long given her an emotional stability that has effectively countered life's vagaries.

The pictorial weavings indicate the visual depth and jewel-like richness possible with linked threads and are testimony to Anni's statement that after Paul Klee recommended that she "take a line for a walk" she let thread do all it could. Some pieces, like *Untitled* and *City,* are exuberant evocations of urban life, grids superimposed with endless dynamic motion and linking. These small pieces of art are vast in scope, full of visual interplay, of infinite simultaneous conversations. Her openwork fabrics, first manufactured by Knoll in the late fifties, are paeans to the moving simplicity of undyed fibers and simple, competent knotting. The first of the drapery type that dominates numerous bank lobbies and corporate headquarters today, they are viewed by experts as part of Anni's introduction of the openweave into twentieth-century textile design (the artist herself points out that it is at most a reintroduction, taking an idea developed by her much-beloved Peruvian predecessors).

The woven work has been in several exhibitions, including the first one-person show for a textile artist at The Museum of Modern Art (Philip Johnson installed it); there have been major graphics exhibitions at, among other places, the Bauhaus Archive in Berlin and The Brooklyn Museum. The traveling exhibition that opened at the Renwick Gallery of the National Museum of American Art in Washington on Anni Albers's 86th birthday shows the various aspects of her work.

The prints give evidence of her ceaseless ability to immerse herself in machinery and technique, in the components of art. They utilize the particular capabilities of etching acids, screenprint overlays, the enlargements and reversals possible in photo offset, deliberate off-registration in lithography. Like all her art, they make no attempt to disguise reality—of materials, of structure, of how they are made—and at the same time they celebrate the power of visual themes to provide refreshment and diversion of the highest order. The *Wall* series she was working on at the time of her 85th birthday, which gloriously filled a gallery on the boulevard St.-Germain this past winter, does not deny the harsh truths of life—in fact the works *depend on* the tremulousness of her hand—and yet they rejuvenate and invigorate us in their subtle motion, their asymmetrical balance, their careful revelry. The values Anni Albers discovered and began to explore as a rebellious, committed young woman have served her well and given to the world a body of work that is both calm and lively, practical and spiritual. □

Editor's Note: "The Woven and Graphic Art of Anni Albers" will be at the Renwick Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, through Jan. 5, 1986, then travel to the Yale University Art Gallery, Jan. 30–Mar. 26; The Ackland Art Museum, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Apr. 19–June 2; The Portland Art Museum (graphics only) and the Oregon School of Arts and Crafts (textiles only), June 29–Aug. 25; and the Frederick S. Wight Art Gallery at UCLA, Sept. 28–Nov. 17.



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nd the Montelenas, and some folks with rather dd names, like the Duckhorns, and the Stag's Leaps.

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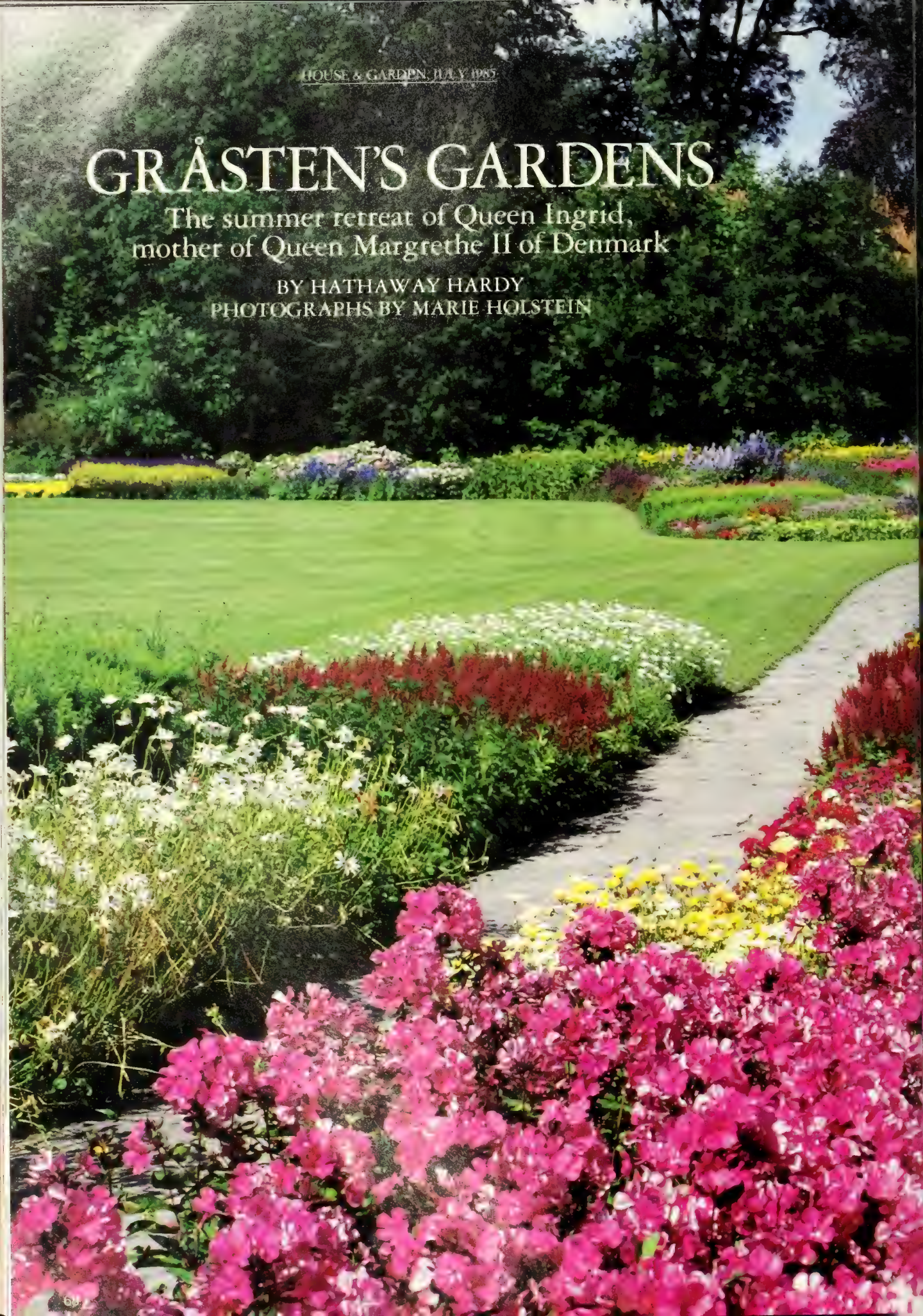
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GRÅSTEN'S GARDENS

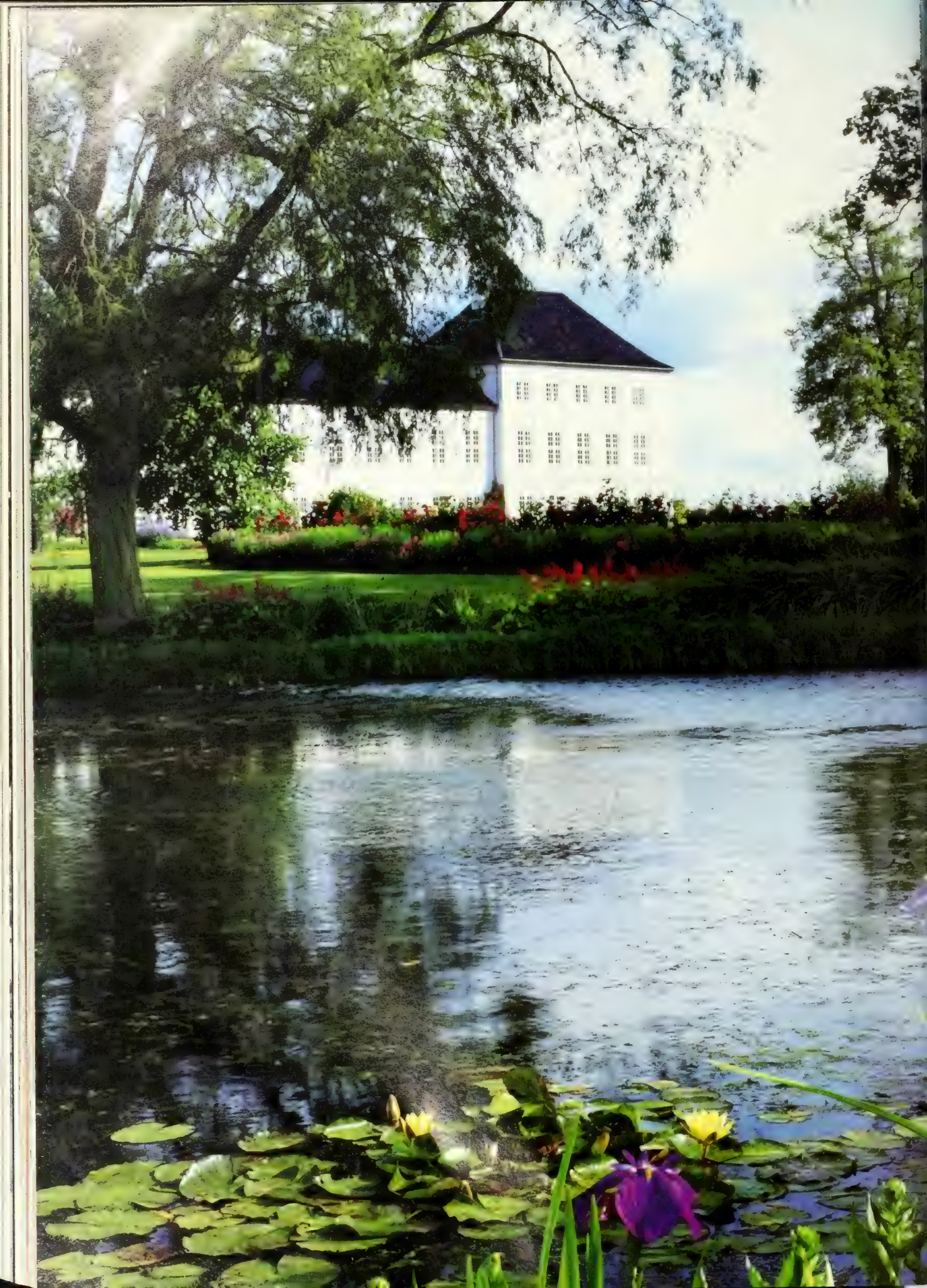
The summer retreat of Queen Ingrid, mother of Queen Margrethe II of Denmark

BY HATHAWAY HARDY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIE HOLSTEIN





A garden must be more than just sweet, and the massing of startling colours in Gr3ten's gardens illustrates the strength of the queen's gardening convictions.



Fifty years ago Denmark presented its crown prince, Frederik, and his bride, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, with a summer retreat, Gråsten Castle. In turn, the old palace's twenty-acre park presented the young couple with a botanical variation of neglected Victorian clutter. "Worst of all, there weren't many flowers then. As a matter of fact, there were no flowers at all—other than a small bed of roses out in the middle of a lawn," recalls Queen Ingrid. "I didn't think that was very exciting and had it removed."


BENT PALLSEN

The queen continued to clear away the overgrown vestiges of another epoch's and another owner's tastes. "She ordered everything but the oaks cut away, I'm told," the head gardener P. J. Moseholt explains, "but that I can't swear to: I've only been here twenty-three years." Gråsten's first head gardener contended that the then crown princess duly informed the staff, "We are about to plant an English garden! We'll start with the borders."

Breaking with local tradition, the queen swept her lawns directly into undulating borders without the usual frontier of gravel paths. Instead, the paths meander through broad plantings of foxglove, phlox, hydrangea, and aconitum. As inspiration for her project, Queen Ingrid was free to draw on her summers spent at Bagshot Park in Surrey, the country estate of her maternal grandparents, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, or on the landscaped cliffs and ravines of Sofiero, the summer home of her father, King Gustav VI Adolf. "I started with delphinium. I wanted masses of them, and now everything is massed. That way it isn't noticeable if you've cut ten or even twenty flowers. It also helps to keep the weeds down. In gardening, it's not for naught one has English grandparents."

With its ponds on two sides and a country town or rolling hills beyond, with a scattering of three-hundred-year-old oaks, Gråsten provided freely the most difficult elements of an English garden to fabricate. After opening and seeding lawns, Queen Ingrid, the head gardener, and the Inspector for Royal Gardens began planning views.

"The important thing is to have a good gardener," and 14 of them strive to create the continuous succession of color that typifies Gråsten. *Left:* Japanese irises frame the 17th-century castle. *Above:* Queen Ingrid in her garden.









"I've borrowed much from my father's garden." *Clockwise from top left:* "My mother brought this marguerite from England at the turn of the century. It was one of the first things I planted. I like to call it Sofiero." The generous lawns make peace between the blazing border colors. A 40-year Grästen veteran, the pink geranium cultivated for the window boxes lost its name decades ago. "Creating views was critical." Thick beds of day lilies mark the line where the park slips into rolling Danish countryside.









"Another of my passions are primulas, which are fantastic." *Clockwise from top left:* "They start in the very earliest spring and the last is, I think, yellow florindae, which is very tall. The brilliant blues of the queen's favorite delphinium relieve the castle's blinding whiteness. For textural variety hydrangea and other flowering bushes are mixed into the beds of massed *Lysimachia punctata* and a calceolaria hybrid. "Training roses into the trees is an idea I borrowed from English friends," and several floribundas extend the flowering season of the Gravenstein apples, a strain developed at Gråsten.



"It is typical of Gråsten to have willows and oaks together, a happy combination. The willows belong here naturally in the damp earth. The oaks are the last vestige of the original rococo parterres." *Right:* Primulas line the banks of a stream. *Above:* At the "Princesses' Doll house" where Hans Christian Andersen wrote *The Little Match Girl,* 'Gloire de Dijon' climbs the wall and 'Moulin Rouge' is framed in 'Hidcote' lavender.

Woodland trees and undergrowth were allowed to creep along the banks of the pond nearest the castle's main façade. Only where Gråsten's broad stone stairs and grassy embankment approach the water is the greenery kept back to expose the water, the gables of the town and the thousands of migratory birds resting among the reeds.

At the far end of the park an old-fashioned, half-timbered and thatched staff cottage—now a playhouse for royal grandchildren—is surrounded with a seemingly traditional country garden. Hollyhocks and a scent garden of aromatic geraniums and sage bask in the warmth of a southern exposure and the view. Looking back over a brook falling from the old moat and a water meadow with its water lilies, there is a glimpse of the whitewashed castle through oaks and apple trees. Window boxes dripping petunias and a hedge flooded with bush roses assures a bucolic view of the cottage from the other direction.

Close inspection of this "country cottage yard" exposes it as a well-kept and critically detailed estate garden. The bush roses 'Moulin Rouge' are edged with 'Hidcote' lavender, *(Text continued on page 160)*







My oldest daughter and I designed these cottage borders in scallops to make them seem deeper. Beds of heliotrope, calceolaria, lobelia, mesembryanthemum, ageratum, alyssum, and verbena compose the "Persian Carpet" spread around the well.

OPEN HOUSE IN ATLANTA

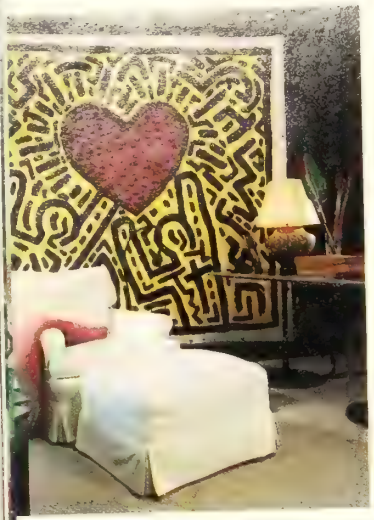
Art, primitive and new, and period furniture find a peaceful setting in a reworked Georgian house

BY MARGARET MORSE PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO





By demolishing sections of walls, the owners connected the solarium, living and dining rooms. A Papuan fertility figure and Heery & Heery's wrapped-pole sculpture back a divider and a slice of a Basquiat painting is seen nearby. Tressard "Tahiti" cloth covers three antique French chairs and Scalamandré pearl taffeta, the sofas. Three-legged end table by Bob Trotman. Stark rugs.





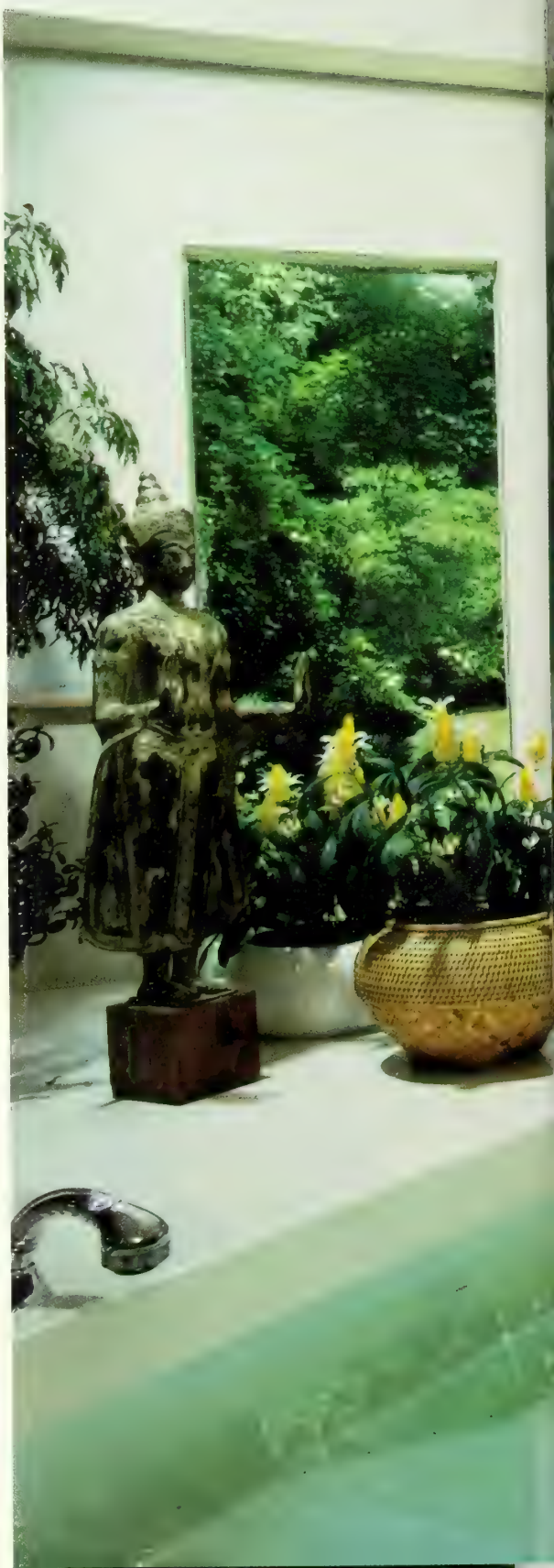
Simple furnishings in the solarium, *right,* include drop-cloth-covered Flexform chairs, Eileen Gray tables, a Stark rug, an antique blanket chest. Outside the neo-Palladian window is Caroline Montague's stainless steel *Down Draft. Top:* In the study, Keith Haring's *Reaching for Heart* tarpaulin. *Above:* The dining room, appropriately enough, displays Basquiat's *Esophagus.*





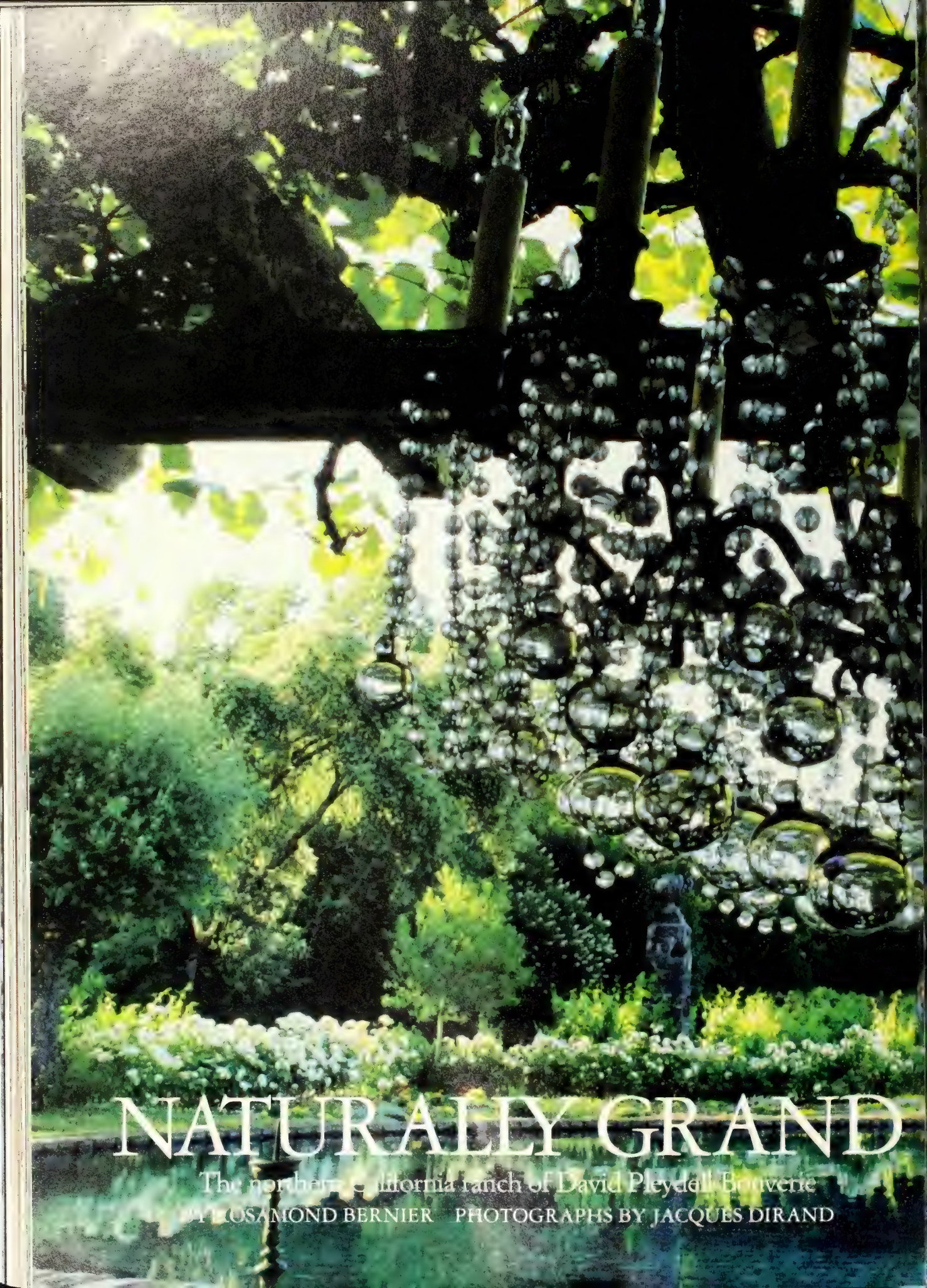
The verb "gut" has a harsh sound but visitors to Allen and Kelli Questrom's house in Atlanta surely think of it as a kindly process, for it was by this radical surgery that the rooms in the traditional 65-year-old house were made to open into one another as seamlessly as if they had always done so. For the Questroms, executives in retailing and advertising who required a large house in which to entertain, the clean-sweep remodeling with new wide windows and French doors brought each room closer to the surrounding woods and terraced gardens. There paths amble through stands of hickory, magnolia, azalea, and dogwood, and a creek threads its way under fieldstone footbridges.

The furnishings testify to the Questroms' personal taste and history. From a former house in upstate New York came antique French chairs. From an Art Deco duplex in Los Angeles came later classics like a bronze Giacometti table in the living room. From travels came primitive art. In Atlanta the Questroms added contemporary primitivist paintings and, to strengthen the undercurrent of tradition, Empire, Biedermeier, and Regency pieces found for them by decorator Dan Carithers. Mrs. Questrom compares the house to "a temple for a spontaneous accumulation of things, where the objects can show their individuality yet live in harmony." □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*



In the master suite's spa room, *right,* an Empire table has a sculpture-garden view. Three-footed stool by John Dickinson. *Above:* Breuer's lounge chair from ICF and banquettes furnish sitting area. Over banquette, painting by Willem de Looper.

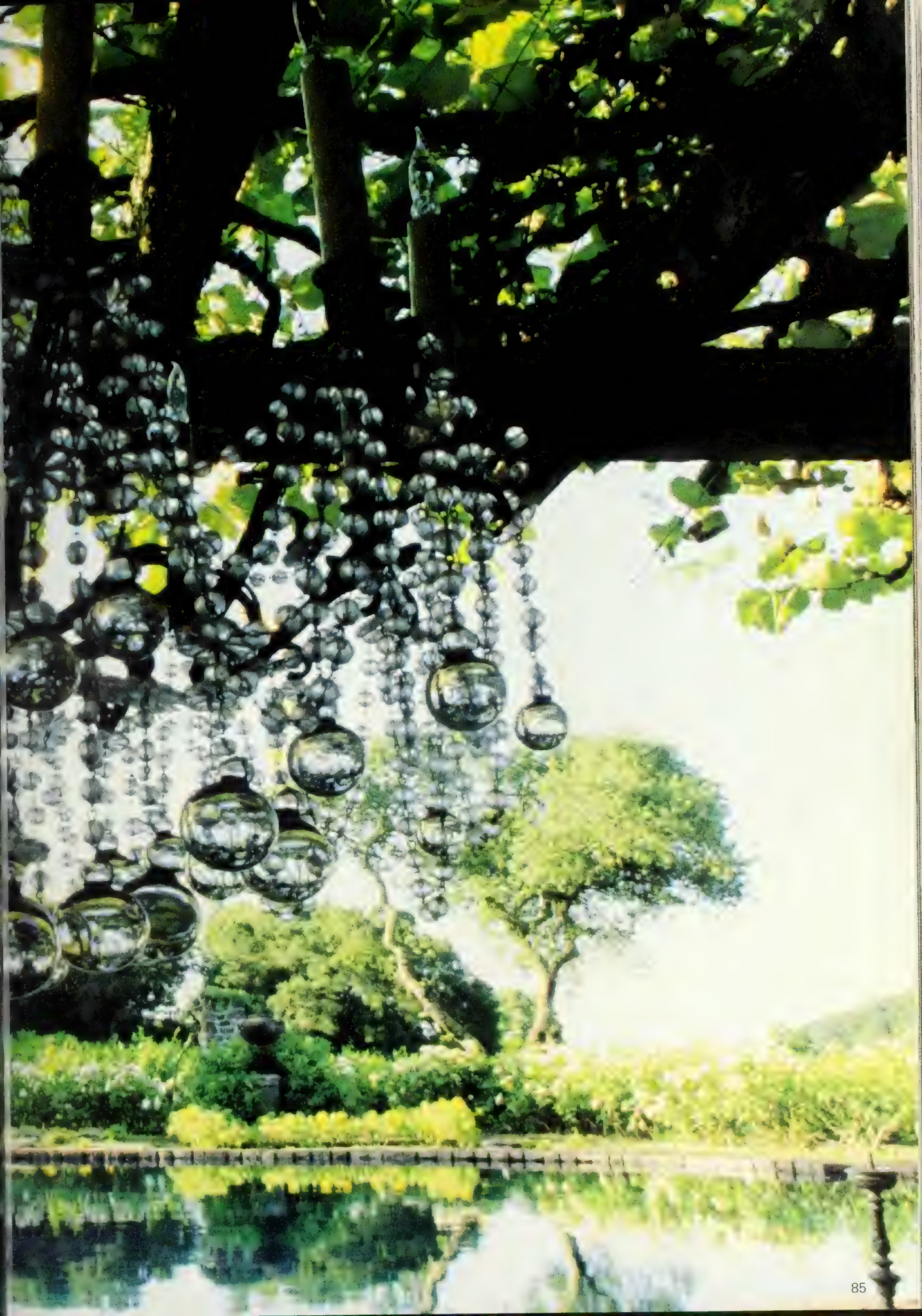




NATURALLY GRAND

The northern California ranch of David Pleydell-Bouverie

ROSAMOND BERNIER PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND







A 19th-century French chandelier, *preceding pages,* hangs from the wisteria-draped trellis over the terrace of Bouverie's house. *Opposite:* The owner in a sea of wild flowers, an area frequented by nature classes. *Above:* In foreground of a guest-house living room is an 18th-century Nigerian Epa mask. On table, a ceramic sculpture by David Gilhooley, one of many Bouverie owns.

Botanist and boulevardier, cosmopolitan and conservationist, David Pleydell-Bouverie is a manifold man who leads a blissful, stylish, open-hearted, and entirely constructive life on several hundred acres of land in northern California. On that property, and within just a few yards of one another, there are nine places to live and nine well-provided kitchens. But there is no "big house." Still less is there a "showplace." It is difficult to have a showplace without a show person, and David Bouverie (as he prefers to be called) is disinclined to talk up the nine houses he has designed and built, the celestial landscape he saved from dereliction on the one hand and the developers on the other, and his wonderfully wayward and understated collections of this and that. He is delighted to have his friends come and go, and he takes untold trouble to see that they have a memorable time, but the Bouverie Ranch in the Valley of the Moon in Sonoma County is the last place in the world of which the word "pompous" could ever be used.

"It's just a bit of land, really," he will say, if pushed to talk about it. "But blessedly beautiful land, about five hundred acres of it. It's about 45 minutes by car from San Francisco, but it's also about fifty miles from the ocean. The climate is like that of southern Italy, but with the difference that we get thirty inches of rainfall in the winter, so the trees are large and lush.

"The eagle, the bear, and the mountain lion were lording it here with a few Pomo Indians until the Spaniards came riding in, 160 years ago, and the wild oats were as high as the Spanish saddles. The Pomo Indians used the







David Bouverie likes small rooms with overscaled pictures, like his living room, *left*. Marine view above fireplace is by members of the van de Velde family. Plaster bacchante was done by Marian Brackenridge, a Sonoma artist. On right wall, between gold-framed mirrors and George III sconces, is a painting by Mathias Withoos. Ceramics on table by David Gilhooley. In foreground, Bouverie's much-worn rancher's hat with rattlesnake-skin trim. *Above:* Lunch is regularly taken on the terrace outside Bouverie's living room, but first, drinks are served around the corner, where the terrace continues.



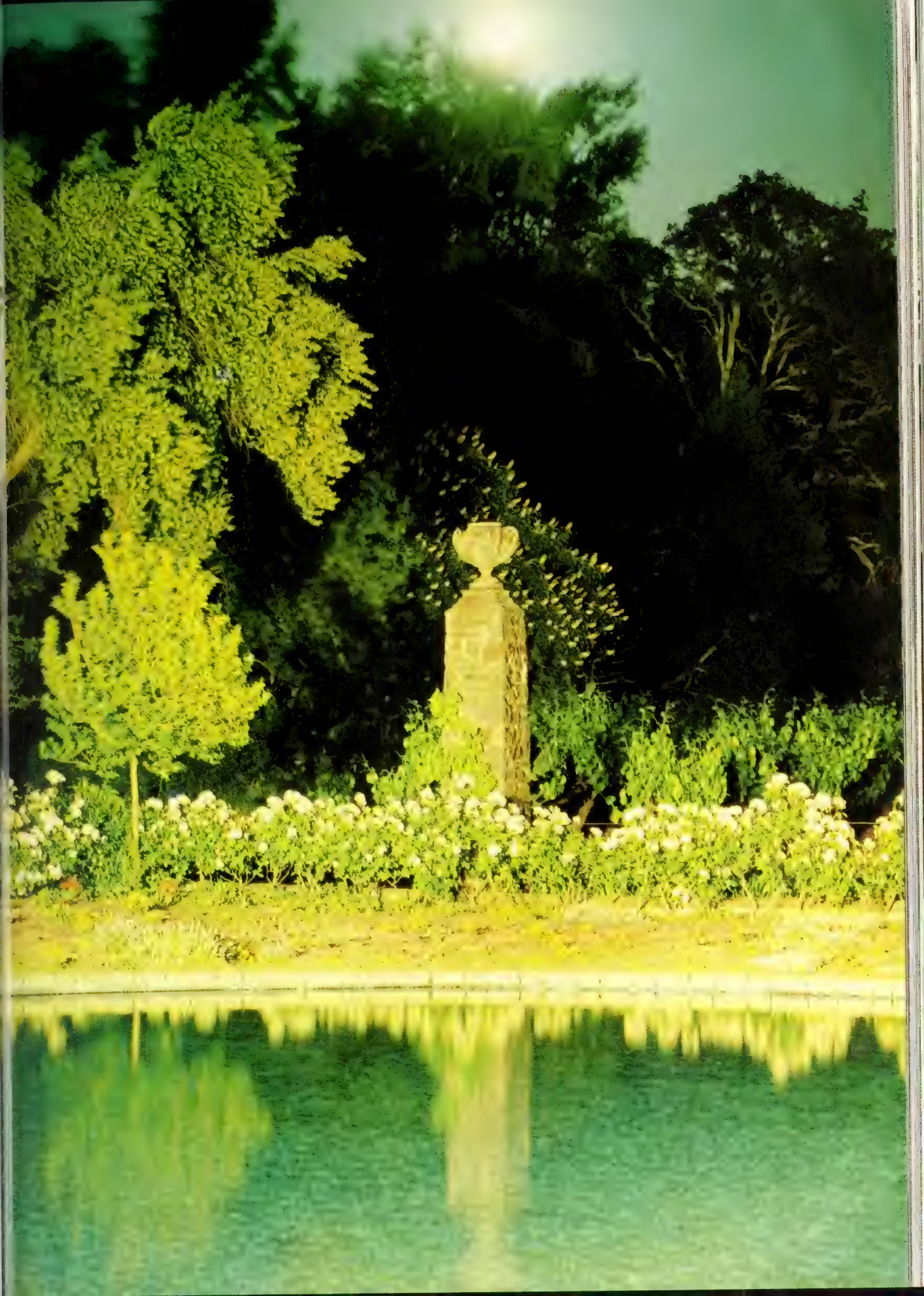
In the kitchen/dining room, *above,* farmhouse Queen Anne chairs are at a mahogany-inlaid-with-walnut table holding Mason ironstone china. On cabinets are Central European dueling pistols and two icons—at left is a 16th-century Byzantine one, the other is 14th-century Russian. Czechoslovakian chandelier; 18th-century decorative pictures. *Right:* A full moon conspires with white roses banking the pool.

huge cave underneath the waterfall as a place for secret ceremonies, and in fact I was warned by the Pomo Indians of the present generation not to disturb the tunnels in that cave. If I did, they said, ill would befall me.

"Owner after owner plundered and exploited this bit of land, cut down groves of oak and madrone, dynamited the steelhead trout out of the streams, dug great holes and sold the shale for road material and finally, in 1911, took wagonloads of beautiful volcanic rock across the valley to make Jack London's famous Wolf House. Then, in the thirties, just as it was about to be cut up and sold to developers, I was able to buy it. I was in my twenties then, and I've been here ever since.

"I'd been in love with America since I first came here when I was 21. If I especially liked northern California, and if I preferred warm sunny cottages to any one big house, it was because I had grown up in huge cold houses in England where the only luxury was the art on the walls. Both my grandfathers were enormously rich—William Bouverie, the fifth Earl of Radnor, lived in Longford Castle and owned, among other things, the entire town of Folkestone, and Alfred Vickers is said to have manufactured 75 percent of all the armaments that were used by the European Allies during World War I—but as I was the fourth son of a second son, and as primogeniture is very important in England, that didn't do me too much good. In fact my parents told me that they couldn't afford to send me to university, though they employed fourteen gardeners at that time."

Though he never talks *(Text continued on page 174)*







Lunch is sometimes served within a circle of *Sequoia sempervirens* in the lower part of the canyon, *opposite*, a short walk from the house. Table is set with Mason china and a Georgian silver wine cooler given to Bouverie by Vincent Astor for designing a building. *This page:* Behind the waterfall in Bouverie's canyon are secret caves once used by the Pomo Indians for magic rituals.



THE BEAUTY OF LOGIC

In a quiet California beach town, architects Janice Kay and Michael Batter build a machine for living

BY BARBARA FLANAGAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY E. NICHOLS

Ever since Le Corbusier's 1923 manifesto, *Towards A New Architecture,* made the enigmatic claim "the house is a machine for living in," the phrase has been pinned on everything from high-tech, low-art tract cottages to high-art, low-tech villas. Sixty years ago, young Modernists were more diligent about finding the right interpretation: should the perfect house work like a real machine or just look like one? No one was really certain. Yet the philosophical confusion did not slow down the influence of the French master, alternately

This hillside villa, *above,* divides both indoor and outdoor living space into formal and informal zones. Indoors, the upstairs is for daily living, the downstairs for entertaining. Outdoors, the east garden is a level, concrete-and-flora grid, the west garden a windblown grassy slope. *Opposite:* The pool courtyard separates living areas from bedrooms. Chair is Eero Aarnio's "Gyro."





Sunlight and ocean winds, moving through the very center of the house, are reflected and deflected by many movable surfaces. On summer days, the sliding roof and eleven pivoting doors open up to the Mediterranean-like elements.





hailed and condemned as the true father of the "International Style." For even though the Machine Age has become the Floppy Disc Era, Le Corbusier's legacy still inspires plenty of new acolytes.

A recent homage, designed by Batter Kay Associates of Solana Beach, California, may be just the kind of interpretation that Le Corbusier—who was actually much more Mediterranean romantic than mechanic—would have praised. This seaside villa is a reminder, and perhaps even an ex-post-facto model, of the sensually useful living machine Le Corbusier was trying to equip with abundant "baths, sun, hot water, cold water, warmth at will, conservation of food, hygiene, beauty in the sense of good proportion." Batter Kay's commission offered not only a healthful Côte d'Azur–like climate and site but also the kind of enlightened resident "Corbu" revered—a real engineer. ("Our engineers are healthy and virile, active and useful, balanced and happy in their work," the architect wrote.) The clients—a computer pioneer/manufacturer and his wife, both in their mid sixties—exercise daily on every level of the house and also happen to admire art, Italian industrial design, and the famous manifesto. They were in perfect harmony with their architects.

Janice Kay Batter and Michael Batter met the Modern Movement at Harvard, studied with latter-day Corbusians like Charles Gwathmey, and tirelessly tracked down the original work through France and Switzerland. Once fluent in the Purist language of spare shapes, materials, and details, the two architects prepared to spread the European message. Batter Kay Associates moved west to begin practicing in a quiet beach burg where many of *(Text continued on page 182)*

White is "always powerful since it is positive," Le Corbusier wrote. *Above:* Architects Batter Kay think that white is always right since it is capricious: each night this house becomes moonlight blue outside and incandescent pink and yellow inside. *Opposite:* With the pool dark, the courtyard is filled with architectonic reflections; with underwater lights on, the room turns a dramatic, undulating turquoise.









MICALAGO
MICHELAGO

The Australian Victorian house that starred in *My Brilliant Career*

BY LEO SCHOFIELD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER



Like most houses of prosperous graziers, Micalago evolved haphazardly. *Opposite:* Loggia and clock tower are part of a scheme of unification carried out by Sydney architect Leslie Wilkinson in the forties. A high, wide hall, *this page*, bisects the Georgian house.





I believe in the psychic powers of location. The Norfolk sequences in *The Ploughman's Lunch* with that flat sky had real power." Margaret Fink, the producer of the celebrated Australian film *My Brilliant Career,* is talking about her search for a house to use in her movie.

"I spent three years looking at every important historic country house in New South Wales, but I knew the moment I saw Micalago that this was it. It had a wonderful period garden that I needed for the outdoor scenes and dozens of splendid rooms many of which we used." Fink and her designer, Luciana Arrighi, altered the exterior color scheme and redecorated several rooms for the film—"we had to make it a hundred years younger"—for Micalago is no fly trapped in amber. Its particular potency lies in the fact that it has expanded almost continually since one Count Rossi settled here around 1827.

A commissioned officer in an Anglo-Corsican regiment, Rossi was appointed Superintendent of Police in the colony of New South Wales in 1824. At Micalago he built a simple, unpretentious cottage: a fairly rudi-







Sun-washed drawing room, *left,* with doorframes and fireplace made from Richmond red cedar, a timber now extinct. *Right, top to bottom:* Whitewashed piers and pickets and a Wilkinson-designed iron arch at the gate leading into the courtyard; the woolshed where sheep were shorn, wool "classed" according to quality and baled for shipment to Sydney; one of the earliest outbuildings at Micalago with outsize kitchen chimney and undersize roof heights.

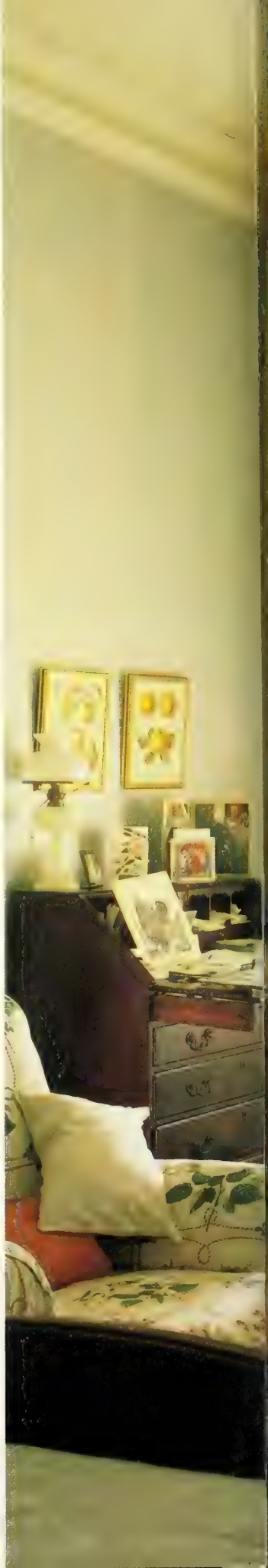






mentary foursquare little building bisected by a central hall with two rooms off on either side and one of those peculiarly Australian low-slung verandas running all round. Rossi's house still stands, used now for guest accommodation, but built onto and around it is an extraordinary sequence of outbuildings, courtyards, and pavilions that make Micalago one of Australia's loveliest and most idiosyncratic country homesteads.

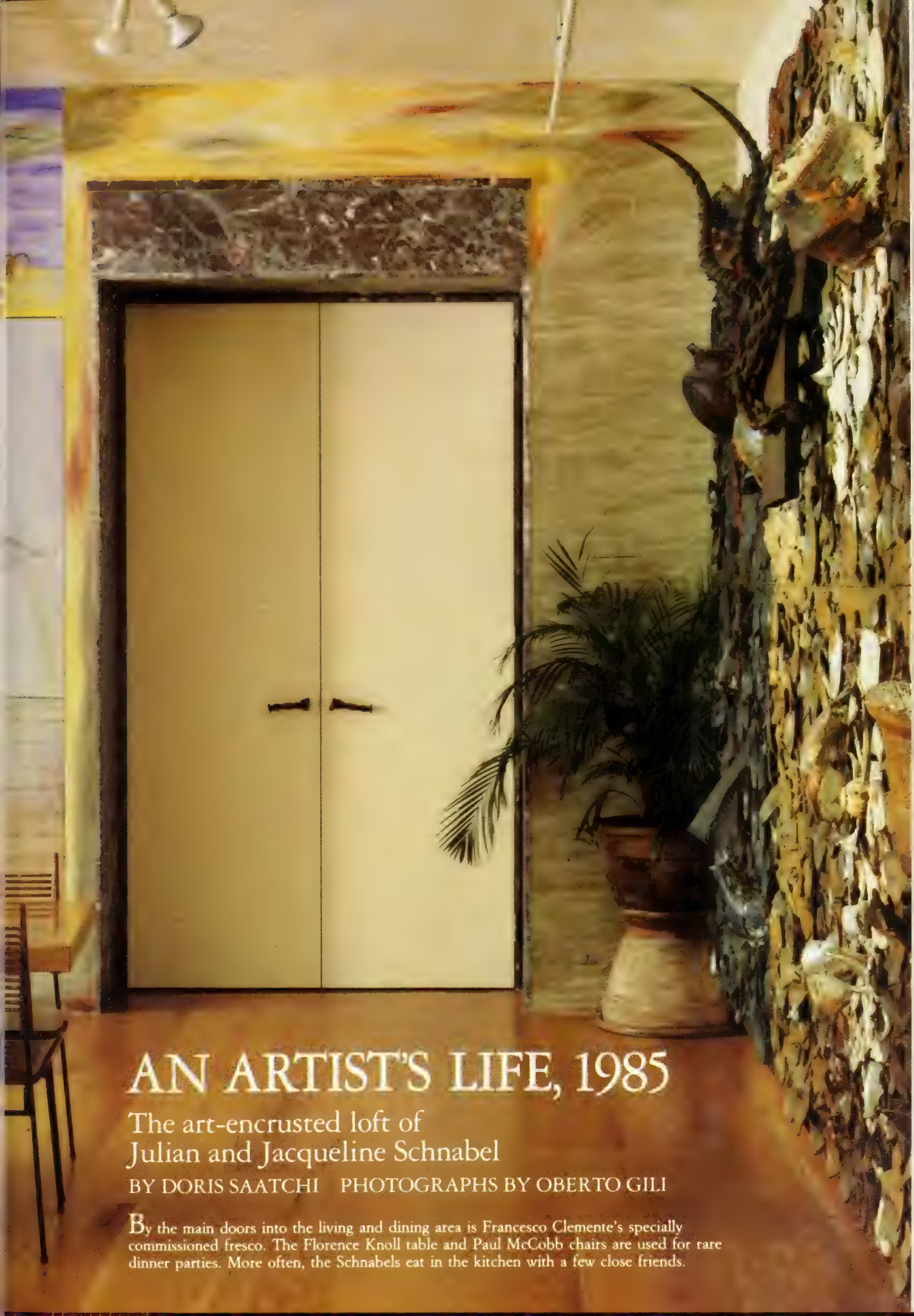
Adjoining the original cottage and set at right angles to it is the imposing house begun in 1837 and finished five years later by Alexander Ryrie who acquired the property from Rossi. Made of stone blocks, some two feet thick, Ryrie's house is ringed with the traditional Australian shaded veranda, a kind of architectural bushman's hat. A feature found at Micalago as in almost all Australian colonial buildings, the veranda, besides lending a distinctive outline to a building, had precise functions. In the fierce heat of the Australian summer its roof shaded the walls of a house, keeping the rooms inside cool. Shutters on French doors were usually shut, too, on very hot days,
(Text continued on page 180)



A Georgian desk, Victorian cedar furniture, and chintz, *right,* give a typically Australian country-house look to the master bedroom.
Left, top to bottom
Spring blossoms in a corner of the wide veranda; the formal dining room, with family furniture shipped from England in the early 1800s; a 19th-century dray for hauling wool now has a purely decorative role.







AN ARTIST'S LIFE, 1985

The art-encrusted loft of Julian and Jacqueline Schnabel

BY DORIS SAATCHI PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

By the main doors into the living and dining area is Francesco Clemente's specially commissioned fresco. The Florence Knoll table and Paul McCobb chairs are used for rare dinner parties. More often, the Schnabels eat in the kitchen with a few close friends.





Works in Julian Schnabel's office, *Opposite*, are often paintings kept on hand for future reference. Currently under scrutiny is *Vita* from his last show at New York's Pace Gallery. *Above:* Julian Schnabel by Andy Warhol from a photograph by Jacqueline Schnabel awaits Schnabel's serious business on the eight and rowing machines. The double-headed lamp is a Schnabel design.

When it comes to brightening up the house it is amazing what a difference a can or two of paint can make. In a featureless former printing plant on a bleak Manhattan street, paint has transformed a warren of dark, ungainly spaces into a family home filled with Mediterranean sunshine and peopled with gods, kings, saints, and apparently unrecalcitrant sinners.

Of course, not everyone is as handy with a brush as Julian Schnabel. In 1977, single, short of cash, and struggling for recognition as an artist, he found a place to live and work in a midtown neighborhood so nondescript that New Yorkers had not bothered to give it a nickname. With only his dog and cat for company and a few drop cloths over plywood bases for furniture, he painted in a studio where it was always night, as he had partitioned off the area where the windows were and leased it to another artist so he could afford the rent.

The neighborhood is still anonymous, and Julian, now married, prosperous, and internationally renowned for his paintings on backgrounds of broken crockery, velvet, tarpaulin, and board, is still there.

When his ménage and the interest in his work grew, he



There are plenty of places to sit in the Schnabel living room. One of them is a hundred-year-old French reproduction of an Empire bed with cushions covered in a variety of fabrics, including batik and sari cotton. On right wall is Schnabel's *Mud in Mudanza*. On column is a Schnabel portrait of Jacqueline drawn by candlelight during a Mexican holiday.





needed more space. But instead of moving out, he and his Belgian wife, Jacqueline, moved sideways and down, bit by bit, in the same building. By 1983, they had acquired the huge apartment and studio they now share with their two young daughters, Lola and Stella, and a nanny. All traces of Julian's original place are gone. The lodger's old space (the one with the windows) is now a large, bright kitchen. Julian's original studio is an open-plan office. And the old kitchen is the top half of a two-story studio created when the floor was removed.

The present plan, devised almost entirely by Jacqueline with architect Buddy Mear, owes its layout partly to Julian's need for a self-contained but adjacent studio. "I may not paint every day, but I have to have a place I can go into at odd hours. If I had to get dressed and go somewhere else, I would work less," he says. The plan also owes a great deal to Jacqueline's European upbringing in rambling, turn-of-the-century apartments with foyers, high ceilings, grand rooms, and private corners for separate family activities. The Schnabel apartment is arranged as several satellite areas around a central 25-by-35-foot living and dining room with 11-foot, 6-inch ceilings and 9-foot, 6-inch doors. Julian has a choice of access to his studio from the apartment or directly from the street, and anyone bedding down overnight in the office can use the kitchen at all hours without disturbing the rest of the household. At the opposite end of the space, sitting room, bedrooms, and bathrooms for the children and nanny are cloistered behind glass-and-wood doors and Jacqueline and Julian have a self-contained bedroom, dressing room, and bathroom suite. Such pragmatism is not altogether surprising in an aviatrix's daughter who came from Antwerp to New York seeking adventure and built an old-fashioned barbecue on the terrace of her first apartment in the city with stones and bricks she found on the street and hauled upstairs in the dead of night.

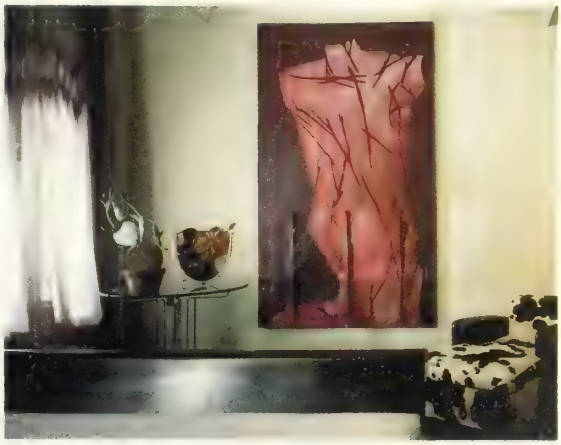
Nor is it altogether surprising that an artist whose work is centered on feelings has a highly developed sense of the romantic. "I wanted a place that looked as if it had always been here," says Julian. Walls and ceilings were scraped and left rough, then painted a yellowed white. Pipes were left exposed and doors were painted and repainted in different colors, then half-stripped to let the various layers show through. Apparently worn with time and left untouched, such elements give the apartment the sweetly melancholic air of an urban ruin.

Julian added reminders not just of age but of antiquity. A load-bearing pillar standing roughly at the center of the apartment has become a crudely squared, flared pier like something salvaged from the underground vaults of an early medieval church. At the same time, it has become "something we could use," as Julian puts it, providing space for small paintings and drawings while it holds up the floor above it. An undesirable but indispensable beam across the studio space has been shaped with plaster into an apparently ancient rafter weathered by exposure. In the children's bedrooms, where there is little light, Jacqueline and Julian commissioned trompe-l'oeil artist David Cohen to paint sunlight on the walls in murals copied almost exactly from Pompeian frescoes.

Among the flotsam *(Text continued on page 182)*



The headboard of the Schnabels' bed, *opposite,* started out at the foot, but according to Jacqueline, "It looked like a coffin, so we had to change it around and make a smaller endpiece." On the wall is Schnabel's *Ethnic Types 15 and 72. Above:* Schnabel's *Mutant King* occupies one wall of the children's sitting room. *Below:* The view from the Schnabels' bed is of his *St. Sebastian,* whose plight is emphasized by a prickly cactus beside the Gio Ponti mirror on the dressing table. The armchair is an old favorite recovered with pony skin.





The children's bedroom open into one large roo beds at opposite ends. T murals by David Cohen painstaking copies of fr at Pompeii, the children beds Schnabel scaled-up versions of collapsible campaign beds.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY AS A GARDEN

BY ANN LEIGHTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MARGONELLI

Every garden is a party, whether the designer has created it for himself to invite his soul or conceived it as a jolly get-together of old friends and showy newcomers to impress chance visitors. In either case the garden will be the gardener's most telling self-portrait, more truly revealing than posed sketches in other mediums. Even if the garden is designed especially for him, to take care of slavishly although it is another's inspiration, it will reveal much about the owner. Dedicated independent gardeners may look incredulously at those who are willing to devote their energies to maintaining others' inspirations, but let us remember that garden history began with Adam and Eve taking care—up to a point—of a garden designed especially for them.

And let us not hide and hedge. I see all my faults reflected in what I grow: sentimental attachments fraught with childhood associations, blind loyalty to long-departed donors whose gifts I have not the heart to discard; adolescent fondness for plants with stories attached that exceed the aesthetic values of the plants themselves; a fixation on excitement and tricks in color where long expanses of massed and muted pastel shades can be pointed up by one prick of orange or lacquer red—I admit them all. When, as a devoted wife, I recognized my husband as a master gardener, bold, brave, proud, refusing to harbor anything not grown from seed by himself, full of humor and curiosity, bent upon assembling interesting plants, not in the least unable to discard anything, I knew he was my exact opposite.

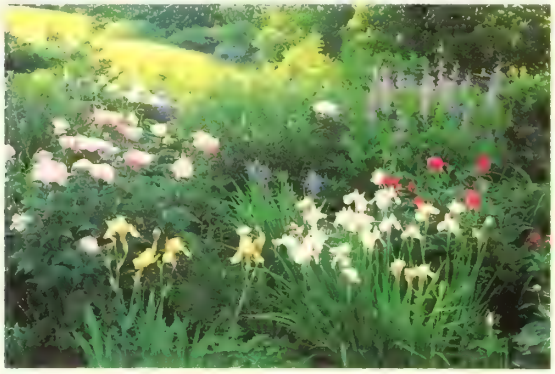
So when we finally found our permanent home, how we managed to garden together—when all we agreed upon was that each of us wished to create his or her own garden—was resolved by our gardening as rivals, politely touring each other's accomplishments at the end of each day. Under his tutelage I had hoped to end as a dry-fly fisherwoman and on my own initiative to become a perennial-border queen. I ended my fishing life still confined to a wet fly and I have never been able to get brightly through August without annuals. Our garden solution was that I undertook a long curving perennial border following the contours of the landscape around the lawn (his) while he turned a steep bank into a central rock garden into which he poured his interesting treasures. He was in charge of the extensive vegetable garden. I did the woodland paths and the wild flowers. Walks at the end of the day were totally amicable.

Which was as well, because, when we had finally been able to settle into our permanent home, we had encountered quite a problem. From living in a succession of five houses and gardens in Burma and India, we found ourselves living around Boston trying out different sections in rented houses with frequent periods of house hunting. So, when my husband telephoned to me, visiting my sister in Washington, that he had finally found the perfect place for us, I felt it was just another hope and I did not hurry home. He said there was a wonderful view across miles of marshes to the sea. He said also it was on the way to a great stretch of beach, and one of a half-dozen typically American summer houses built by Boston families bent upon simple living and communing with an impressive environment. We would be the first who had ever spent a winter there. The idea was to winterize the house with its lovely view, write there through the winters, and rent it for the summers, which we would spend in England. So we moved in with our two little boys.

Of course it was not quite as simple as that. I had arrived from Washington, in my own time, to find matters proceeding at top speed. My husband had made the marital error of showing the place to my two best friends who called me to say through their teeth that I had to like it, he liked it so much. Of course, nobly silent, I hated it. It seemed to me the exact opposite of anything I had ever dreamed of living in. I had grown up in a large Federal town house with an ample early-nineteenth-century garden, actually the spark of my later interest in accurate historical garden restorations as living records of past societies. Every room was identifiable and self-contained with a name like parlor, library, nursery. Here we were perched upon a little hill with one other house in sight and all rooms flowing into each other and into the view. But finally, of course, after one summer away while the house was being reroofed and relined and stuffed with rock wool, I began to see its charm and we gave up any idea of summering abroad. Because, by then, we had started on the garden.

A distinguished landscape architect had designed the elaborate little midsummer garden for his friend who was joining the colony on the beach road. Judging by the ample servants' quarters, which we were to convert gradually into children's studies, expense and upkeep had no place in the plans. The garden was a jewel, tightly enclosed—sometimes *(Text continued on page 176)*

The border, *above,* runs from below the terrace backed by a low fence, to meet an old stone wall that ascends the hill. All the peonies, except the old double white 'Festiva Maxima', are the best seedlings from four single Japanese peonies bought fifty years ago. One, 'The Colonel', gives a touch of red, *below,* to pale, pale blue Siberian iris, yellow bearded iris, and a pink peony called 'Emily'.







Under a leaning Japanese maple at the top of the bank, *top,* the rock garden became a medieval tapestry of small bright flowers: white arabis and snow-in-summer, yellow potentilla and creeping broom, little pink, rose, blue, and white geraniums, blue creeping phlox, pink and white rock roses, and dark blue veronicas. *Above:* The setting sun, slanting its light across the little valley to the north, picks out the landscape to shine, leaving the garden proper in darkness in the foreground and pointing up the primary reason for fostering the entire landscape. It is Browning's "when the quiet end of evening smiles, miles and miles." On the left an oak underplanted by a Japanese maple, a wild cherry over the wall, and a giant shagbark hickory to the right.





Across the terrace toward the southern view, *top,* the eye leaves the formality of the start of the border and is carried across the tops of trees in the orchard and the field beyond that to miles of marshland and low distant hills. Ornamental trees give foliage color spring and fall. The large white clematis on the corner, trained to climb the wisteria, is *C. Henryi. Above:* View to the north extends to include Mount Agamenticus in Maine, depending on how good one's eyes are, or it can slope to an undulating field darkened by the shadows of trees. In the face of such competition the border yields to a low shrubbery of grays and greens before it picks up color again and ascends the rise toward the skyline.



DECORATING DEADLINE AT THE BRADLEES'

Rooms loomed, friends laughed, and painters hid, but Sally Quinn lives to tell how she made her historic house a home

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER LITTLE

Sally Quinn, *above*, on the porch of her house in Washington, D.C. *Right:* Prominent in one seating area of the living room is a reversible Coromandel screen whose white side was traditionally shown at times of mourning. Low table is Japanese. Quilts and throws can be found in almost every room of the house.





I seem fated to persuade my husband to buy houses he's not particularly enthusiastic about.

This one was all wrong for us. It was too dark, too gloomy, too cold, and above all, it was much too big.

There was no question about it. This was a big house. *The Washington Post* had once described it as a "40 room mansion in Georgetown." I actually tried to count the rooms, but I never know whether bathrooms, pantries, and walk-in closets qualify as rooms so I kept coming up with different numbers.

One very hot day, shortly after we bought the house in July 1983, we had left the front door open while we were surveying the construction, and after a while I heard a noise in the entrance hall.

Standing there, bedecked in Washington Monument T-shirts and hats, were some twelve tourists fanning out to take pictures and inspect the premises.

"May I help you?" I asked politely but firmly.

"We just wanted to take a few photos," said one as he began clicking away.

"Excuse me, but this is my home," I said, emphasizing the word *home*.

Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee's house, *above,* was built in 1793 and owned decades later by Robert Todd Lincoln. *Right:* Three sofas in the generous living room were cut down from fifteen-foot banquettes custom built by the previous owners. Chairs are in Brunschwig & Fils's Bentley Ticking Stripe. An old tapestry from London covers the ottomans. Painstakingly mixed wall color was dubbed Quinn Rose by the painter. Pillows are variously Iranian patchwork, favorite chintzes, and Sally's needlepoint.




THIS MAN WAS
TALKED TO DEATH
VANITY FAIR
THE KENNEDY YEARS
THE INSTANT IT HAPPENED
Keepers of the Sea
THE GREAT HOUSES OF PARIS





Faux bois in the library, *left,* was done by Malcolm Robson, who also recently worked at Mount Vernon. Watercolor of pencils, above sofa, is by Polly Kraft. When Ben and Sally saw the Currier & Ives now in the bookcase, he said, "This is me! This is me!" Silk paisley is from Cowtan & Tout. *Above* and *below:* The dining room is where much of the Bradlee ancestors' Canton china is displayed. Tablecloth fabric is Scalamandré.





"You live here?" asked another, incredulous.

"Gee," said a third, as I was escorting him to the door, "we thought it was one of them institutions."

Mental institution was what came to a friend's mind when I told her I was going to decorate it myself.

"But it's forty rooms," she said.

"No, no," I replied. "Bathrooms, pantries, and walk-in closets don't count."

I rationalized about the size, but I found it difficult to overcome public perception. Especially when I would walk in to show a friend the house and find my stepson playing basketball in the thirty-by-fifty-foot living room. It didn't help when a local magazine ran a picture of the house on its cover (with the purchase price) or that TV camera crews and photographers were waiting out front every morning when we would come over to meet the contractor.

The tennis court was a favorite topic of conversation among our friends. A congressman friend, Timothy Wirth, printed up matchbook covers that read "Club Q-B," and others asked for membership. Friends began calling from New York asking for room reservations for the weekend. *(Text continued on page 170)*

Quinn and Bradlee's porch, *right*, runs the entire width of the house and overlooks the garden, tennis court, and recently added pool. In the summer, the porch becomes both living room and dining room. Sally furnished it with ferns, antique wicker, and a faded-looking cotton from Greeff to enhance the Southern manor-house feeling. *Above:* Flower prints from a portfolio by Teresa Hagg are among sixteen hanging in the room. Screen was found in the attic at Grey Gardens. Floral chintz on bed is Tudor Rose by Rose Cumming.





THE HIGH AESTHETIC STYLE OF GILBERT & GEORGE

BY JOHN RUSSELL PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT



British artists Gilbert & George live in London amid the visionary artifacts of the Arts and Crafts Movement

As a "good address," Fournier Street, London, E.1, is never going to rival Piccadilly or Belgrave Square, but it has its place in social history, the history of architecture, and the history of art. (Habitués of the Market Café that is one of its attractions would add that it has its place in the history of fair dealing, too.) Dominated at one end by one of the noblest of Nicholas Hawksmoor's London churches, it is within a moment or two of a public house that is named after Jack the Ripper, once the terror of the neighborhood. The street as a whole dates from the early eighteenth century, a time at which unornamented London row houses had both a plain grandeur of proportion and an exceptional finesse of detail. The houses in Fournier Street were mostly lived in at one time by Huguenot weavers, and for that reason many of them still have broad panoramic windows that open onto bagfuls of sky.

This was from its beginnings a cosmopolitan quarter, and there is a building not a minute away that has served successively as a Protestant church, a synagogue, and a

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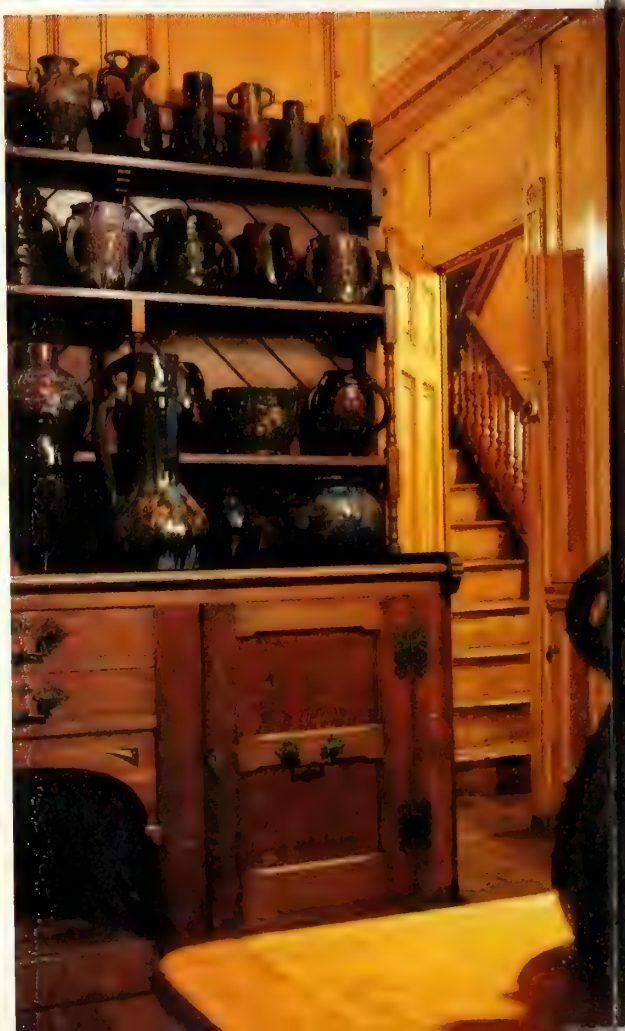
A photo-piece by Gilbert & George, *preceding pages left,* called *Meet,* 60 by 72 inches, 1984. *Preceding pages right:* "Clutha" art glass by Christopher Dresser, 1885; at right, "The Goose Neck" design. *Right:* Gilbert & George with part of their Brannam Art Pottery collection, showing slipware and sgraffito ware from 1880s and '90s.

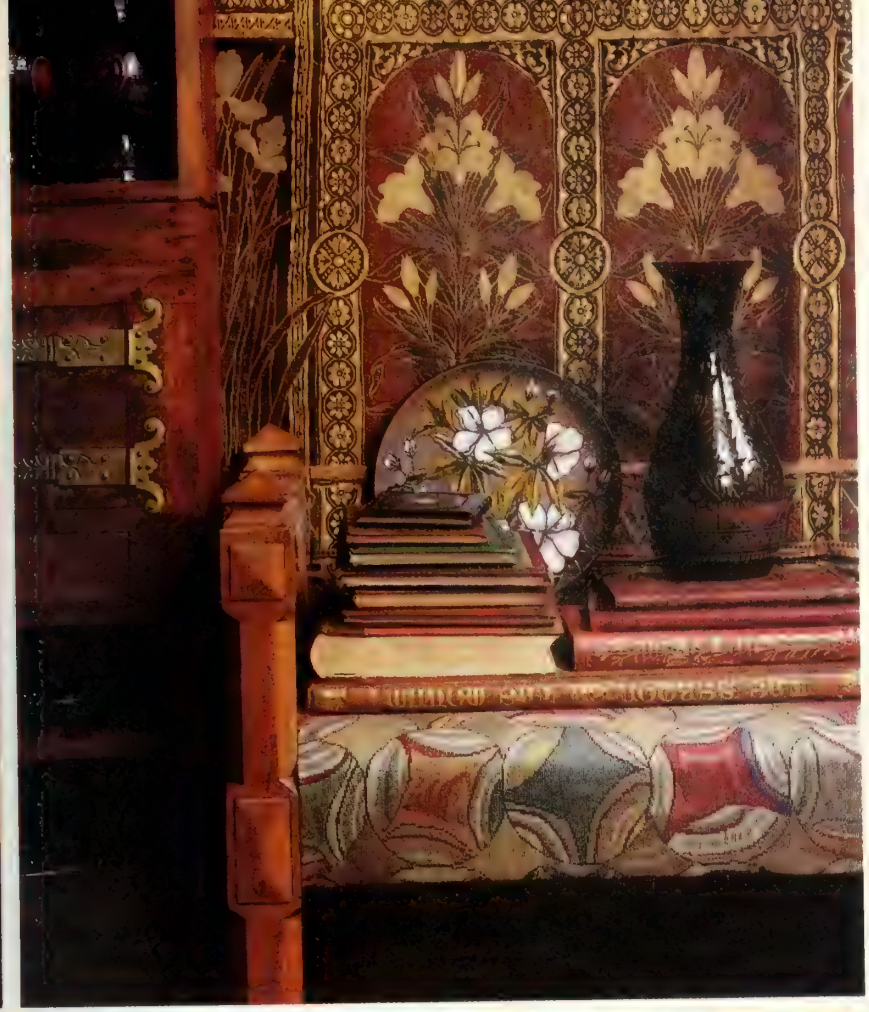




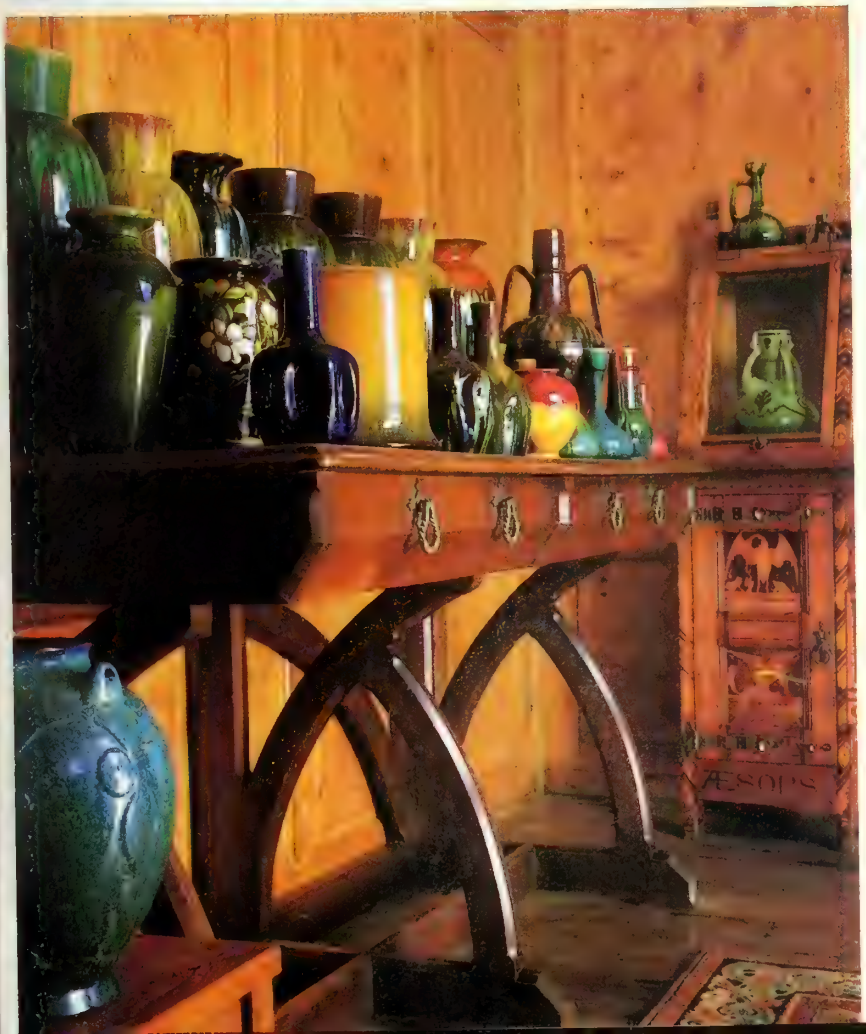












The early-18th-century façade of Gilbert & George's house, *above,* with Regency remodeling. *Top, from left:* "Clutha" art glass is on Charles Eastlake sideboard; in foreground, pottery by Sir Edmund Elton. An oak Gothicized chair by William Butterfield is beside Bruce Talbert sideboard with Brannam pottery from 1880s and '90s. Bruce Talbert hanging behind 19th-century neo-Gothic bench by an 1878 Eastlake medieval revival bookcase; vases and botanical plate designed by Christopher Dresser. *Bottom, from left:* Christopher Dresser brass and red painted candlesticks and brass jug are on Augustus Pugin neo-Gothic table; on the left, painted 18th-century sideboard attributed to Morris & Co. holds "Watcombe Terr-cotta"; in cupboard on right is collection of Minton and Royal Worcester, 1870–80s. Another "aesthetic" sideboard by Charles Eastlake holds pottery by Elton. Pugin neo-Gothic buffet is to left of glazed cabinet by Charles Eastlake with *Aesop's Fables* decoration by Clement Heaton, 1870s; all vases designed by Christopher Dresser and made at Linthorpe art pottery, 1879–82.





Gilbert & George's coats, *opposite*, hang on Christopher Dresser's 1876 iron hall stand. All the vases, *this page*, on Charles Eastlake 1876 Medieval Revival bookcase and elsewhere in this room by Christopher Dresser. Silk-velvet chairs designed by Pugin are around octagonal neo-Gothic table by Howard & Sons. Mahogany 1868 lily-pad occasional table designed by George Jack is between two 6 chairs by Guild of Handicrafts. "Celtic Hunting Rug" by George Bain.

BEYOND SIMPLICITY

Nantucket's pure air and light and landscape inspire an artist/designer



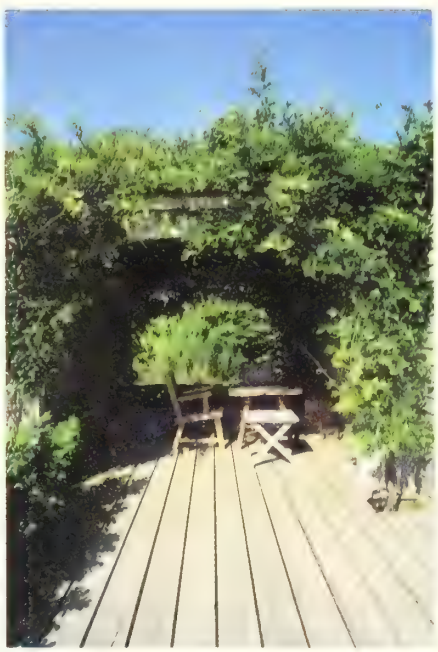
BY ELAINE GRIFFIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD



On Shaker pegs hangs foul-weather gear beside a wisp of a homemade wreath, opposite. This page: Abbie Zabar admires and collects baskets for their form, texture, color, and "because they can only be made by hand."





A five-room cottage became a single rectangular space ending in a living area, *top*. Sofas from Italy are covered in linen. *Above:* The existing breezeway, a lovely tunnel of shade in summer, was improved by a drapery of white wisteria.

Abbie Zabar, a young collagist and graphics designer, needleworker, onetime architecture student, and creator of this house, can't even set out a plate of cookies without arranging them. It is not that she takes extra time or frets about the impression she is making; there is simply a design mechanism in her head that composes, colors, and edits everything that comes into her vicinity.

Although editing is always a component of design, it seems especially important in the Zabar style. To borrow an old classification used to describe writers, she is a "taker-outer," not a "putter-inner." More than one friend has called the day after a visit to the Zabar New York apartment or the Nantucket house to tell Abbie, "I went home and threw away a lot of things."

Every object Abbie Zabar puts into a room is there for both usefulness and a particular kind of quiet beauty. When she discusses aesthetics, she uses the word *essence* a lot, and she speaks of the extensive remodeling of two modest buildings in Nantucket as "bringing in the essence of their setting."

Actually, that setting—isolated, surrounded by low, wild vegetation, and endowed with a view of a nearby pond and the Atlantic not far beyond—was the most persuasive reason to buy the property. The forty-year-old cottage and twenty-year-old guest house were ordinary and inconveniently laid out. The breezeway that nestled between the buildings was the one appealing feature.

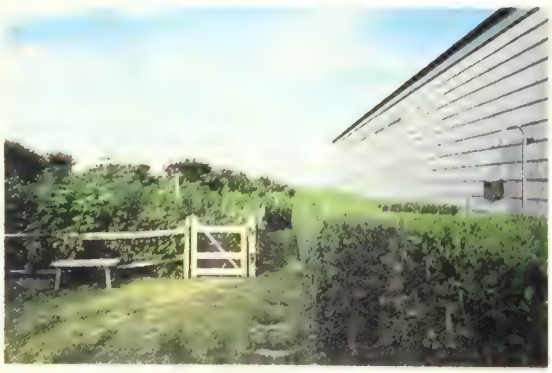






The cottage always had a peaked ceiling, *top,* but Abbie Zabar sheathed its raw wood. New walls are tongue-and-groove pine. *Above:* Nearby ocean beach. *Right:* A wood basket for berry gathering, a Zabar collage.







Every object in an Abbie Zabar room has been put there for both usefulness and quiet beauty

Abbie Zabar gutted the cottage, removing five little rooms to create a single sixteen-by-forty-foot space for cooking, dining, and living. The door to the kitchen area has been redesigned to reach all the way up to the first header. It is Venturiesque: vernacular and overscaled. Following the vernacular is part of Zabar's way to essences. She designed the china dresser in the kitchen to look "like the one good thing we kept when we took the place apart."

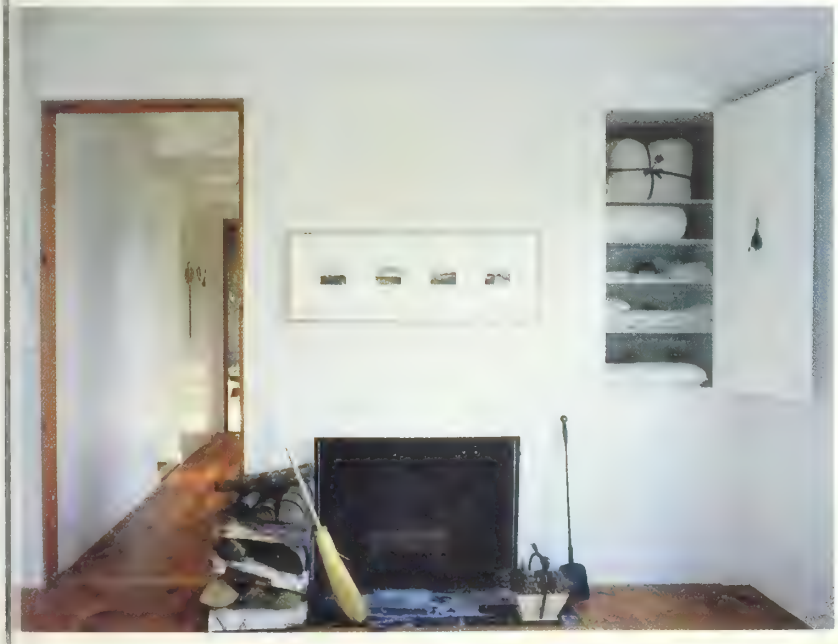
Architectural symmetry is another of Abbie Zabar's preoccupations. In the cottage there were five original windows opening one long wall but none on the other, so she installed five new, identical windows. The main bedroom, in the smaller building, included two badly (asymmetrically) placed single windows, and the designer, ignoring the negative votes of contractor and interested friends, centered the openings by rebuilding two entire walls. One new window fits into a built-in storage arrangement based on a careful study of Shaker examples and fitted with knobs bought from a Shaker Village catalogue. The Shaker sensibility is close to this young woman's.

Once Abbie Zabar was asked to make a list of "favorite things." The result is as evocative as Oscar Hammerstein's and could almost make a collage portrait of a woman devoted to essences: "White cotton sheets . . . clay flower pots . . . wooden garden furniture . . . baskets for everything: laundry, carrying my cat . . . beeswax candles, never scented ones; crushed lavender instead for nice smells in the air . . . cross ventilation and screen doors that bang, not air conditioning . . . hedges instead of fences, and I cut mine with hand shears instead of electric power . . . a centerpiece of strawberry plants with the flower and the berry, not cut flowers. . . ."

Abbie Zabar's favorite craft is doing embroidery in cross stitch, which she says is found in almost every culture. Her favorite art is collage in paper, "a simple, direct material." But when you look at her snow scene in which seven shades of white paper are precisely butted together, you wonder, as you do in her house, what simplicity really means. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

A wall occupied almost entirely by Shaker-style storage in the main bedroom, *top left,* includes a charming little window seat with French provincial upholstery fabric. *Center left:* Abbie Zabar based her gate on local examples. *Left:* The long flank of the forty-year-old cottage, at right, is now the social space; on the left stands the twenty-year-old guest house, now sleeping quarters. The deck is new, the *Rosa rugosa* old.







The main bedroom, *top,* retains its old pine floor and original fireplace, now stripped of its mantel, and has new tongue-and-groove walls and plastered ceiling. Typical Abbie Zabar bed furnishings include white cotton sheets with her own cross-stitch embroidery of initials and pine trees, a granny afghan she crocheted in various whites. *Left:* The same room's linen closet is freshened by a lavender sprig. *Above:* The pond near the house, the ocean not much farther away.





The honeysuckle and dried flower wreath by Abbie Zabar, *opposite,* exemplifies her artful simplicity. *This page:* The kitchen's new red door, seen from the breezeway.

A SEDUCTIVE SPLENDOUR



Geoffrey Bennison's sumptuous Paris apartment for Princess Firyal of Jordan

BY JEAN MARIE BARON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Princess Firyal of Jordan, *above,* photographed by Horst sitting under an Utrillo in her library. *Opposite:* Looking toward the dining room through the passage called the "Winter Garden," with Imari plates and jars over the door and on a late-19th-century buffet. Chintz on the walls was washed in tea to make it look as if it had been there for years.









In the library, *left,* a Roman marble torso circa 100 B.C. and, reflected in the mirror, *Three Little Girls in a Boat* by Henri Lebasque. *Opposite:* The corner window of the drawing room overlooks the Marigny gardens. Needlepoint-covered club fenders around the fireplace were custom designed for the room; on the chimneypiece, a bronze head of Venus by Renoir. The 17th-century daybed was found at a Monte Carlo auction; late-19th-century Persian carpet is a Ziegler.

When in 1853 Baron Haussmar
was named Prefect of the Seine, Pa
began to take on a new look. He c
large avenues through the capital fro
end to end and organized fetes whe
thousands of gas jets dazzled the nigh
Prolonging the Champs Elysées ar
bordering the Marigny gardens, av
nue Gabriel and its luxurious apar
ment houses had front-row seats fo
these unbridled festivities. It is on th
premier étage of one of them in a va
apartment bathed in tree-dappled su
light that Princess Firyal of Jordan d
cided several years ago to make he



Paris home. This prestigious place, having belonged to the widow of the celebrated art dealer and collector Paul Guillaume, was haunted by the great Post-Impressionists—Renoir, Cézanne, Degas, Douanier Rousseau—that had ornamented its walls. To give it a new identity would require the intervention of a great master of decoration. The choice did not take long: to install her new "palace" Princess Firyal called on someone who in Paris, London, and New York, having made his mark on houses for the Goldsmiths, Rothschilds, and Reeds, was by many considered the greatest: the late Geoffrey Bennison.

"What was astonishing about Bennison," according to his assistant Jean Pierre Maksym, who accompanied him to numerous jobs around the world, "was the way in which he involved himself in the places on which he worked, and the important part that he devoted to the interpretation of a period." Thus at Princess Firyal's the dominant tone is Napoleon III but the ingredients are multiple. Beyond the sumptuousness that one might say was necessary, the initial mood that strikes one is that of comfort, a comfort that makes one wish to stay home, which was Bennison's intention.

Right from the entrance hall one is captured by visual pleasure. On a background of red Fortuny cotton, a Gobelins tapestry from 1720 signed by the master weaver Audran shows a man costumed as Don Quixote inviting some ladies to dance in a ballroom. On the kind of black-and-white floor that one always finds in the best private houses is a nineteenth-century Caucasian carpet and on the gilt-wood Louis XV *(Text continued on page 158)*

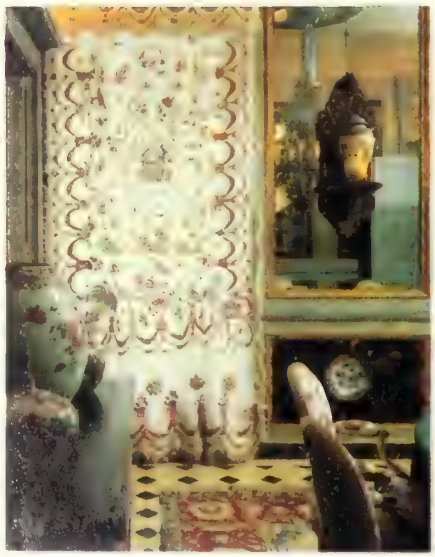


The 18th-century ceiling in the library depicting Mercury and other classical gods was discovered in a warehouse, so dirty the paint was almost black. The Princess's writing desk is a Régence *bureauplat* Paintings to the left of the door: *L'Enfant des Signant* by Louis Valtat, and above it a painting by Monticelli. At right, a 1969 collage by Salvador Dali hangs below a nude by Henri Lebasque.





Imaginative lighting plays an important role in the dining room, *these pages*. Each of the carved gilt pedestals that hold the princess's collection of famille rose and Imari casts a warm glow of light on the porcelain. Panels of gold and black lacquer, Chinese wallpaper and mirror are set into the marbleized walls. The 18th-century side table, opposite, is one of a pair. Wood and tole chandelier, above, comes from an Italian church. At the window, right, shade appliquéd with flowers and birds cut from old fabric.









The walls of the Princess's bedroom, *detail this page*, are covered in cream-colored English lace, mounted on top of a slightly darker damask, an idea inspired by Russian interiors. *Opposite:* The flower garland on the canopy of the fourposter bed was copied from a piece of 19th-century painted velvet belonging to Bennison. The painted ceiling was brought from England.

What was astonishing about Bennison was the way in which he involved himself in the places on which he worked, and the important part that he devoted to the interpretation of a period

(Continued from page 151) console with its pale gray marble top are ranged large eighteenth-century Imari jars. Beyond the flanking bronze Directoire candelabra on gilt-wood candlestands is a portrait of a woman by Rubens.

Open double doors offer a glimpse of the grand salon and its magnificences. The sky on the ceiling is cloudless and around it twist and twine pale garlands of leaves painted by hand. On all sides one sees trees and light and rosy-yellow grape leaves on a lozenge background, a fabric that Bennison had redesigned from an antique one found at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and used for both curtains and wall covering. Two very different objects face each other from opposite ends of the immense room: on the chimney, a head of Venus in bronze sculptured by Renoir in 1915 casts a serene eye on a striking English Gothick cabinet made about 1760. Inside the latter, among branches of red coral stand minutely ornamented Yung-Cheng plates, and all around it, setting it off, hang brown and black collages, the delicate works of the daughters of Maria Theresa of Austria.

What attracts attention next is the parquet de Versailles unexpectedly lacquered black, about which the lady of the house at first expressed some doubts. These vanished when Geoffrey Bennison pointed out its necessity to show off the two remarkable pink-and-blue Persian carpets that it seems to frame.

An indispensable balancing point, a large round English marquetry table occupies the center of the salon. Here the books that show the Princess's pronounced taste for decoration take their rightful place: *Le Style Louis XV, Le Style Second Empire, Les Céramiques Orientales,* of which she is passionately fond. Again, here very diverse objects come into unexpected equilibrium: above the large sofa in beige silk a charming painting by Charles Sims from 1912 showing a mother and child chasing butterflies brings in a touch of spring gaiety. One imagines that to enjoy it the Princess might stretch out on the Louis XIV daybed covered in indigo velours which faces it between two high windows where the leaves and flowers of the silk undercurtains soften the light into reflections of color. Walking slowly toward the next room one notices two dark tables that seem similar, but one is a Napoleon III gueridon lacquered black and encrusted with mother-of-pearl and the other, an 1850 English table in papier-mâché painted with flowers.

The library with its intimate proportions is cozier. The eighteenth-century boiseries in natural oak were a decisive element in the Princess's enthusiasm for this apartment. They cover all the walls and are punctuated by works of art, the most original of which is a collage by Salvador Dali where one sees the Eiffel Tower invaded by butterflies that seem to fly right up to the ceiling. The ceiling was discovered by Bennison in a pitiful state in a London antiques shop, and restored on the spot before being transported in five pieces and mounted by a team of English artisans. Today the god Mercury rides the clouds and gods, goddesses, and cupids lean on balustrades. The Régence desk, where the Princess sits to write letters or contemplate a Roman torso, is inhabited by a variety of objects, among them photographs of her sons in their college in England and a little panel of ivory and mother-of-pearl engraved with the sacred words of the Koran.

But to tell the truth, when the fire crackles softly and the pleated shades of dark green silk diffuse a filtered light, one is above all tempted in this very British atmosphere to sit down at the backgammon table or stretch ou on the deep love seats in front of th fireplace. Woven to order, the suave colored fabrics suit the room; the re damask of the cushions recalls that the entrance hall; the flowered cotto on the love seats is that of the winte garden which leads to the dining roo where a new surprise waits; an exoti harmony of fine porcelains, birds, an flowers. Geoffrey Bennison often sai it was the most successful of the room

Under a sky-blue ceiling where birc similar to those sewn on the curtain seem to fly about, an eighteenth-centu ry Italian chandelier lights with its ca dles four set-in panels of black an gold from a nineteenth-century Ch nese screen. Entirely painted *au p choir,* the walls and the doors of ve light blue lightly marbleized enhanc the warm colors of the Imari and f mille rose porcelain plates and vase Each object lighted from its wall brack et carries us into the heart of a magi cave.

At the other end of the corridors, th bedroom, finally, merits a chapter i itself, so much detail and perseveranc has it demanded. The ceiling is Lou XVI, ornamented with a goddess su rounded by angels seated on cloud the curtains of hand-painted silk a rose and green like the carpet marke with the letter *F,* which formerly b longed to King Fouad I of Egypt. Bu the most extraordinary thing is that th entire room—the walls damasked i pale yellow, the specially made canop bed, the dressing table—is covere with a lace embroidered for months i England according to ancient mode thought to have disappeared. "Th idea might have appeared crazy," say Jean Pierre Maksym, "but Benniso invented every day and up to the la moment; only he knew whether th miracle could be produced." □

Editor: John Bowes-Lyo



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(Continued from page 74) a low bushy variety the queen imported herself. The "typical" sweet pea trellised to the north side of the cottage is actually a perennial form of lathyrus that does not die back and blooms freely. A "Persian carpet" of heliotrope, calceolaria, ageratum, alyssum, verbena, lobelia, and mesembryanthemum surrounds the garden well. Six months of planning are required for this "carpet." Against the plain garden walls roses and clematis alternate according to their flowering cycles. On the slope below the cottage lie 27 separate beds of roses, each with only one sort of rose. The assortment changes all the time as Queen Ingrid or one or another of her gardeners discovers a new, better rose. It then replaces the "worst" rose and the process continues. The favorite rose at Gråsten just now is called 'The Fairy', which overflows the steep banks of the moat brook. Unable to find the rose in Denmark, Queen Ingrid brought a few slips from England where she had first seen The Fairy's masses of pink flowers.



Roses, asperulas, day lilies, and primulas along path.

Another idea borrowed from England was to train climbing roses like 'Belle Hélène' into the branches of apple trees. The pink roses open shortly after the park's Gravenstein apples have dropped their blossoms. Gravensteins were developed at Gråsten itself in the 1600s but were popularized after the castle was temporarily held by th Prussians, thus the Germanicize name. Hundreds of other roses ar trained to climb the walls of the castl and soften its unbending whiteness. sunken garden centered on a sma fountain has smaller, less goal-oriente roses that exist simply to scent an brighten afternoon teas.

The side of the park that slips int the shallow waters of the smaller pon is thickly bedded with day lilies. " have a weakness for that flower, laughs Queen Ingrid. "It would b enough that it thrives in any soil an climate but it also has all these fantasti colors as well." Until a few years ag there were only the usual yellow an orange varieties at Gråsten. Then th queen saw a catalogue from a hemerc callis grower in southern England an today the castle's fourteen gardene look after twenty-five sorts of the lily.

A few years ago the queen planted i the forested hill above the old moa now called the "picture pool." She di not remove anything; rather she adde rhododendrons, azaleas, forsythia, an white flowering hawthorn. In May an June the little forest casts pastel reflec tions over its picture pool. With thought to the thousands of visitors a lowed to visit Gråsten when she is n in residence, she had paths laid ou through her new "spring forest."

In contrast with the stiff formality most gardens surrounding official res dences, Gråsten Park has a persona intimacy. Each detail reveals some thing of the owner. Strictly maintaine period gardens nearly always lack th spontaneity of a garden with a mistres who can claim "a passion for prim roses." At Gråsten, Queen Ingrid ha indulged this passion and underplan ed the park with thousands of primu las. After the riot of bright summe flowers the dusky reds and mauves the primulas and foxgloves bloo again against the dark wet trunks December trees. The helleborus ope the new year with caps of heavy sno and begin what the head gardener call "our own special color symphony." □

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Wallcoverings and Fabrics

(Continued from page 132) mosque. Fournier Street has a very good tailor, Mr. Lustig. At the Market Café, porters from the nearby market can count on getting straightforward food of a quintessentially English kind at almost any hour of the day. There is also another café, not five minutes away, in which a small group of the faithful gathers daily in the belief that any day now the Savior will walk in there in the guise of a Bengali social worker.

Fournier Street is anything but dead, therefore. But my own favorite house in Fournier Street is No. 12, which belongs to two still quite young British artists who call themselves "Gilbert & George, the sculptors." Gilbert & George today are international celebrities, preeminently because of their work but also for the strange and symbiotic persona that drew large audiences when they appeared as performance artists and is hardly less remarkable in private life.

It was from No. 12 Fournier Street that, in common with other fortunate people, I began in the late sixties to receive in the morning mails a series of unsolicited and undeniably peculiar communications. Gilbert & George at that time had a surreptitious reputation. Neither then nor since have they been sculptors in the sense that Donatello and David Smith were sculptors, but they had appeared here and there as living sculptures. They were Pygmalion, but they were also Galatea. In the best-known of their pieces, they powdered their faces bronze, stood on a table with an old-fashioned wind-up phonograph between them, and did a mime routine to an ancient 78 rpm recording of "Underneath the Arches," a song that had been made famous before World War II by two great English vaudevillians, Flanagan and Allen. Sometimes they did this routine in public for eight hours on end, like eighteenth-century *automates,* with never a sign of fatigue or a lapse of concentration.

They were also known for their courtly and obsolete mode of speech, for their matching English schoolbo suits of gray flannel (rather short in th leg) and for their ritualized manner o getting through the day. At all time and everywhere they were together looking alike, behaving alike, and talk ing alike in a precise, perfectly modu lated and understressed way. Such wa their apparent twinhood that it was dif ficult to remember that while Georg was in all things English, Gilbert wa raised in the Dolomites.

What came through the post was single sheet of deckle-edged pape printed on both sides and folde across the middle. There was a drawin of Gilbert & George exploring th English countryside, a line or two o prose or verse, a personal dedication t each recipient. At the end were a lacon ic "Goodbye for now," a reproductio (unauthorized) of the Royal arms, an two signatures in red ink. "Gilbert," read one, and "George," the other and it would have taxed even the FB to tell one hand from the other.

Before long, these communication were much talked about, and a com plete set of them became an envie possession. They were the very antithe sis of the hard sell. The drawings migh have been made by a very intelligen dormouse. The verses could hav come from a Victorian keepsake tha had passed into rather strange owner ship. Storm and stress played no part i them. Nor was there ever an indicatio that anything was expected of us in re turn. Given that they clearly cost mon ey to make and money to mail, eventually asked if I could not contrib ute to those expenses. "Absolutel not," said George, lightly. "Quite un necessary," said Gilbert, more lightl still.

So there the matter rested. I lef England forever. Gilbert & George be came famous. So far from continuin to work in miniature, they began t draw on sheets of brown paper tha measured in all fifty, sixty, and seventy square feet. They were shown, here and there. People bought them, al over Europe. And they went on t work with enormous photographs— all taken by themselves—that they turned into accumulative images or the scale of Veronese and Tintoretto often with legends of their own devis ing, and before long with areas dyed bright red and brighter yellow. These

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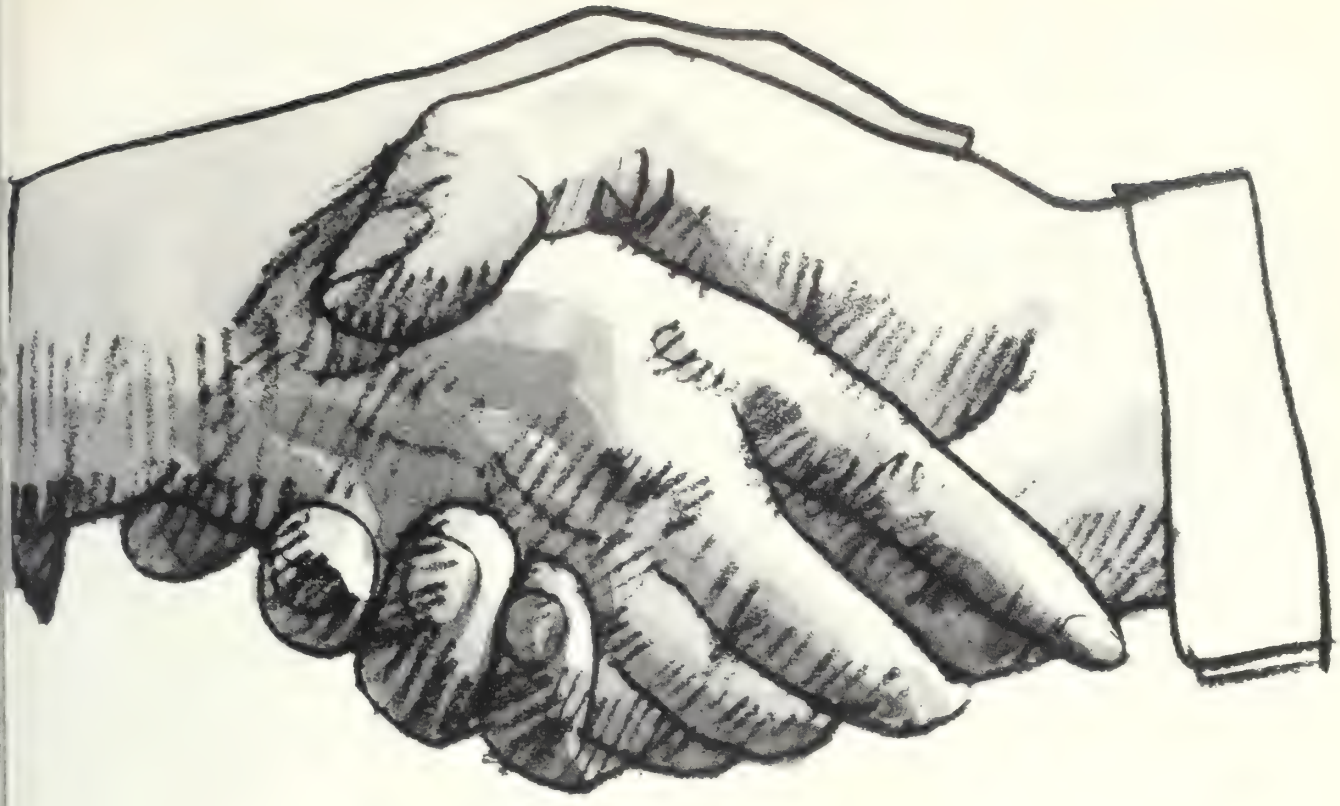
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On the top floor of the house, one of the few places to sit down

too were shown, bought, and shown again and again in museums. They had a flat, frontal, all-out attack that was very different from the hesitant imagery and the reticent turn of speech that had marked the postal pieces. All that they had in common with the postal pieces was the fact that they too originated at No. 12 Fournier Street, London, E.1.

Since their student days Gilbert & George had had a studio at street level in No. 12 Fournier Street. (It had previously been a motorcycle repair shop.) Later, they bought the whole house and set about its rehabilitation. It took three years to get it back something like its original plain state, and meanwhile the interior of the house turned up in photo-pieces like the "Dusty Corners" series of 1975 and the "Dead Boards" series of 1976. Though by then relatively clean, the house was a disaster area. Nothing worked. Every ceiling gaped. It had no furniture. Veterans of World War II could remember bombed houses that were in better condition. In the landscape of alienation—human, social, architectural—that was the prime subject of the photo-pieces of the mid seventies, No. 12 Fournier Street came in right on cue.

But the activity of Gilbert & George is in essence an optimistic activity, and with time No. 12 came to look very beautiful indeed—so much so, in fact, that everyone who came to see it said, "It's quite perfect as it is. Don't do anything to it." Now, one of the "Four Laws of Sculptors" that Gilbert & George wrote out for themselves in 1969 was, "Never worry assess discuss or criticise but remain quiet respectful and calm." Even so, they got tired of hearing that No. 12 was "perfect as it is." Their needs were few—they take breakfast, lunch, and dinner at the Market Café every day, and in close on twenty years they have never cooked a meal at home, let alone aspired to entertain there. Still, they didn't like it that they weren't even allowed to go out and buy a couple of chairs.

So they went looking for chairs. They went to office suppliers, and they looked in at auction houses, and they called on antiques dealers. They had trouble finding anything they really wanted, but finally they settled for two chairs which, unbeknown to them, spoke for the Arts and Crafts Movement of late Victorian times. They were the kind of chairs that a rather decadent doge of Venice would have sat in, had there been doges at that time.

Thus launched, Gilbert & George began to furnish No. 12. It is relevant that they are tremendously, unremittingly, and unsurpassably organized. Their archives are both impeccable and out of sight. They never make an unnecessary move. "If someone gives us something to wear, we put it on at once. Otherwise we have everythin made exactly alike by Mr. Lustig. One of their recent photo-pieces mea sured 166 by 424 inches, but the planned it, plotted it, and put it togeth er in quite a small studio/darkroom a the back of No. 12, and it came out per fectly. That is why they often spend u to fourteen hours a day in that studi "Everything has to be double, treble and quadruple checked in the dark Not that that is the difficult part. W physically make the pieces, but that i completely separate from actually cre ating them. Once we have made the de sign, the model, it's just physical work Apart from the physical work, what w do goes direct from the brain to th wall." It was in this way that in 198 they made 54 big photo pieces withou any help, and also designed their cata logues, planned the installation of ev ery show, made working models c every gallery (not least, of the Gugge heim Museum, where their work ca be seen through June 16).

No. 12 today is filled, as much as fu nitured. It is in fact a small museum c the more insubordinate activity of th decorative arts in England in the las part of the nineteenth century. If a Egypto-Japanese chair with overtone of African tribal art came on the mar ket, Gilbert & George are bound t have it. If pieces of furniture were sol off from the House of Commons in th thirties and forties, Gilbert & Georg are getting their hands on some. (The never go shopping any more. Offe come every day in the mail.)

But, as will be clear from the illustra tions to this article, the real collectio and the one that marks out No. 1 Fournier Street as one of the most as tonishing houses in London, is the co lection of late-nineteenth-centur British pottery and ceramics. There something almost demented about th size of this collection. There are area in which Gilbert & George own fiftee or twenty times as many objects as an museum in Britain. Begun in 1979, th collection has a growth record tha would set new records in the stoc market, and sometimes we feel tha like the protagonist in Eugène Ione co's play, *Le Nouveau Locataire,* Gi bert & George will end up by bein

Manuel Canovas

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Jacques DIRAND

walled up alive among their Aesthetic sideboards, their Brannam art pottery; their "Clutha" art glass, designed by Christopher Dresser; their huge and self-contained collection of work by the visionary potter Sir Edmund Elton; their oak neo-Gothic furniture by Augustus Pugin; their "Watcombe" terra-cotta collection; their Gothicized chair by the great architect and designer William Butterfield; their medieval revival bookcase designed by Charles Eastlake; their neo-Gothic buffet (by Pugin, again); their mahogany lily-pad occasional table; and the early-twentieth-century Celtic hunting rug carpet by Charles Bain.

Even the cast-iron hall stand on which they hang their matching overcoats by Mr. Lustig is part of the collection in that it was designed by Christopher Dresser in 1876. As Gilbert & George are, in their photopieces, paragons of individual effort, they are drawn by instinct to the work of people who, like themselves, struck out on their own. If Christopher Dresser (1834–1904) is a great favorite of theirs, it is not merely for the beauty and strangeness of his designs but for his peremptory and highly unfashionable technical demands. Dresser insisted, for instance, that only recycled glass should be used in the manufacture of his glass pieces. Even more disconcerting, by the standards of the day, was his insistence that no piece of his glass should ever take more than three minutes to make.

Demands of that sort put a heavy burden on craftsmen who had been trained in quite other ways, and Gilbert & George delight in the memory of one particular man who would sit for hours at his bench, staring at his hands, only to say very loudly, toward the end of an apparently infertile day, "There are the hands that can do it," and forthwith set to work. What to most people would seem merely eccentric is to them one of the touchstones of creativity. What they cherish about Sir Edmund Elton (1846–1920) is, for instance, that he was the exact opposite of Christopher Dresser. Where Dre[sser] would do anything, go anywhe[re] and collaborate with any manufactur[er] who would take his designs and ca[rry] them out to the letter, Elton was a lo[ne] dreamer who virtually invented t[he] profession of studio potter. Se[lf]-taught, he refused all technical advi[ce], dug his own clay, found out how [to] build his own kiln, never formed hi[m]self into a company, and until the d[ay] of his death had only one assistant, [a] boy whom he had picked out when [he] was about to leave school. Betwe[en] Dresser, who thought nothing of [ex]changing vases with the Emperor of J[a]pan, and Elton, who pursued a solit[ary] activity in the big house that he had i[n]herited in Somerset, there was nothi[ng] in common except the will to go th[eir] own way.

Like many other people whose l[ife] consists primarily in making imag[es], Gilbert & George do not "collect" p[ic]tures. In fact the only picture/paintin[g] in the house is a visionary paintin[g] called *The Flaming Ramparts of t[he] World* by Reginald Hallward, who h[as] the distinction of being mentioned [by] name in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* [by] Oscar Wilde. (Gilbert & George al[so] own a particularly beautiful phot[o]graph of Oscar Wilde as a young ma[n].) What they have just begun to colle[ct], on the other hand, is the illustrate[d] book, in a form that was brought [to] near perfection by Christopher Dres[s]er and others in the period of whi[ch] they are especially fond.

Seen in the context of the silk-an[d] velvet chairs by A.W. Pugin, the wa[ll] hangings designed by Bruce Talbe[rt] for Templetons of Glasgow in th[e] 1870s, and the tables crammed wi[th] pots and ceramics and renderings [in] colored glass of strange vegetable fa[n]cies, these magnificent books in gilde[d] leather bindings add a note of final, d[e]finitive luxury. ("That one was sold [to] by the Gloucester School of Art," th[ey] will say of some particularly sumpt[u]ous example.) But then No. 12 Fou[r]nier Street has settled into its new li[fe] as if it had never had any other. Climb[ing] the stairs, moving from floor [to] floor and room to room, we rememb[er] the historic misjudgment that was mad[e] by the principal of their art school wh[en] someone asked his opinion of Gilbert [&] George. "Whatever you do," he sai[d], "don't get involved with those tw[o]. They'll never get anywhere." □

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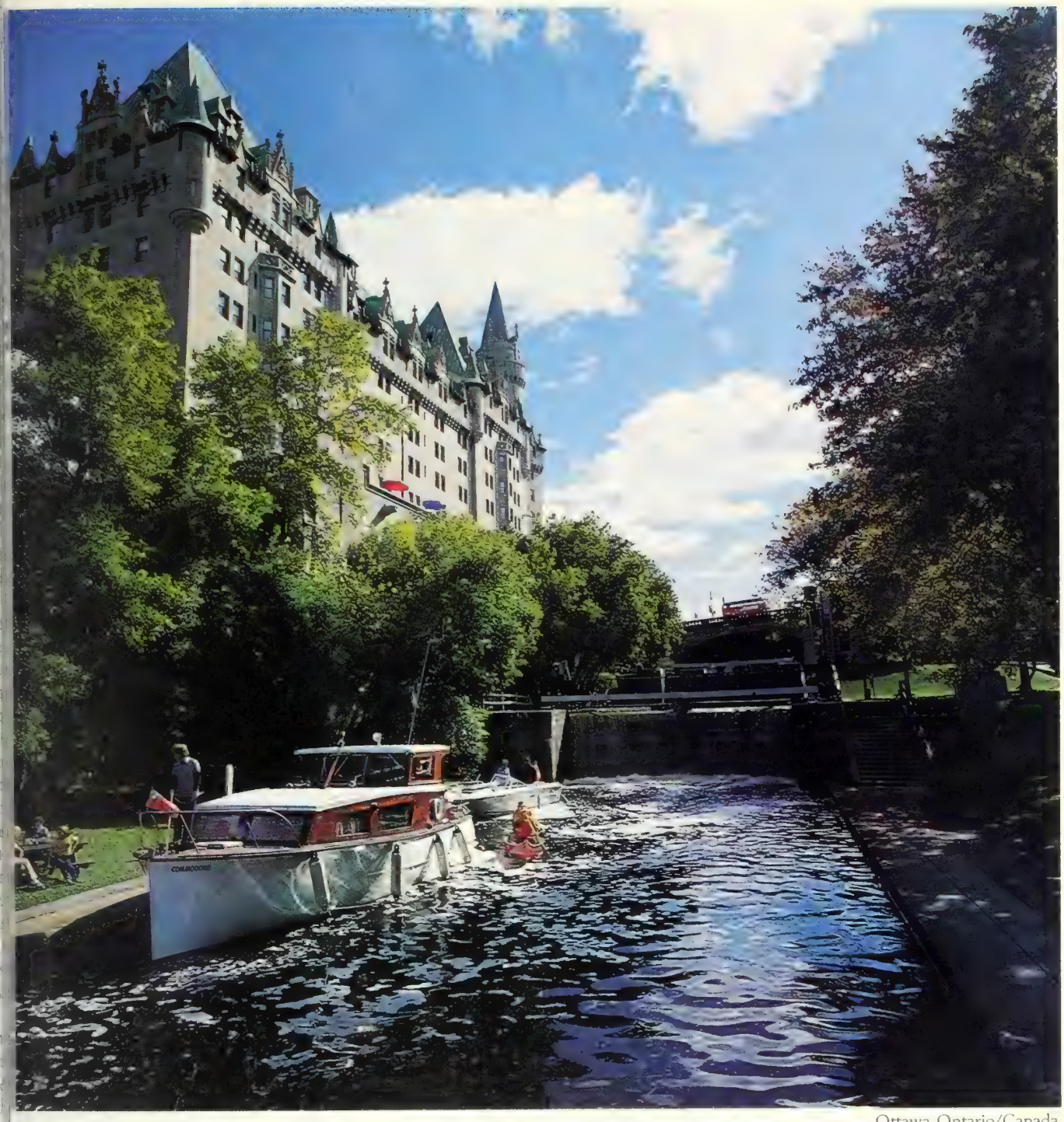
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FERDINAND RICHARDT (DETAIL, *LEFT*) AND EDWARD HICKS OILS

FALLS PERSPECTIVE

Niagara, Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, July 13–Sept. 1; The Corcoran, Washington, D.C., Sept. 21–Nov. 24; The New-York Historical Society, Jan. 22–Apr. 27, 1986.

Before 1900, artists seeking pay dirt headed for Niagara Falls. With grand Hudson River School-ers, *Niagara* shows painting's last gorgeous gasp before Realism took up a camera. *Margaret Morse*

WARTS AND ALL

Duane Hanson's disconcertingly realistic sculptures have startled and unsettled viewers since the early 1970s. Cast from live models, his vividly lifelike figures populate a world that we uncomfortably recognize. Now his work can be seen in a different dimension. *Duane Hanson* by Kirk Varnedoe (Abrams, $16.95) includes over a hundred color plates of Hanson's works; once removed by the camera's lens, they take on a heightened feeling of isolation and emptiness. *Anne Rieselbach*





DUANE HANSON'S *FLORIDA SHOPPER*, 1973, *LEFT*, AND *BEAGLE IN A BASKET*, 1981, *ABOVE*

CAPITAL GAINS

With the opening this June of the DeWitt Wallace Decorative Arts Gallery, Colonial Williamsburg's or million annual visitors are being offered an additional way to experience one of the world's outstanding collections of English and American antiques. They can continue to enjoy the let's-pretend fun of imagining life two centuries ago in the buildings of the historic area; but now they can also view furniture, textiles, painting and prints, ceramics, and metals as art objects seen in a scholarly way.

In addition to permanen departmental exhibits and study collections, three larg adjoining galleries will always be devoted to a major special exhibition: "Patron and Tradesman" i the opener, and it deals with the collaboration of these two groups and the resulting style changes.

The museum is an unobtrusive design by Kevin Roche, placed behind a reconstructed 1773 hospital. *Elaine Green*



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DECORATING DEADLINE AT THE BRADLEES'

(Continued from page 128) Local tour buses added the house to their stops, and at any given moment we might peer out the window to find eighty or so faces peering back. At my son's birthday party, a group of white-haired ladies showed up from the historical society, thinking the balloons at the front door were an invitation to sightsee.

So there I was with this very large house, a lot of skeptical friends, and enough furniture for six standard-sized rooms, which is what we had had before. My first goal was to make it warm and cozy. I wanted every room to have a place to curl up and be comfortable. Secondly, I wanted it to be bright and happy. And finally, since the house was built two years after George Washington left office and was once owned by Abraham Lincoln's son Robert Todd Lincoln, the age and the history of the house had to be respected.

In order to make a house cozy you have to have something to curl up *in* The previous owners had ordered fifteen-feet-wide by banquettes, which had to be brought in through the graceful Palladian windows in the living room and would have required removing the windows once again to be taken out. We bought the house so quickly that there was no time to remove them so I inherited the sofas and some twenty huge down-filled pillows as well. The next day I had two industrious upholsterers in the living room with handsaws cutting the sofas down to size. Out of the banquettes we ended up with three beautiful sofas for the living room, two for my husband's study, and a six-foot round ottoman, which adorns the basement for the moment but which I know I'll find a use for someday. I tore the pillows apart and used the down to add deep, sink-in cushions on the three sofas and to refill most of the old furniture I had in the rest of the house.

To me, cozy means many things, but there are specific elements I think really do contribute. Down cushions are one. Rugs are another. I know shiny wood floors are supposed to be unbelievably chic. But they are also cold and uninviting too. Cozy is being able to take off your shoes and sit on the floor. Besides, when we have parties, a lot of guests end up sitting (or lying, as the case may be) on the floor. At the last big dinner I gave, one of the guests remarked that the living room looked like the beach at Coney Island on a sweltering summer day.



Copies by Gregory Stapko of Bradlee ancestors painted by Gilbert Stuart.

I also like rugs on top of rugs. Smaller Oriental rugs or kilims over plain carpeting make the room even cozier.

Fires make things wonderfully inviting, too. Happily Ben's favorite relaxation is chopping wood in the mountains of West Virginia. This is helpful since we have twelve working fireplaces in the house.

Soft indirect lighting makes people look prettier and gives a warm glow to a room. Also, any kind of throw or quilt or blanket just seems to invite people to make themselves at home. I do needlepoint and my pillows make it more personal.

I love curtains and this house is the kind that can carry them well with its fourteen-foot-high ceilings and generous spaces. Curtains are wonderful at night to close out the darkness and create an intimate feeling.

Yet I've done hardly any curtains here. The Palladian windows are so beautiful I hate to cover them up, and all the rooms have the original shutters so we do have privacy. Still, when I found the perfect chintz for the living room I was thrown into a state of terminal indecision.

For one thing, if curtains didn't work it would be a rather expensive mistake. And every time I decide o way or another someone changes mind. At Christmastime, frie brought over a Parisian houseguest scribed as having the most exqui taste in France. After seeing the b windows in the living room she tur to me and exclaimed, "My dear, w courage you have, not to do curtain would never be so brave!"

Anthony Powell actually wrot book called *Books Do Furnish a Ro* And I can't think of anything t makes a room look more lived-in t books in bookcases, stacked on floor and on tables, strewn about erywhere. I suppose going to a us book store and buying shelfful better than having no books at all, it is nice to have read some of th Many of our friends write; we alw have more books around than sp for them, and they just keep gett piled up on top of each other. So it make me laugh when a well-kno decorator asked me recently, "Who ranged your books for you?"

I always like it when things d look too decorated. But that look be a tricky sort of reverse snobb sometimes. There is nothing wo than having everything deliberat matching except everything delib ately not matching. Anything that's studied never works. My favorite k of room looks like everything matc at one time but that over the yea chair was re-covered here or ther quilt was brought in from anot room and left unintentionally. house is too newly done for that but goal is to have it appear as thoug had been this way forever.

Color is elemental to a bright a happy house, not to mention to moods. I am so affected by it that I be terribly depressed in a room pain a color I don't like. When we bou the house the colors were, to me, rat dark and gloomy, mustards, brow purples, magentas. The house fa south toward the Potomac, and huge windows invite sun all da wanted it to look light and airy and w coming. I like happy colors, not nu ery-school colors but soft, pret muted colors that make me feel goo

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I mixed most of the colors myself with the help of the painter. In my last house another painter had gone off on a drinking binge after a week of mixing paint for the dining room. This new painter had nerves of steel. He could take anything, and did. It took us five days to get the right color for the living room. Umber, it turns out, did the trick. He calls it Quinn Rose. It happens to be the most flattering color in the world and at night people actually glow from it. It's also festive, a "let the good times roll" kind of color.

I had to be careful because the house is historic and I didn't want the colors to look too modern. Aubergine and taupe, for instance, were wrong. I went to Mount Vernon to see the newly researched colors there only to find the drab old Williamsburg colors replaced by bright garish turquoises and greens. It seemed that a middle ground wi what I needed. The mahogany wod graining, popular at that time, w beautifully done, and I was lucky to g the same person who worked at Mou Vernon, Malcolm Robson, to do t faux bois in our library. We cheated little bit by doing a soft honey-colore pine, a grain George Washington ne er would have chosen because pine w so cheap and readily available in tho days. Malcolm also did the fau marbre in the hall below the chair ra Then I got carried away and asked hi to do the outside of my bathtub. Luc ily Ben realized I was losing contr and put a stop to it. Still, I keep thin ing the chest in the kitchen . . .

For color, the dining room was m biggest challenge. Ben's ancesto were shippers from Salem, Massach setts, and they would bring back ba rels of Canton china from the Orient ballast. Rather than leave it in the cu boards, I thought it would be pretti to display it on the walls. I wanted contrast and thought yellow with blu moldings would give the rooms a eighteenth-century feeling. After week of yellows the painter began hi ing from me. His wife claimed not have heard from him in days. I was u able to sleep, so distraught was I ov this dilemma. Finally, in desperation consulted a historic-house color cha and a few days later at 5 A.M. I woke u and shook Ben. "I've got it," I said t umphantly. "Hepplewhite Ivory an Woodlawn Blue."

The painter, relieved, thought th worst was over until we attacked Ben study. I wanted it to be a pretty, so green. "The color of—" I was saying my eye struck a leaf in the middle of giant maple tree outside the windo "—that leaf!" I cried.

Several minutes later the painter wa standing on the roof ledge leaning pr cariously toward a frail limb, trying va iantly to pluck the elusive leaf from i stem. This was not nearly as precariou as subsequent efforts to match the co or of the leaf. Four days later . . . I thin umber did the trick again.

I wanted the house to look all of piece, so I used bits of the same colo from one adjoining room to anothe The living room is rose and has touch of yellows, browns, and blues. The di ing room is blue and pale yellow. Th library is browns with touches of blu



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d yellows and roses. Each room ives a little clue of the other like ead crumbs in the woods. In fact, th a three-year-old I already have l trails of bread crumbs throughout e house.

With a Federal house, and a particu- historic monument at that, there is vays the temptation to make it into a riod museum. Ben has some beauti- things from the period, which add a eat deal. But this is a 1980s house, d when we entertain we don't have tlers behind every chair. We have in- mal parties, often buffets, and even ore often we'll eat in the kitchen, ich doubles as a sitting-playroom.

People often say it looks like an Eng- h country house. But it's not. This is wo-hundred-year-old house in the art of the city that is home to two rking journalists and a small child. at's exactly what it should look like. I am an Army brat and have spent life moving and traveling. Both of have things we have collected from over the world, presents we've been en, things that remind us of various nts in our lives. Many are worthless anyone but us. But these are person- hings we love, and without them our use would not be a home. We are t, however, always in agreement on s. I have a beautiful hand-painted, ersized Japanese shell that I wanted hang on the living-room wall and ich Ben suggested would make an riguing sink for a powder room. He en produced the art critic of *The ashington Post* one Saturday while were hanging pictures to persuade of my folly. The shell now hangs in e living room but Ben had his re- nge. In our bedroom is a pastel baby ture of his mother.

There is a balance between what is propriate for a Federal house and at is not. I had several modern intings and prints I loved. They ln't really work in any of the rooms we consigned them to the halls. My orite graced the entrance hallway, a ge splatter of bright pinks, roses, ls, and yellow, perfect with the liv- -room walls. Only it wasn't. To my spair, it was simply out of place. n's brother inherited a pair of Gil- rt Stuart portraits of Bradlee ances- s. We had them copied by a man o works with the National Gallery Art. They're not the real thing but they are surprisingly close. And there is something amusing about having fake Gilbert Stuarts in a grand house like this. It seems to say we don't take it all that seriously.

Shortly after we moved in, Art Buchwald gave us a mezuzah as a housewarming present. A mezuzah is a Jewish charm that is placed on the front doorpost to bless a house. Recently we had a gathering to which we invited the Canadian Ambassador and his wife, both Jewish. They arrived in their limousine, took one look at the mezuzah, turned around, and got back in their car.

"Keep looking," the Ambassador told his chauffeur. "This must be the wrong house."

In fact, it was the right house. For them and for us. The mezuzah works. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

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(Continued from page 90) about it, David Bouverie in England in the thirties had a promising practice as an avant-garde architect—not least as a result of his having built that rarity in those days, a small but distinguished airport. But when he was thirty, he gave all that up and decided to make something that would be, first, a little paradise and, second, an eventful nature reserve that would remain in perpetuity as the epitome of what nature has to give in this part of northern California.

"I've always felt that I had to do something so that the land would never be ruined, unlike so much of what was intact when I arrived here. I only had five hundred acres, but it has a most extraordinary variety that you wouldn't get in any other part of the country. You have the oak pasture land, with its two hundred different kinds of wild flowers. You have the stream life, with steelhead trout coming all the way up from the ocean to spawn. You have deer and mountain lion, and every kind of animal and many different kinds of birds. Geologically, it's very interesting. In quite a small space you have just about everything that can be found in this part of northern California."



The recreation building is past a 17th-century Italian wrought-iron gate.

David Bouverie is too modest to say, but there are salamanders in the canyon that are the delight of the San Francisco Aquarium. There is a rare and not at all repulsive wood rat, fifteen inches in length (five of which are tail), that is a vegetarian and lives off eighteen different kinds of food, all found on the property and not excluding the leav and the fruit of poison ivy. There i primrose whose name was given to by Pliny and another that was nam after a celebrated botanist in Prag There is a lily called *Disporum Hooke* a name that has nothing to do with mating habits but derives from Sir W liam Hooker, the first director of K Gardens. In fact, there is simply limit to the beauty, variety, a strangeness of what can be seen on t reserve, which already is visited day ter day by informed and enthusias groups of people.

"The first thing that I did was to gi 21 acres, which form the Bouve Wildflower Preserve, down on t highway. I am in the process now giving 365 acres to the Audubon Ca yon Ranch, a tax-exempt organizati that has very good biologists and board of nature lovers and people consequence who do a great deal f preservation. We work very well t gether. They have the heronry, wi two hundred nesting egrets eve spring, and a very good educatio program. It's only fifty miles away the coast, but the flora and fauna a totally different.

"So I'm giving it all away, year year. After that, I may start giving t buildings away. The first to go will the hexagon house, which will be giv to the first resident biologist. Eventu ly, M.F.K. Fisher's house may be occ pied by a botanist or an ornitholog who will be teaching classes constant Hardly a day goes by without a class thirty or forty people being conduct along the five miles of road. It mig have to do with beetles, with wild flo ers, with ferns, or with the seven diff ent kinds of oak or the other ind enous trees.

"I did some planting myself, as matter of fact. I planted the wisteria planted all the trees around the hous except for the big oaks in the cou yard. I planted the white locust that now forty feet high, and the hor chestnut, and the cypress that n looks quite elderly. Things here gr four times faster than they would Connecticut.

"Everything that you see here w designed by me and built by local pe ple, except for the big barn. I built t way peasants build their houses in Au tria, with whatever (and whomeve

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ne to hand. I bought the bell in the l tower for almost nothing from the lliam Randolph Hearst sale, and I d a local man pile up the stones until ld him to stop. I've never wanted to ke 'a statement' here, let alone an ar- tectural one. For me, the ranch just resents the comforts, the informal- of living in northern California. ple come here and say, 'Oh, it's so glish' or 'Oh, it's so Italian.' And n Spaniards come and say, 'Oh, it so ch reminds me of southern Spain,' d I say, 'Well, it reminds me of thern California.'

'People think it's like an English ntry house, and it does have the glish country house clutter. But re's not much here that came direct- rom my family in England, except footmen's stools, which are by Wil- n Kent and come from Longford. I erited absolutely zero, except my ther's portrait. Most of what you here I bought in England, here and re, but a lot of things came from the ement of Butterfield's, an auction se in San Francisco. There was nev- meant to be anything good in the ement, but I got some of my best gs there.

'I've always enjoyed overscaling— ting big pictures and big pieces of niture in quite small rooms. My pic- es are good, bad, and indifferent— re part of a *mise on scène* than muse- pictures, though the Chalon of orge IV's Persian horses being tak- out for exercise has come up in the rld quite a lot since I bought it. My gents were family Sargents, but I l to buy them from relations who re going broke, except that my aunt e me his portrait of her. Some of m I sold because I was buying my rtment in New York and wanted to nish it. But I still have his *Ships at itby* and his portrait of Edward kers, which I think is very good.

'I love to entertain here, but I don't much of the local gentry. People o can only talk about their social life l their possessions may be perfectly e, but I have nothing in common h them. I prefer the self-made mil- aire farmers—German or Italian origin—who get up at six every rning and work very hard. I have ething in common with them, be- se I know what they're talking ut. We don't talk about art or poet- ry or philosophy or the intangible. We talk about their subject, and I don't find anyone dull on a subject that he knows really well.

"My friends are a very mixed lot. Some of them are very rich, some of them haven't got a bean. There are artists and writers and actresses, but I once had a Satanist with his wife and a lion—it really runs the gamut. I had a housekeeper for fifteen years called Mrs. Gilmore. Mr. Gilmore was a useless sort of man who only wanted to go fishing. One day he had a friend to stay, and I was on the telephone in the next room and overheard the friend saying to Mr. Gilmore, 'What's he like? What's it like here?' And Mr. Gilmore said, 'Oh, it's all right. Of course you never know who you'll see next, the Queen of England or the Chinese laundry man.'

"I like to have every meal in a different place, indoors and out. The ranch is designed to allow for that. I also like to surprise people by bringing out the best silver for a picnic, and having crystal chandeliers out in the open on summer evenings, and having champagne in a hollow tree on the way to a picnic, and sometimes I have a belly dancer perform after lunch, out there in the sunshine. There's no warning. Everyone's out there in the bright dappled California sunshine, and the music starts, and there she is. She's a neighbor, and I love to spring her on people.

"That's for small parties, though—eight or ten. When there are thirty people, they can damn well entertain themselves. I also have poetry readings and chamber music out of doors. People come and have lunch, and then they're given ten minutes off, and when they come back the table has gone, and the chairs have gone, and they all get a comfortable chair and sit down and listen to whatever's going on. Once I had eight one-hundred-foot balloons, all in different colors, and if I ever get rich I'd like to have helicopters. That's the closest thing to playing God."

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verie Ranch whom everyone has heard of and very few people get to see is M.F.K. Fisher. W.H. Auden carried a great many people with him when he said that no matter what she was writing about, M.F.K. Fisher was the best writer of prose in the United States of America.

"I got to know M.F.K. Fisher because a beautiful girl came to stay here one weekend and told me that I was a disgrace. How could I not know M.F.K. Fisher, the only great writer who lived within a hundred miles of me (San Francisco included)? I said that naturally I knew all about Mary Frances. But she was a recluse, and certainly not in the telephone book, so what was I to do? Anyway, I was riled, and I got her address, and I wrote to her, and she said that she wouldn't come to lunch, but that she would ask *me* to lunch, if I'd like to come. So I went over to her Victorian house in St. Helena, on a very hot day, and she had a big earthenware tureen with ice-cold crab bisque and chunks of ice-cold fresh cucumber in it, and delicious croissants, and then a hot peach with hot fresh strawberries on it. That was our lunch, and it was the first meal we had together, with some good white Napa mountain wine. Then she started coming over here, and we decided that it would be nice if she lived here, and so I designed a house for her, and here she is."

Whether in the long term or in the short one, this is an ideal place in which to stay. Nobody is on top of anyone else. The status of the guest list is su that, while everything is welcom nothing is expected. The host is ev present, in his short rancher's jack and broadbrim hat with snakesk trim, when we want to see him—whi is just about always—and discreet absent at all other times. He nev seems to be doing anything urgent, an yet he gets through a great deal of bus ness—not only for the nature reser and all that it entails, but on behalf the San Francisco Museum, which H served for many years as a trustee an unofficial, unstinting host.

This particular long-time visitor a ways remembers the exchange of le ters between an earlier Bouverie, th second Earl of Radnor, and Georg Washington in the year 1797. Lor Radnor had written from Longfor Castle to congratulate Washingto "on withdrawing yourself from th scene of public affairs with a characte which appears to be perfectly unri valled in history—the Voluntary Resig nation of Authority." Almost by return mail, in the terms of the day, Washing ton wrote back that he was "placed i the shade of his vine and fig trees an now, at the age of sixty-five, am re commencing my Agriculture and Rura pursuits . . ."

Without any disrespect for Mount Vernon, I know of no better place in which to indulge in "Agriculture and Rural pursuits" than the five hundred acres, one day to be public property, of the Bouverie Ranch in the Valley of the Moon. □ *Editor: Dorothea Walker*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AS A GARDEN

(Continued from page 118) doubly—by clever fencing, hedging, and flower borders. A rustic path from the road climbed the side of the hill and led to a formal grass terrace, prettily fenced, from the front slope down to the vegetable garden, orchard, and the field below. Under the front windows wide beds were planted solid with roses. At the other end of the enclosed terrace a fence and a hedge with a gate and an arched trellis hid the garden proper, which was reached down a flight of steps to a square lawn. It was shaped rather like a church floor plan, with a garden seat standing where the altar would be and facing the house across a lawn defined by a square gravel path and edged by borders of bright summer flowers backed by the solid little fence. The choir sections of the church were cut into corners extending into the lawn and were backed, behind the fence, by wild growth on one side where a generous grape arbor harbored a path up the hill to a wild area of long grass and bushes where the view commanded everything, including the

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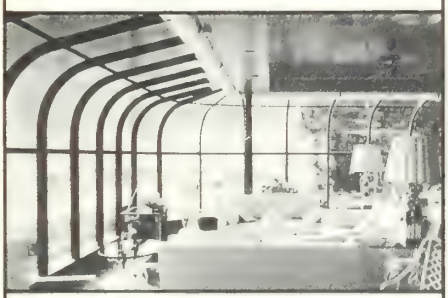
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elaborate little garden. We tore it all out and began again on our own.

It was then we backed into our basic premise. If you have a wide view—and ours was half of the horizon—you can shut it out and sit inside a garden, which is its own only source of interest. Or, if you like to walk and look about, you can adapt your garden to distant views as parts of your plan, being careful to stay within the landscape and never to compete with it. Which has its blessings, for, if one is to confine oneself to one home the year round, it can be very refreshing to raise one's eyes from a border in seasonal transition to contemplate the sky. And it can afford the gardener great solace to weed for hours and then glance over a wall to miles of marsh with ribbons of blue water about which one need do absolutely nothing. If one likes to sit in the middle of a jewel box planted to be at its most charming in midsummer only, one must have recourse to other gardens at the other seasons. There would be the frustration.

Looking at pictures of glamorous gardens solid with tulips or foaming with azaleas or aflame with chrysanthemums, one can wonder at the moving—of both plants and people—involved to stage such lavish short-run productions. In our year-in year-out, companionable, reciprocal, wrap-around garden with its friendly offerings of minor "peaks," we take comfort in the faithful reappearance of our old plant favorites. We even prolong their stays by planting them in various positions and exposures so when a fine show has subsided in one spot we have only to climb a hill or look into a shady corner to see it all over again. In the winters we can welcome odd but festive little reminders in berries and rose hips and the swirling golden balls of clematis seed-heads. Since our climate is too severe for some of the more spectacular garden features (we can have lavender but must cut back the chaste tree and caryopteris and bring rosemary indoors), we shelter them under the front windows, covering them with occasionally tinsel-sparkled branches from the Christmas tree.

Gardening alone now for over twenty years, I can savor again the pleasures of a companionable, personal garden although the rock garden has escaped me to turn into a gentle medley of small plants of all shades like a French mea ow in a medieval tapestry.

And about color. Gardeners are a ways discovering for themselves wh other gardeners could have told the long ago. But it is easier to believe wh one has learned with one's own hand white is necessary to carry the huma eye to the end of a carefully planne border of pastel or primary colors; th in a muted border of pale blues an pinks and lemon yellows a touch of la quer red here and there brings it to li the way Chinnery touched up the no trils and eye corners of his portrait that gray on its own in splashes b comes a color, bright and shining by lawn or under the shafts of iris leaves breaking the surf of gray-green min and geraniums along the border.

Incidentally (though not really s played-down), it is a pleasure to s clouds scudding across the sky above thicket of shrub roses or to be able t look over the lower half of a lawn into mown field surrounded by full-grow trees of many sorts of groups, contras ing their forms and foliages in a statel three-sided border of their own— larches, acacias, hickories, firs spruces, oaks, and pines. A solitar hop hornbeam, a liquidambar, a cata pa stand up beyond the orchard to d their special turns at special season And in the wood where wild flowe are supposed to look as if they had a ways been there, it is not too out keeping to enjoy—through trunks mature white pines—the sight of pond covered with sheets of pink wate lilies. Or later, there to hear flocks wild geese and ducks getting up off th water with the sound of tearing silk. I our garden one can walk and watch th year round, even alone. □

CORRECTIONS

Because of a mechanical error the by lines for both the author and photogra pher were omitted from the cover stor in the June issue. The author of A Eden Regained is Marjorie Salisbur and the photographs of the Hatfiel House gardens are by Mick Hales.

In the April issue of House & Garde the names of the craftsmen responsibl for the Donald Judd winter garde bench, page 158, were omitted. Judd' furniture is made by Jim Cooper an Ichiro Kato of New York City.

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(Continued from page 106) but the doors behind them were open to allow a little air to circulate through the dark interiors. In more temperate times both doors and shutters were thrown open and furniture often taken out onto the balconies so that owners could enjoy in equal measure the balmy weather and the sweeping vistas of the surrounding countryside.

The drive south from Canberra, Australia's national capital, takes you through countryside so lush and beautiful that it is difficult to keep your eyes on the road. Finally you arrive at the tiny township of Michelago. There is a reason for the curious difference in spelling between the house and the hamlet. Country properties in Australia are known as stations and Ryrie's property was, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, called Micalago Station. When the southern railway went in, the logical thing was to name the nearest rail siding after the district's most celebrated property. But Ryrie objected to sharing the name and so the township and its attendant railway stop became, with the addition of an *h* and an *a* changed to an *e,* Michelago. Intended to avoid confusion, the decision has merely added to it, landing the current owners with a whimsical postal address of "Micalago," Michelago.

Alexander Ryrie's descendants still own and run the property. Much reduced in size by government appropriation after World War II, Micalago, at six thousand acres, is now only one third of its former size. But a high degree of mechanization makes the running of six thousand sheep on the property still a worthwhile business. James and Dibby Ryrie who manage the property with their son James, cannot hide their affection for Micalago. The archetypal Aussie countryman, Ryrie Senior will invite you to sit under a great *Cupressus funebris* in front of the house. "I made this table myself so we may as well sit here." His wife takes the visitor through the garden, pointing out a 130-year-old apricot tree. "I made jam out of its fruit this year." Past avenues of great quince trees, the weight of the fruit turning their branches into earthbound parabolas of leaves and knobby golden globes.

"There's a saying that when a woman marries a farmer in this district she has to promise to love, honor, and bottle," says Dibby Ryrie with a smile. We walked through tunnels of crab apples, pierced by shafts of sunlight that dappled the path under low-growing pines and Australian native trees. Slightly unkempt, the garden nonetheless has a romantic air that derives both from its age and its unmanicured appearance. Breaks in the trees reveal views of rolling hills studded with eucalypts like so many Fred Williams paintings. By the roadside in the distance a stand of golden poplars shimmers in the light afternoon breeze. "When I married James, my sister-in-law told me that I might not have any money but I'd always have those trees," observes Micalago's current chatelaine.

On one walks, past harness rooms and rooms for keeping fruit throughout winter, past small staff cottages to the rude timber woolshed that, decked out with bunting and bales of hay, served as the background for the ball scene in *My Brilliant Career.* Buildings that have in truth grown like Topsy around the main house seem to have been planned in the most logical and orderly way to create a series of enclosed courtyards. In one, a river of white Japanese anemones ripples against the whitewashed walls of a long low series of storerooms. In the stable courtyard a tall clock tower above the entrance lends an oddly municipal air to the scene. This was added by the distinguished Australian architect Professor Leslie Wilkinson, around the time he also built a two-storied bedroom block that finally linked Rossi's little cottage with the main house. Extraordinarily all this linking architecture of whatever period (and much of it is easily identifiable as later additions) seems somehow to fit together into a pleasing and cohesive whole without any feeling of the hybrid about it.

Perhaps the reason Micalago sits so comfortably in its valley is that it initially grew out of it. All the material used to build the original cottage, the big house, the woolshed, and the outbuildings was locally derived. Timber was cut from the surrounding hills. Sandstone for the main house was quarried within a stone's throw of the building. And the hardwood in the wide bean of the floor of dining and drawin rooms is a mountain timber calle brown barrell, cut in the hills immed ately behind the house. Micalago is country house, with no pretensions t being anything else, its function dicta ed its form, necessity its growth. An the garden on every side is a kind glue holding the disparate elements this extraordinary complex togethe "It is not easy to make a garden here, says Dibby Ryrie. "Anything that growing in this garden has survived ex treme cold, extreme heat, and extrem drought. The last drought starte straight after the filming of *My Brillian Career* in 1979 and lasted four yea until 1983. I think we must have lo about half the plants in the garden."

The recovery has been phenomena Australians, particularly those who liv in the country, are used to nature' ways. Now, as pale blue convolvuluse rampage around the door leading t the kitchen, as the sun turns alleys c quinces a molten yellow, it's hard to be lieve there has ever been a water short age here. There will be other drought but Micalago and its garden will n doubt survive as they have done for century and a half. And they will stand t remind the visitor of the uniqueness o the Australian landscape, its beauty an cruelty, of the vision of the people wh set out to conquer it, of English manner translated into an often alien antipodea environment, of ambition circum scribed by conditions.

The immigrant's desirable Georgia house needed a sun hat—and the ve randa was born. Oak trees planted t remind settlers of home now provid nests for birds one will never see in a oak tree in England, exotic black an white and red cockatoos. The forma dining room with its scarlet paper, Re gency portraits, and Queen Ann chairs is today a less appealing place t eat at Micalago than in the garden a that table the owner made, underneath a great tree as old as the house. Th meal is Mediterranean, the house transposed English. But the blue hill spiked with eucalypts and the cerulean sky powdered with clouds as long an fine and white as tail feathers of a cock atoo are unmistakably Australian. □

Editor: Babs Simpson

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AN ARTIST'S LIFE, 1985

(Continued from page 115) from the distant past is some modernist jetsam that reflects this Euro-American union. Alvar Aalto, Frank Lloyd Wright, Jacques Adnet, Florence Knoll, Gio Ponti, a Venetian chandelier, dime-store drawer pulls, Carolina oak, and Italian pink marble meet in a comfortable hodgepodge of not-quite-antique furniture, found objects, and Schnabel handiwork. There is a choice of 22 places to sit in the Schnabel salon and a choice of several different surfaces to sit on, among them buttery brown leather, curved plywood, black-and-white pony skin, charcoal-gray blanket wool, and frayed cotton with a faintly discernible pattern described in its day as "moderne." A door handle discovered in an abandoned Long Island beach shack was the inspiration for freewheeling cast-bronze variations by Jacqueline and Julian, the most fantastical resembling the leg of a mythical half-feathered, half-furry creature. The family beds are Schnabel originals: a version of a campaign bed in steel with cast-bronze rosettes for the children and a gigantic rolled and waxed steel sleigh bed for Jacqueline and Julian that looks like an heirloom handed down by the Sorcerer of Swan Lake.

In the Schnabel household, it is art that counts above all else and art is everywhere. There are paintings by Beckmann, Kiefer, Warhol, Van Vliet, and Bleckner, works by Clemente, drawings by Beuys, and Twombly, a photograph by Man Ray. Mostly there is art by Schnabel, massive constructions of animal, vegetable, and mineral matter that seem to hold up the walls like ramparts against the encroaching out world.

Monumental as they are, they comfortably with the objects of the mestic life they protect: a pint-si panda-bear rocking chair; a Mic Mouse plastic doll's buggy; an unc monious rattan sofa; a birch-b wastebasket from a summer-ca crafts lesson; two broken but serv able 1930s bedside lamps; an elen tal slate-and-wood table made b friend; a Magnum rowing mach a fusty, fifty-year-old radiator works far more reliably than the fa new German range beside it; and fi ly, stacks of nameless junk waitin be transformed into a Schna artwork, with the help of a can or of paint.□

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff B

THE BEAUTY OF LOGIC

(Continued from page 100) their clients still feared "the little white boxes on the hillside" they had seen in magazines. Janice Batter recalls, "Our work was definitely alien to this area, but we felt it belonged here. We find that once our clients are exposed to this kind of architecture, they enjoy the light and the space and no longer want to live in anything else."

The architects explain that there is more brute utility in this suave-looking house than meets the eye. In fact, the more inconspicuous the services, the more advanced they are likely to be. For example, the concealed radiant heating system is entirely solar-powered, with long narrow collector panels screened by the roof parapet, a hot-water storage tank underground, and tiny computerized heat sensors in each room. In addition, the kitchen is plumbed to receive solar-distilled water from the roof and to send out compost material to the garden. And the engineer is further updating his house with photovoltaic cells that store electrical energy as well as a computerized lighting system that uses it creatively.

The pristine surfaces of the pool courtyard, water, and ceramic tile also absorb sunlight during the day and release it during the cool beach nights. In the hottest summer months, the owners simply slide aside the clear plastic roof and throw open the courtyard's two parallel walls of doors. All eleven nine-foot-high doors can pivot at ninety degrees to direct the ocean winds across the very center of the house.

Even the floor plan of the house has its own invisible efficiency. As in all their work, Batter Kay spent most of their design time proving that the two-dimensional floor plan is the "generator" of three-dimensional drama. That is, the logic goes in before the beauty goes on. The architects guide clients from diagrams to drawings to study models, refining the plan until each room is aligned for the best exposure to sun, wind, views, and family vicissitudes. All the abstract architectural artwork—the sophisticated layering of solid and transparent wall planes and the still subtler choreography of grids and curves—is the white-on-white icing on a solid wholesome cake.

Here, the family's decision to live on the second floor and to entertain on the ground level—inspired by a visit to Le Corbusier's Villa Savoye outside Paris—allowed the architects to provide as much convenience as drama. Instead of an earthbound hearth, the kitchen is a lofty control tower/lab—equipped with sewing and kitchen machines and a computer; surrounded by window walls, endless counters, a deck leading to a hydroponic gr house.

The house "expands" horizont and vertically for family parties. double-height living room—la enough to welcome visitors for daughter's harp concerts—leads pool courtyard, which opens onto garden terraces. Sculptural stairc and pipe-railed bridges and decks blur the boundaries between indo and outdoors as they make functi connections.

Each day mundane trips bec ceremonial ones; ordinary views celebrated. An outdoor stair, fra by flying "wing walls," permits couple to move freely from the kitc to the vegetable garden and, in fact, courages them to take that trip of The spiraling ribbon staircase, the cal point of the pool and link betw two levels of bedroom suites, a more ambiguity: is that pool pavi an informal indoor atrium or a for outdoor courtyard? Both. It all pends on how the clients fine-tune house to the variables of season, we er, time of day—and, of course, caprice. The house is, after all, a sponsive, manageable vehicle for li well. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff B

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Monet's Les Coquelicots, *Argenteuil, 1875, one of the Enid Haupt collection recently acquired by her brother, Walter Annenberg. John Russell writes on the Annenberg house and collection on page 136. Photograph by Feliciano.*

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE



Arata Isozaki's glass-brick stairway in the new Palladium

Anyone wanting to see what art and architecture, decoration and design are all about in the eighties should simply get on line with everyone else waiting to get into the Palladium, New York's new knockout disco, designed by the Japanese architect Arata Isozaki with the help of French designer Andrée Putman and artists Francesco Clemente, Kenny Scharf, and Keith Haring, among others. Isozaki's design—a stunning structure set within the 59-year-old, 104,000-square-foot Palladium theater on East 14th Street, is a wonderful example of how modern design can integrate a historic building and how the boundaries between art and architecture, decoration and design can be blurred. Banks of seats around the dance floor at the building's center evoke the theater the Palladium once was and make this New York City's most civilized disco to date. Conversation and more traditional conviviality are as welcome as modern music and movement in this new art amphitheater. From Francesco Clemente's fresco near the blinding glass-brick entry stairway to the nostalgic lace-swathed Mike Todd Room in the upper reaches of the seven-story Palladium, the spaces manage to be grand and intimate, awesome and human, androgynous and sexy. We plan more on this synergistic commingling of art and architecture in a future issue.

Almost simultaneous with the Palladium opening, the Whitney Museum of American Art unveiled Michael Graves's design for a major addition to its original Marcel Breuer building on Madison Avenue. Another stunning example of how a major architect can respectfully add to a building from another period and another sensibility, Graves's design, with Martin Filler's critique, is on page 80 in this issue.

Farther from home, our story on t traditional architecture of Kyoto a has an Arata Isozaki connecti American architects Allyne Winc man and Ronald Rose both work with Isozaki, first in Los Angeles a then in Tokyo, during a two-year in ruption in their study of traditio Kyoto town houses. They met the ar Kojiro Yoshida during the summe 1981 after being awestruck at the si of his house during the Gion Festi Prepared for the festival, the house p peared then just as it does in the ph graphs taken for this issue. Winc man and Rose's drawings—based months of measuring and docume ing the house—enrich our story, p 82. A grant from the Graham Foun tion will permit their study of the ar tecture in Kyoto to continue.

Lou Gro

Editor-in-C

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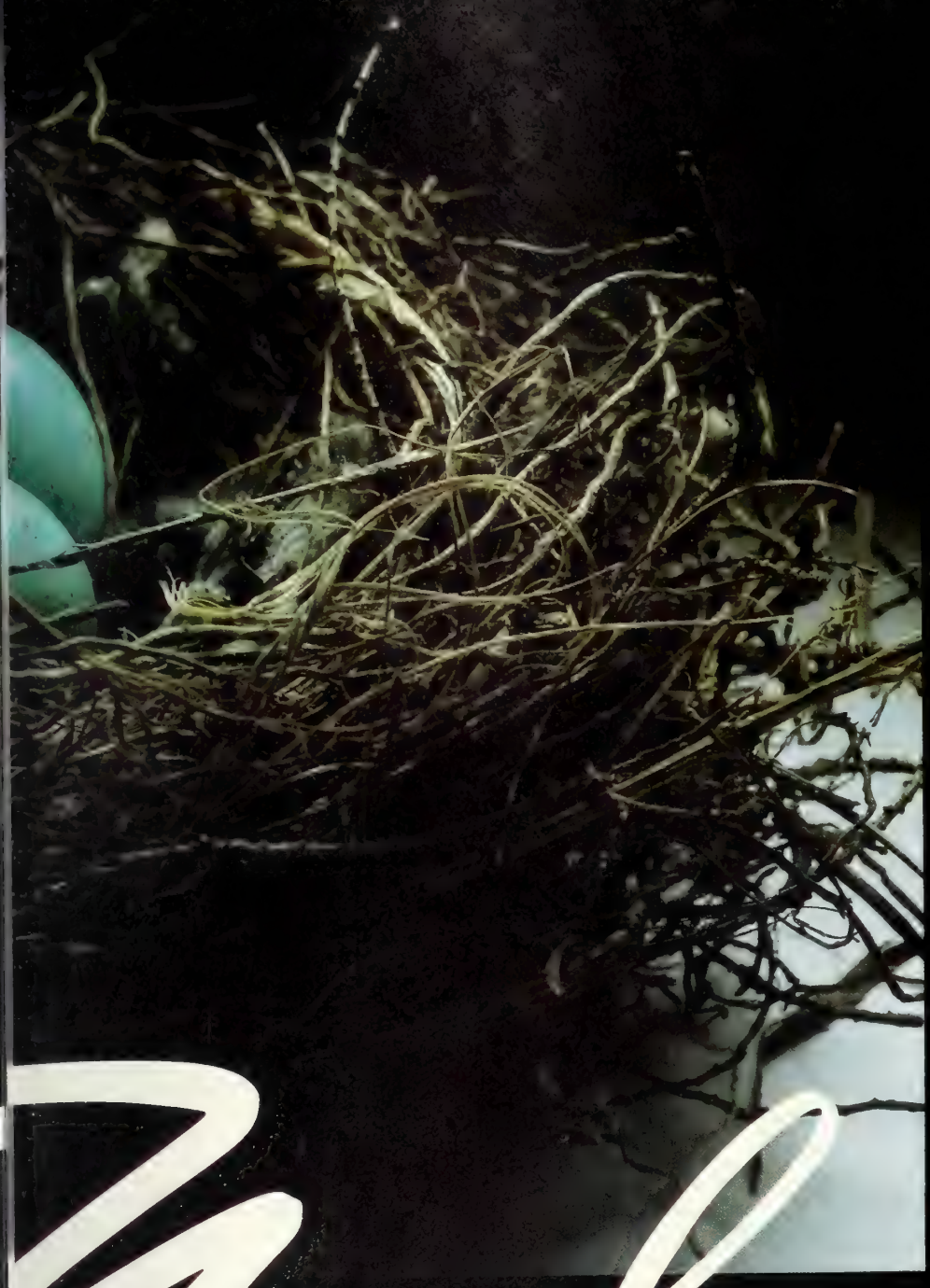
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COME BACK, MRS. KINDHEART

The characters who peopled the old Emily Post conjure up a bygone era of taste, tact, and style

By P.J. O'Rourke

I've been paging through the new, totally revised, terribly up-to-date version of *Emily Post's Etiquette* written by Mrs. Post's granddaughter-in-law Elizabeth L. Post. It's a big book, thorough, tidy of organization, and legibly printed. I have no doubt it would be handy if I were planning my wedding or funeral. And I'm sure it contains all manner of sound advice for conducting a new, totally revised, terribly up-to-date life. However, almost all of the people I know have been left out.

Muriel Manners, Mr. and Mrs. Eminent, Sarah Stranger, and Mrs. Kindheart are nowhere to be found. The late Mrs. Post used these friends and acquaintances to illustrate her little dramas of courtesy and faux pas. She sketched her characters with marvelous economy—never a word about their physical appearance, inner conflicts, or personal history. Yet they came alive upon the page. I give this example from my mother's copy of the eighth edition, published in 1945:

NAMES LEGALLY CHANGED
Whatever may have been the reason for changing the name by which one has been known, social and business associates should be notified of the change if embarrassing situations are to be avoided. The quickest and simplest way of telling them is to send out formal announcements.

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What subtlety there is in "embarrassing situations," social "associates," and "Whatever may have been the reason." One knows it didn't turn out well for the sad and rather pushing Name family (pronounced Nam-ay). Their import business was expanded with vain optimism and sank beneath a weight of bank debt. Today, John Original Jr. is some sort of rapscallion Hollywood person and the Name daughter, on her fourth divorce,


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These people did drink (champagne, at least) but they didn't argue and back over my bicycle in the driveway afterward

drinks before noon.

There are no such adventures in the new edition. The exotic Names have been replaced by the prosaic Milsokoviches who are changing their handle to Miller, probably to get something that will fit on a Visa card. And that rapier thrust "may have been" is gone from the opening sentence.

In this and every other way Elizabeth L. Post's *Etiquette* is blunt and homely. It contains paragraphs on such subjects as BYOB parties, pregnant brides, illegal drugs, meeting people through personal ads, and unmarried couples who live together. To tell the truth, I already know how unmarried couples live together. I probably need to learn less. Anyway, Emily Post would never have broached the subject. She would have thought it, well, bad manners.

Nor would the elder Mrs. Post have held a respectable lady's past up to ridicule. But the new edition of *Etiquette* is decorated with facsimile quotations from the first edition of 1922:

> Dishes are *never* passed from hand to hand at a dinner, not even at the smallest and most informal one.

> There are many places which are unsuitable for young girls to go whether they are chaperoned or not. No well brought up young girl should be allowed to go to supper at a cabaret until she is married. . .

> . . . do not greet anyone until you are out on the church steps. . . "Hello" should not be said on this occasion because it is too "familiar" for the solemnity of church surroundings.

Perhaps these weren't inserted for amusement but to show how manners change with time. I found them, though, neither funny nor informative. Instead they filled me with sad longing for the elegance, dignity, and sophistication I knew in my youth.

That is, the elegance, dignity, and sophistication I knew *about*. And the way I knew about it was from Emily Post. I was a bookish child brought u in a house with few books. What rea ing material we had was stuck on som shelves by the front door. One rain Saturday when I was about eleven, was sitting on the linoleum examinin the spines of a New Testament, a Fa ny Farmer cookbook, *How to W Friends and Influence People*, a *Rea er's Digest* condensation of *Life Amon the Savages*, a paperback *Bridge Ov the River Kwai* which I'd already rea and a family snapshot album. It w then I noticed a large book on the bo tom shelf. The binding was a deep compelling shade of blue embosse with the single foreign-seeming wor *Etiquette* in silver cursive letters. pulled it out and cracked it open. think the first thing I saw was a black and-white photograph of delicate ra tan chairs arranged around a table in little garden. In the background wer brick gateposts with a small fountai visible behind them. The caption rea "AT TEA TIME IN A CITY YARD The invitin charm of a garden setting—even th of a city yard—is all too often ove looked." Undeniably true of the yard in the factory town where I was grow ing up. I turned the pages.

> If you carry a stick, it should be of plai Malacca. . . Above all—unless you are dancer on the stage (like Fred Astaire)— avoid an ebony cane with an ivory top. . .

> Boston's older ladies and gentlemen a ways dance at balls, and the fact that old ladies of distinction dance with dignity ha an inevitable effect on younger ones, so tha dancing at balls has not degenerated int the vulgarities of wiggling contortions.

> Champagne glasses ought to be thin a soap bubbles. . . a thick glass will lower th temperature at which a really fine cham pagne should be served and spoil its perfec tion.

I was transported. Here was a worl I did not know, had not even hoped existed. Here was a society wher beauty and grace were serious matters



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Here were people who made studied efforts not to act like fools. I read on.

The endeavor of a hostess, when seating her table, is to put together those who are likely to be interested in each other. Professor Bugge might bore *you* to tears, but Mrs. Entomoid would probably delight in him; just as Mr. Stocksan Bonds and Mrs. Rich would probably have interests in common.

I didn't think I'd be bored to tears by any of them. They all sounded like preferable dinner companions to my two screaming sisters and fat, bullying stepfather. I was only a simple eleven-year-old, but I thought I'd get along all right. After all, Mrs. Post said: "... simplicity is not crudeness or anything like it. On the contrary simplicity of speech and manners means language in its purest form, and manners of such perfection that they do not suggest 'manner' at all." Simplicity I had. As for the other guests, I supposed not even Mrs. Rich would tell me to get the hell out of the house or go soak my head. "The code of a thoroughbred..." said Mrs. Post, "is the code of instinctive decency, ethical integrity, self-respect, and loyalty."

These people did drink (champagne, at least) but they didn't argue and back over my bicycle in the driveway afterward. And it wasn't just because they were wealthy, for I found my own mother described in *Etiquette*. She was "Mrs. Three-in-One" who had no servants and "must be cook and waitress and apparently unoccupied hostess." Her parties were said to be a delight and invitations to them eagerly sought. Why, my family could live in this world, I thought, if we but willed it. We wouldn't even have to move into the better neighborhood on the other side of Upton Avenue. Mrs. Post said, "A gem of a house may be of no size at all, but its lines are honest and its painting and furnishing in good taste... all of which may very well contribute as unmistakenly to the impression of 'quality' as the luxury of a palace." I resolved never to carry an ebony cane with an ivory ball top to my sixth-grade class.

The *Etiquette* book had been a wedding present to my mother from exactly the kind of aunt who would give a 28-year-old woman an etiquette book

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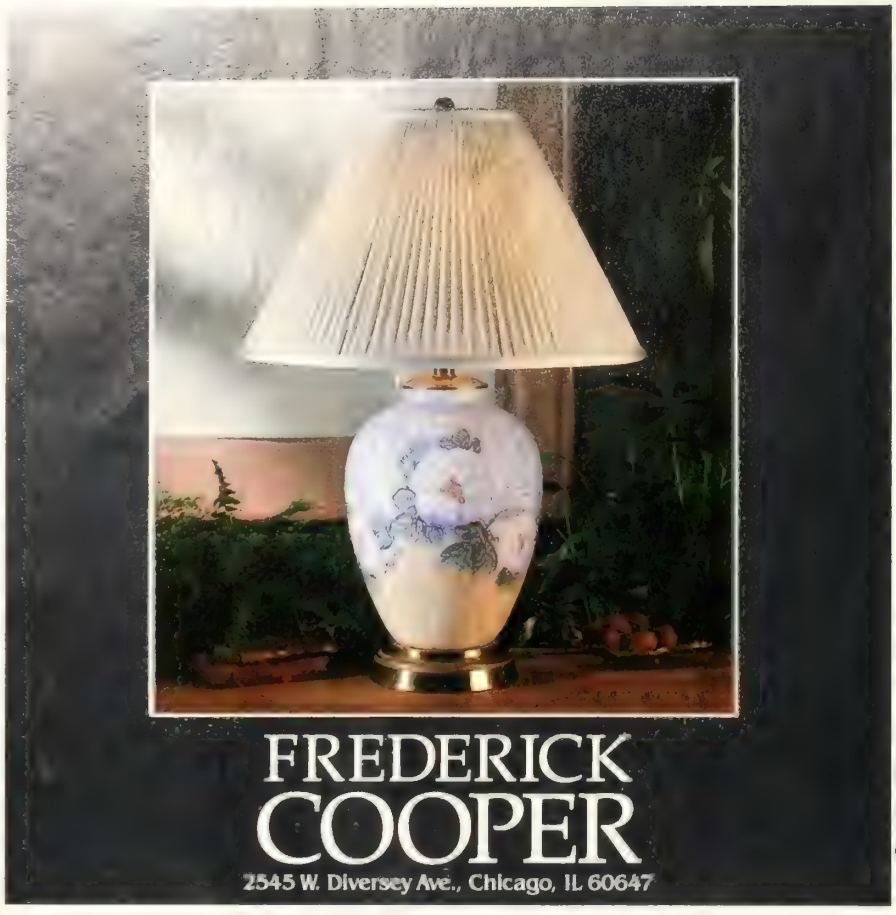
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for a wedding present. I doubt it had been opened before. I appropriated it to my own use and spent hours studying how to address a duke (call him "Duke"—"Your Grace" is for servants and retainers), what color waistcoat to wear with a cutaway (black), and when to use the "cut direct" (never, and I heartily wished the same were true for a punch in the eye in Toledo, Ohio).

But the people were what I like the best, and they came to populate my fantasies. There was Mrs. Toplofty, very reserved and dignified but awfully decent once you got to know her and she invited you in for Kool-Aide. And Mr. Worldly who always had something clever to say about the Detroit Tigers. Mr. Clubwin Doe was lots of fun at the YMCA. And the Oncewere family, though they'd fallen on hard times, still had plenty of style at kick-the-can and stoop tag. There were visitors, too, members of European noble families such as Lord Blank, and the vague and haughty Duke of Overthere (none of *us* ever called him "Your Grace"). We always suspected these fellows of having designs on the "better situated" neighborhood debutantes, especially on the spoiled and willful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richan Vulgar. No one would actually "cut" the Vulgars, but we were rather cool to them when they wanted to borrow the leaf rake. Actually, certain members of our own set were a bit "fast" themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Uppal Knight, for instance, gave parties that went on until after 11 P.M. And the frankly naughty Cigret Colcrème was "separated" and had men friends who drove convertibles.

And thus it was that while my boyhood chums were pulling the wings off flies I was discussing ants and grubs with Professor Bugge and Mrs. Entomoid and handling three forks and four different kinds of stemware.

Of course, in the real world, I have never quite made my way to that perfect land of kindness, taste, and tact. Though I'd like to think sometimes I've been on the path. I hope to get there yet. But I wonder if any bored eleven-year-olds, sitting by bookshelf in trailer or tract house, will be inspired to undertake the same journey by the new edition of *Emily Post's Etiquette*. I fear not. □


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NOTES FROM THE RURAL UNDERGROUND

In the Texas wildflower network a clear path leads to M.W. Carlton

By Laura Furman

To put a new twist on a traditional brag: gigantic Texas is a botanical treasure-house holding 5,000 of the 25,000 American species of wildflowers. Their swift beauty is seen in a bloom as famous as the sturdy bluebonnet, the state flower, and in one as little known as the spectacular early-morning-blooming yellowshow. Today Texas wildflowers are being crowded out by the plow and the cow, by the increase in population, by concrete and pollution. What stands between the present status of many species and their extinction—besides strong environmental policy—is knowledge. A good amount of information on wildflowers comes from scientific research, but Texas wildflowers have other champions, an underground of individuals who love plants and devote themselves to cultivating, collecting, observing, and sharing precious information on germination, blooming, and tolerance to weather. One who has taught many of a new generation of flower growers and nurserymen is 85-year-old M.W. Carlton of Caldwell County.







Top: A field of *Liatris punctata* in Caldwell County. *Above, from left:* The rare yellowshow; showy primrose; Texas bluebell.

A spry, blue-eyed, white-haired man, dressed invariably in denim overalls, Carlton lives on a blackland prairie provident for cotton, cattle, oil, and wildflowers. In spring, the fields are blanketed with bluebonnets, Indian paintbrushes, wine-cups, showy primroses, and many other flowers; and in summer—when almost everything else is burned up by the sun—snow-on-the-prairie and sunflowers.

Central Texas farms are an acquired taste, less impressive at first sight than New England homesteads. But once you love them, you do so for their crabbiness and toughness, for being a match for the land. The turnoff from a winding country road to Carlton's gate is marked by an orange mailbox, and the washboard driveway leads down a gentle slope to a modest white wooden house and the Wildflower Area, a lawn dotted by garden beds fenced in with chicken wire. Shrubs like desert willow are planted here and there, and places where penstemons and spiderworts bloom are marked by sticks to save them from the mower. On a rise a little ways from the house are mature golden-ball lead trees that shade the graves of family pets, one marked by a stone carved "Baby."

Carlton has been visited here for over a decade by botanists and garden-



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ers in search of information, plants, and seeds. Each fall he gathers hundreds of pounds of acorns from native oaks and mountain laurel for nurseries. A series of interviews with Carlton by a young horticulturist is being transcribed at Lady Bird Johnson's National Wildflower Research Center, and he is contributing plants and seeds, research, and landscaping to the Center's herbarium. So far he has given them a chart showing blooming periods of several species over a six-year period and a record of frost damage and survival of natives on his farm after the unusually cold winter of 1983–84.

Carlton was trained as an agronomist and spent years teaching, in one way or another, about soil and growing things. Curious and alert, Carlton has a habitual gesture—shoulders up, hands held out with palms up, one higher than the other—that expresses his affectionate acceptance of wild things. Carlton may make this gesture when talking about a triumph, like the pink bluebonnet he was able to cultivate through several generations, or a failure, like last spring's loss of 101 Blanco crab apple seedlings. In a long lifetime, he's seen enough of the death of plants and animals to let it go by. If armadillos, rats, rabbits, rattlesnakes, drought, rain, and extremes of cold and heat don't defeat a plant, he isn't going to cry over an experiment that fails.

Carlton's interest in wildflowers started when he was a boy up on a horse in Live Oak County. "I wasn't there for the flower show, I was working cattle. But you can't keep from seeing what's under the horse's foot." He looks at an individual plant as a naturalist does, as part of the whole environment, and this vision has guided his work. Years ago, with his wife, Nanabell, and other wildflower lovers, he covered a lot of Texas, observing and collecting. He'd drive the pickup, with his wife and friends in the cab or in the back on bales of hay, and stop when they spotted a plant they wanted. From 1935 to 1945, Carlton also hunted each fall with ten men, and on those trips he added to his knowledge of plants, sometimes at the expense of a shot at a buck or a wild turkey. Throughout his work as an agronomist, Carlton has built a photographic record of Texas wildflowers and other forms of wildlife. On his retirement in 1968, he was finally able to devote himself full time



Carlton in the Wildflower Area

to native plants, and by 1979, he ha 156 species growing around his yar and in his Wildflower Area.

His is more of a collection than a ga den, and the beds, beautiful in bloom are more like laboratory tables than o dinary flower beds. In back of the she where he keeps his beehives is a co ered trench bed for protecting potte plants such as irids and yellowsho from varmints and harsh weathe Carlton's shed is a paradigm of h methods, combining sophisticatio and rural thriftiness. He often use half-gallon buttermilk cartons fo starting plants, and has a large quantit of cartons, pots, fencing materia stakes, buckets, sieves, empty can and other garden paraphernalia. H stores a substantial collection of bulb and corms in an old refrigerator—th kind most Texans use for keeping bee —and in a disused stove he stores seed gathered from his fields and beds.

His showiest bed is four feet b twenty-eight and holds twenty-two d verse flowering plants. The soil (pH7 is made up of sandy soil, soil from un der very old live oak trees, and com post. (He makes a potting soil c live-oak mold screened three time with coarse sand, nitrogen, and som phosphate fertilizer added, forming rich black gold.) Only three species in troduced to the bed have failed so fa and the flourishing survivors includ blue-eyed grass; an unusual sun-lovin Turk's cap; pinewoods lily; dalea, a si ver-leafed, violet-bloom; and the mos spectacular penstemon flowering i Texas, the scarlet *Penstemon Mu rayanus*. "It's a question of providin soil so that the plant can live and d well. For most people that's a bett terminology than balancing. You ca balance soil for orchids or you can ba ance soil for string beans, but if you fi it so that the plant can live and grow why that takes care of it all."

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GARDEN PLEASURES

Carlton's best recorded contribu tion has been to the fragile yellowshow *Amoreuxia Wrightii,* seen from north ern Mexico to the nearby Edwards Pla teau and as far east as Nueces Count on the Gulf Coast. By the seventies th yellowshow was listed in the Smith sonian's Report on Endangered an Threatened Plant Species and recog nized as very rare and acutely endan gered by the University of Texas Ra Plant Study Center and the Texas O ganization for Endangered Species.

On a drizzly day in 1953, Carlto was visited by three undaunted wild flower fanciers who were eager to se the native plants Carlton was growin One of them, Mrs. Margaret Kane San Antonio, told him of a serendip tous event. On an outing to Ne Braunfels, Mrs. Kane visited a frien and spotted *Amoreuxia Wrightii* in h garden. With seed she obtained th day, Mrs. Kane had succeeded in rai ing the plant. She presented Carlto with a packet of about a dozen see thereby beginning his extended r search on the yellowshow. Years of o serving and experimenting resulted their coauthoring a 1977 article on th yellowshow in the popular *Texas Par and Wildlife* magazine, giving preci information on the plant's requir ments. In 1984, Carlton distribute free yellowshow seed through th newsletter of the late Carroll Abbo an influential wildflower enthusiast.

Carlton won't accept credit for sa ing the yellowshow, partly from mo esty and partly because it remains to b seen if the plant is saved. "We've don more to grow the plants and to mak the seed available to other gardeners He gives his shrug. "The yellowsho like a lot of other plants, is on th downhill slide."

In 1834, when Texas wildflowe were less endangered, the Scottish bo anist Thomas Drummond collecte seed of annual phlox (*Phlox Drum mondii*) not far from Carlton's far and sent them to W.J. Hooker at Ke Gardens, who hybridized them in the flower that was to become so popu lar in Victorian gardens and so wid spread today. It is possible to trace continuum from the European nat ralists who first exploited the riches Texas wildlife to contemporary bot nists and naturalists whose conscio ness has been educated by individu investigators like M.W. Carlton. □


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SAG HARBOR

Long Island's historic whaling port has a present continuous with its past

By Jason Epstein

Some of the most illustrious residents of Sag Harbor—this patchwork relic of a whaling port on the nether fringe of the gaudy Hamptons, a hundred miles east of New York City—dwell not in the restored mansions along Main Street or in the old seafarers' houses on Madison, Sage, Union, and Jefferson but in Oakland Cemetery at the south end of town. There beside rutted carriageways in a glade of oaks beneath their worn markers of granite and brownstone lie the Howellses, Hands, Mulfords, Huntings, and Piersons, whose ships returned laden with oil and whalebone from the Bering Sea and the Sea of Japan, who hunted seals from the coast of Oregon to the edges of Antarctica and who, in the brief decades of their great prosperity, built the sturdy houses and churches that still dominate this resilient little settlement.





The Egyptian Revival Whaler's Church designed by Minard Lafever before its steeple blew down in 1938, *above,* and today, *right. Below:* Harbor view around the turn of the century.

Architecturally, Sag Harbor remains much as these whalers and their descendants left it more than a century ago, when the whale fishery had become a memory and the port had fallen into its long decline: a unique collection of styles from Colonial to late Victorian, including many examples of Georgian, Federal—with their long shingled sides, clapboard fronts, and mantled doorways—Greek and Gothic Revival—even a church in the Egyptian Revival—as well as Italianate, gingerbread, Queen Anne, and other late-Victorian modes, interspersed with "factory houses," built by the owners of the old brick watchcase factory for their immigrant workers nearly a century ago and which are still intact.

Insufficiently genteel in spirit and appearance to attract the sustained interest of philanthropic antiquarians and until lately of no interest to developers, Sag Harbor has so far remained more or less itself: an actual place, continuous with its past; a unique co lection of eighteenth- and nineteent century buildings in various states restoration and decay, whose occ pants, for the most part, regard the rarities as their everyday—or at lea their weekend—dwellings. Sag Ha bor, for all its antiquarian interest, nothing like a museum, for the sense the past inhabits its old streets not completed action but as ongoing exp rience. Never having outgrown its o



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shape and boundaries it easily accommodates the present within them.

On soft July nights when the street lamps seem to float on the heavy summer air and the shadows of chestnut trees fall across the picket fence alongside Benjamin Huntting's salt-white mansion with its Greek pediment mounted upon four Corinthian columns and its frieze of whale teeth and blubber spades sharp against the sky, one can imagine—as one can also imagine on winter mornings when the snow has silenced every street in the village—that Sag Harbor has gathered itself into its past, that the Howellses and Hands are still in their parlors and the intervening years have compressed themselves into a moment. It is this curious sense that one has from time to time in Sag Harbor of occupying two centuries at once that suggests the essence of the place, draws one into it, provides that feeling of dimension so rare in American places which often annihilate the past or re-create it as décor.

In 1791, on the last day of August, from the same Long Wharf where tourists now stroll on summer mornings, Captain Isaac Hand set out for Martinique aboard a brig named for his wife, Sally. In its hold were thirty-two tons of hay, twenty bushels of sour, three thousand pine boards, twenty barrels of whale oil, twenty-two barrels of beef, twenty sheep, three hogs, and twenty-dozen fowl, all of it the wealth of the nearby Hamptons, whose rich soil and teeming waters had already enriched four generations of settlers from Kent and Devon and which still support those of their heirs who have chosen to stay. For the two centuries before they became a resort, these towns that formed Sag Harbor's hinterland were a self-contained and prosperous economy, associated politically, culturally, and, therefore, architecturally less with New York than with New England, a short sail across the Sound. Two years before Hand set out on the *Sally*, Sag Harbor had become the first Port of Entry for the State of New York, partly because Henry Dering, Sag Harbor's collector of customs, was a political supporter of President Washington but also because Sag Harbor at the time was clearing more square-rigged shipping than New York City and had become one of the major ports in the United States.

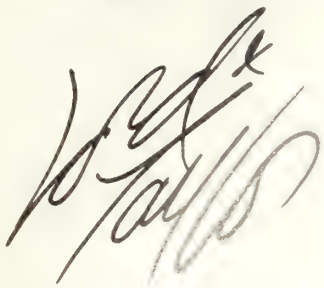
Returning, Hand must have carried the usual rum, sugar, and molasses and probably mahogany, too, for the local builders had begun to look beyond their native pumpkin pine, ash, and oak. By 1806, according to a Boston geographer, East Hampton's 1594 "inhabitants" owned 886 slaves and some of these may have been below Hand's decks as well, for Sag Harbor served what amounted to a plantation economy, though to this day villagers prefer to skirt the possibility that Sag Harbor may once have been a slave port. After the War of 1812, Sag Harbor's waterfront was crowded with oil cellars, ship chandlers, smithies, warehouses, and similar paraphernalia of a world port. Whalebone was piled high on the Wharf awaiting a rising market, and in the brief years of their prosperity the top-hatted gentry made their way to Bay Street amid Fijians, Sandwich Islanders, Kanakas, Portuguese, Malays, Chinese, and Africans mingled with the local Montauketts and Shinnecocks.

Melville's Queequeg came to America from his South Seas home on a Sag Harbor whaler, hoping, once he got here, to become a Christian. But after one look at Sag Harbor, he went on to Nantucket and after a look at that place decided to stay a pagan.

But the rowdy seaport supported an increasingly prosperous gentry. By the 1820s, the money that had furnished the parlors and adorned the young ladies of Sag Harbor was sufficient to import as distinguished a New York architect as Minard Lafever, a master of the Greek Revival. Sag Harbor after the War of 1812 had become a boom town and by the time it had rebuilt itself after the great fire of 1817 and assumed pretty much its present proportions, its population had quadrupled. After New Bedford and Nantucket it was the country's third busiest whaling port, the Kuwait of its day.

But by the 1850s kerosene would soon replace whale oil, whales had become so scarce that there was talk of extinction and the California gold fields offered a promising alternative to the hard days and long voyages of the whale fishery. On February 9, 1849, the *Sabina* sailed from Sag Harbor for San Francisco with eighteen whaling captains among its eighty-five

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passengers. None of them returned. By 1870 Sag Harbor had become "a deserted village . . . disaster and decay [had] attached themselves to the whalers. The old merchants are nearly all in their graves . . . and there [is] heard only the ripple of waves washing over piles, black and rotting, marking the site of former wharves The more enterprising young men go West. The girls stay at home and grow into old maids. A glance on Sunday at the congregations in the village reveals only a male head here and there in a forest of bonnets."

The industrial growth that enriched and whose decline finally devastated such other old port cities as Fall River and New Bedford barely occurred here. A cotton mill built in the 1840s succumbed during the Civil War and burnt in the 1870s. The flour mill, the brass foundry, the pottery, and the hat factory also failed. Only the watchcase factory, whose old brick buildings thick with ivy now stand empty, succeeded well enough to encourage a final burst of carpenter Gothic and Italianate construction, the last resting place as far as one can tell of Sag Harbor's residual capital. For the following half-century Sag Harbor slept, kept alive by the watchcase factory and an associated silversmith, the old houses occupied by the expiring relics of the whaling families or cut up into rooming houses for the watchcase workers.

The whaling families are now in their graves and to visit them in Oakland Cemetery after one has lived for a while amid their streets and houses reinforces that intimacy with the past that so pervades this place. Largely impervious to the great opulence of the nearby resorts and even to its own summertime tourists, most of them day-trippers lured here from across the Sound by the wistful Barnums of the Merchants' Association, Sag Harbor exists in a dimension of its own so that one wonders what a casual visitor makes of the place which provides so few obvious entertainments and whose allure has so much to do with a peculiar foreshortening of one's sense of time.

A year or so before he died George Balanchine visited Sag Harbor, told the friends who brought him here that the place reminded him of the South of France as he had known it years ago and that he wanted his next home to be here. But even on the brightest summer day there is nothing about this Atlantic port with its iron-gray water and its margins of oak and pine to recall the Côte d'Azur, least of all the waterfront café with its inappropriate Mediterranean pretensions where Balanchine had been sitting under the Cinzano umbrellas. Perhaps what actually attracted him was this same foreshortening, this compression of the past, this confusion of now and then, and for a moment he may have imagined that it was his own past rather than the past itself that had gathered him up.

One would have thought that when he died Balanchine's friends would arrange a grave for him on San Michele in the Venetian Lagoon beside Diaghilev and the Stravinskys. But his friends didn't want him so far away so they found him a place in Oakland Cemetery, not far from the grave of David Hand who died here in 1840 at the age of 81. Hand had been a privateer during the Revolution, was captured by the British, taken to Brooklyn and imprisoned in the Wallabout from which he escaped and returned to Sag Harbor on foot. He was captured again by the British and this time imprisoned in Halifax but escaped from there too and once again walked home. By the 1820s when the young James Fenimore Cooper lived here and began writing novels, Hand was a legendary Sag Harbor character and Cooper is said to have used him as a source for Natty Bumppo—the Deerslayer—the eponymous hero of his Leatherstocking novels. When Natty Bumppo first appears in Cooper's saga he is an old man and lord of the forest, presumably the same old man whom Cooper had known in Sag Harbor. "He stretched out his long neck and straightened his body, as he opened his mouth which exposed a single tusk of yellow bone, while his eyes, his face, even his whole frame seemed to laugh, although no sound was emitted except a kind of thick hissing, as he exhaled his breath in quavers."

One thinks of Balanchine up there in Oakland Cemetery beside this old fellow and feels in their juxtaposition that same condensation of time, that lamination of worlds so typical of this town which, like an unexpected metaphor arising from an unnoticed corner of the mind, startles and comforts at once. □

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EVERY SO OFTEN, a collection is offered to the public that is so extensive as to be almost beyond belief. And so it is with the many collections of Mr. Kenneth Lynch.

THE MAN: Mr. Lynch of Wilton, Connecticut, is known internationally as one of the foremost metal smiths of all time. Soon to be eighty years old, Mr. Lynch has created astounding pieces of architectural art throughout a lifelong career dedicated to his trade. Among his many accomplishments are the total repair of the Statue of Liberty in 1928, the creation of the magnificent eagles on the Chrysler Building and the armillary sphere over Atlas in Rockefeller Center, the Pegasus figures at the headquarters of Reader's Digest, several large sculptures at the 1939 World's Fair and so on. His weather vanes and sundials have taken on a legendary status. The tall Lynch clocks that appear in prominent locations in major cities are considered landmarks to be treasured. The Lynch studio has also created the finest garden statuary and fountains to be seen in this country. Clients have included Rockefellers and Astors as well as commissioned work for the most noted artists.

HIS CRAFT: From an early age, Mr. Lynch developed a passion for the tools of his trade. These tools — largely hand forged — are masterpieces of a craft almost unknown today. Every type of metal — from iron and copper to bronze and silver — requires special implements — tools created to bring the metal "to life." From the massive head of an eagle to a suit of armor, the delicate copper strings of Arthur Fiedler's violin weathervane to the sensitive lines of a bronze Madonna, the tools are vital to the craftsman. Today, these tools collectively represent the largest grouping of their type in the world. No museum or collector has a more extensive — and finer — assortment than the tools of Kenneth Lynch.

AND NOW it is the privilege of Guernsey's to be able to announce the auction sale of the vast collections of Kenneth Lynch. In a gesture of extreme generosity, Mr. Lynch has donated his various collections to St. Francis High School, NYC It is at the request of and on the behalf of this fine institution that the auction will be conducted.

THE COLLECTIONS: Unprecedented is the word that perhaps best describes the events that will occur during the month of August. Tools. Architectural artifacts of all materials. Weathervanes. Sundials. Armor. Swords. Locks. Fireplace backplates and accessories. Medallic art. A magnificent architectural and craftsmans library. Statuary, fountains and urns in stone, lead and bronze. Garden furniture. Unusual lighting fixtures. Half hull wooden ship models. An exceptional Lynch stree clock. This is just a partial list of the collections of Mr Lynch. Thousands and thousands and thousands o items. All to be sold in six days in August.

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Thursday, August 15—Preview 10 AM to 8 PM
Friday, August 16—Auction (& Preview) 10 AM
Saturday, August 17—Auction 10 AM
Sunday, August 18—Auction 10 AM

Tools & Items Related to the Art of Smithing
Wednesday, August 21—Preview 10 AM to 8 PM
Thursday, August 22—Preview 10 AM to 8 PM
Friday, August 23—Auction (& Preview) 10 AM
Saturday, August 24—Auction 10 AM
Sunday, August 25—Auction 10 AM

THE LOCATION for all events will be the grounds of Kenneth Lynch & Sons, Route 7, Wilton, Connecticut.

THE CATALOGUES: For a complete description of the items and when they will be offered, two well-illustrated catalogues (one referred to as "Tools", the other as "Decorative/Architectural" are available from Guernsey's, 136 East 73rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10021. The cost schedule is as follows:

Tools $10 (in person at the event); $12 by mail
Decor./Architecture $10; $12 by mail
Both $18; $21 by mail

Mail orders should go to Guernsey's at the above address.

DETAILS for this largely unreserved auction are as follows: cash, traveler's checks and certified checks will be accepted unless other arrangements have been made in advance with Guernsey's. Items paid for by bidders with personal checks without a letter of guarantee from their banks will be held until check clears. Five percent (5%) buyers premium. For additional information call Guernsey's at 212-794-2280.

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THE MIRROR IMAGE

For light, illusion, sparkle, or optical whimsy, there are few rooms a mirror can't improve

By Mark Hampton

People think all too often that mirrors are a little showy, perhaps a bit commercial and more appropriate in dress salons and nightclubs, or too Baroque, too Rococo. The fact remains, however, that mirrors are both beautiful and useful. Their beauty is often overshadowed by the richness of their frames but the silvery sparkle and the sense of illusion that they contribute to a space is certainly uplifting. Mirrors are also very durable. Like porcelain, they combine opposing characteristics of fragility and durability—a tantalizing dichotomy.

The word *mirror* probably comes from the Latin word meaning "to admire," and for many centuries the only mirrors in existence—whether of highly polished metal in ancient times or of glass backed with metal in medieval times—were small hand mirrors made expressly for the purpose of looking at oneself. Early in the sixteenth century a couple of very enterprising men from the island of Murano in the Republic of Venice obtained a license granting them the exclusive privilege of making mirrors. Theirs were glass, usually beveled, backed with a silver-colored amalgam, and large enough to hang on the wall. For the next 150 years, Venice monopolized the mirror trade in the Western world.



Rose Cumming's dining room, circa 1964, in a house since demolished.

These early mirrors, highly prized and famous throughout Europe, were treated with the same care and attention that collectors gave their paintings. The estate of the French minister, Colbert, who died in 1683, contained a Venetian mirror 46 by 26 inches valued at 8,016 livres. A painting by Raphael in the same estate was valued at 3,000 livres. These mirrors were not intended for the guest powder room: they were major pieces of interior decoration. It is no wonder that Louis XIV's Hall of Mirrors was an is one of the world's mos astonishing rooms. Th idea of a room primaril decorated with mirror was truly palatial. It is al most impossible to imag ine the manufacture an shipment of all the mir rors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries How on earth were the packed? Were there great, horse-drawn equivalents of today's eighteen wheelers piled to the skies with hay rumbling along the roads of England and the Con tinent? There must have been.

Perhaps the most fa miliar mirrored room with the exception of the Hall of Mirrors at Ver sailles, is the round room in the Amalienburg, one of the "Maisons de Plaisance" in the park of the Nymphenburg Palace outside of Munich. Designed in the 1730s by Cuvilliés as a hunting lodge for the Electress Amalia, this little pavilion contains a suite of rooms of Rococo perfection. The most dazzling of these rooms is also called the Hall of Mirrors. The background of the paneling is pale blue. The carving, almost too ornate to believe, is silver leaf. And the panels themselves are completely filled with large panes of beveled mirror. The effect of the icy light combined with the extravagant design is preposterously rich.

Due to the element of white metal in mirrors, they shed a light that is as cool


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as silver. Therefore, when combined with cool colors, mirrors can create a marvelously frosty effect. The room illustrated belonged to Rose Cumming. It was the dining room on the ground floor of her enchanting house across from The Museum of Modern Art on West 53rd Street in New York. The room itself was low (ground floor, after all) and dimly lit by one bay window slightly below the level of the sidewalk and facing north. It was an unprepossessing room to say the least. The walls were paneled with painted Venetian moldings in which were set squares of very old, very discolored mirror. The squares were held in place by tarnished brass rosettes that had once been gilded. The moldings and the intervals of wall in between the panels of mirror were painted a soft gray with traces of polychromy. The floor was white marble with squares of black. The rest of the furnishings were varied to the point of incoherence; the background and Rose's taste held it together. Although everything was in a state of decay, the evenness of tone in the room was perfect, and because of the combination of faded mirror and shades of gray, there was a cloudy quality that can only be called ethereal—one of the lovely possibilities of mirrors.

The special qualities of fantasy that were second nature to Rose Cumming are not available to most of us. Neither are antique Venetian mirrored rooms, for that matter. But mirrors and their endless uses are certainly at the fingertips of all of us. One of the most practical uses of mirrors, in the past as well as now, is the creation of light on an otherwise gloomy wall or in a dark part of a room. Forgetting whatever else they reflect, it is important to remember that they throw light back into the room. The perfect example of this is the pier mirror, one of the first wall-hung types. Pier walls—walls between windows—are always cast in shadow as a result of the light passing through the windows to the other side of the room. By hanging long mirrors in these narrow spaces, the inevitable shadows are replaced by reflections of the side of the room where the light has come to rest. In this century, a new alternative has presented itself, and that is just to haul off and cover an entire wall with great sheets of clear mirror. That, naturally, creates both additional light and the illusion of doubled space. It is an even more effective trick when used in conjunction with some kind of view. The thing to remember, though, is to place the mirrors at a right angle to the wall with the view, not opposite it.

If you want to combine confusion with illusion, mirrored folding screens are marvelously decorative and whimsical. The most beautiful ones of all were made for Syrie Maugham and had sixteen or twenty panels seven inches wide edged in tiny frames of beveled glass. I once found one in a client's garage, where it had been packed away years before in plywood crates, about five panels to a crate. Assembled, the screen gave the effect of a row of giant prisms. What it would cost to make one of those screens today I couldn't even begin to imagine. We all know, however, that simpler versions can be fabulous.

Far from considering mirrors too showy or the least bit inappropriate for any kind of room, I think there are not many rooms that couldn't use one. One of my favorite rooms and a perfect example of just how far you can go is at Stratfield Saye, the home of the Duke of Wellington. The room I love so is mid-Georgian with dark green architectural elements picked out in gold. The walls are covered in an early Victorian wallpaper festooned with gold swags and garlands, and there are lovely paintings against this rich background. But it is full of mirrors as well and they are not parts of a large matching suite. There is a pair hanging on the window wall in their proper position as pier mirrors. There is another larger, grander one hanging over the fireplace. Finally, there is a second pair flanking the principal door to the room. With the windows and therefore the natural light confined to one wall, all these mirrors perform their many functions. They reflect the beauty before them, their frames provide decoration on their own, and they throw light back into the room. It seems to me that you could make a very strong argument in favor of mirrors not as a luxury but as a practical necessity. □

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SURREAL MEALS

Dinner with Dali was always a sideshow

By John Richardson

Dinners with Dali were very disturbing. How could one forget that, in the heyday of his genius, he had endowed such mundane food as poached eggs, loaves of bread, and sardines with erotic menace? The artist's guests—this one at least—found the innocent act of breaking open a roll or taking a fork to an oyster opened up a can of Freudian fears. Even the cutlery and glasses engendered paranoia. Mightn't they, also, prove to be soft?

Disturbing, too, was Dali's way of transforming dinners into stunts—especially in later years, when his meticulous technique had deteriorated, and his vaunted "genius" had burnt out, leaving a heap of hype and ashes. The appearance in a restaurant of the artist and his muse-wife, Gala, was choreographed to be as eye-catching as possible. A pair of ocelots emphasized the circus atmosphere, so did the accompanying exhibitionists and genderbenders. Less fun were the creepy, conniving courtiers whom Dali unfailingly attracted.

As a director of the gallery that handled Dali's affairs (art was no longer a word that could be applied to his output), I was obliged to attend a number of these functions. It was impossible not to be fascinated, at the same time embarrassed by this seedy old conjurer with the rhinoceros-horn wand and the waxed whiskers. By the time I met him his act was all patter and very little sleight of hand, and his grand manner had become pathetically fustian.

I will never forget an evening in a New York restaurant. When the headwaiter arrived at the table, Dali fixed him with his famous Mephistophelian glare and ordered the meal in thickly accented French: "We want to start with something supergelatinous—viscous and persistent as memory: tripe."

"No tripe, *maître*. How about some beluga caviar?"

"Madame had it for breakfast. No, we will have *angulas,* baby eels sizzling in oil like souls in torment."

"No *angulas, maître*"

And so the charade continued. Dali running through every conceivable oddity from wild boar to cuttlefish—all unavailable. Silly, because he was in fact a serious connoisseur of food. In the end we settled for straightforward oysters followed by straightforward gigot—perfection! Unfortunately, when the sommelier appeared, the performance started up all over again.

"A magnum of Lafite, 1945," Dali commanded, blowing gourmet kisses at the ceiling. On cue, the well-primed waiter looked crestfallen.

"The last one sold for a fortune."

"How about La Tâche, or Pétrus?"—and the artist went on down through all the more obvious vintages. We were finally served some perfectly good claret. Dali may not have invented the conceptual work of art, but he certainly invented the conceptual banquet.

The most disturbing feature of Dali's dinners was his daunting Russian wife, Gala. Gala was said to be almost ninety and to have an insatiable appetite for cash and boys. She was also rumored to hail from one of those Shangri-la valleys in Georgia where everybody lives (off yogurt) to be over a hundred. Whatever her origins, she was a brutal old haggler who drove home her wheedling demands for money with jabs of ancient elbows and blows of mottled knuckles. After one gruesome dinner at Maxim's, which left me black and blue, I refused to deal with her ever again.

"Dali need more money"—Jab!

"Gala, that was my kidney."

"Good. Double the payments." Jab!

Meanwhile Dali had focused attention on himself by ordering dish after dish that had to be flambé



A culinary creation of Dali: shoe with cauliflower and pasta.


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There had been a not very successfu attempt to set the soup on fire; then a sea bass had been charred over fenne sticks. Now it was the turn of a *bécasse* (woodcock), except that Dali had de tected a solecism. "Send it back," he announced, "it is missing the vital gar nish—entrails. Without them I refuse to eat it." A chef was summoned; he excused himself deferentially, but I did not like the glint in his eye when he re turned the offending woodcock to the kitchen nor its taste when it reap peared.

The last meal I had with Dali took place in his house at Port Lligat in Cat alonia. The famous villa assembled out of five fishermen's shacks was a disap pointment: as anachronistic as vintage Schiaparelli. Effects that had once made people wince, like the pool sadis tically paved with sea urchins, seemed merely silly. The surrealist pagoda of a dovecote had a certain charm, but the plaster gazebo at the end of the pool was as tawdry and forlorn as one of those roadside stalls on the outskirts of Mexico City that peddle Hispanic kitsch. As for the grove of dead trees and dead bamboos—Dali's idea of a garden—this looked like nothing so much as the graveyard of Surrealism.

Inside was as sad and campy as out side—a fun house for the living dead. In the cramped entrance hall a gigantic stuffed bear decked out in a tiara and necklace held up a lamp that cast too much light on a grubby pink satin sofa shaped like Mae West's lips. Despite the presence of soft-footed servants, everything had a dusty, musty look. None of this would have signified if there had been evidence of work in progress. Alas, the only recent painting Dali had to show was a double portrait of Gala—unfinished and, I suspect, unfinishable. The bleary eye and the shaky hand, even with the help of local "ghosts" could no longer manage what Dali had once called "hand-done color photography."

"The Wizard of Was," someone had recently called him—with good rea son: his psyche was an old tube with all the paranoia squeezed out of it. Hence the constant recycling of images, the cult of the signature. Hence, too, the persistent sales pitch, for Gala re quired large sums of cash to lavish on the medieval fortress of Pubol (thirty miles inland) which her husband had



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given her, as well as on her very you men. True, Dali still made v amounts of money mostly out of lit graphs, but (according to his secret and *hommes d'affaires* Captain Pe Moore) his finances had suffered a cent setback. The manager of his P hotel had asked the artist to empty so of his safe deposit boxes; over the ye he had crammed them so full of ba notes that they constituted a haza When Dali did so, he found to his h ror that much of the currency was o

> Dali had focused attention on himself by ordering dish after dish that had to be flambé

solete. More had to be made quickly.

If "Avida Dollars" (André Breton anagram for Salvador Dali) could n longer come up with the art, how wer his dealers going to come up with th money that the Dalis' *train de vie* ne cessitated, let alone the exhibition o the new work that had already bee scheduled? Among the solutions I sug gested was a show of "ready mades" dud old masters which a few quick-to paint trademarks—a swarm of ants, melting telephone, a rotting sardine—could transform into no less dud but far more valuable Dalis. The artist agreed; he would, he said, resurrect such "automatic" gimmicks as ink blots made by aleatory octopi or ink-loaded bullets fired at sheets of paper—gigantic Rorschach tests whose "secret identities" would be unveiled by a flick of the master's brush. Instant art!

The champagne that accompanied our discussion, and the surrealist banquet that ensued more than compensated me for any previous disappointment. The artist kept very Spanish hours, and luncheon was served late in the afternoon on a bust-studded terrace overlooking a landlocked cove—which, to please the artist, Franco had declared "a national beauty spot." So much of Dali's ominousness had rubbed off on the view—the background to some of his most disturbing paintings—that, I expected, in my vi-

s state, to see the rocks oozing with watches and the beach sprouting histic crutches. No less eerie was scene reflected in a mirror that Dali embedded in a rock: ourselves ed in elephants' craniums.

)ali's home cooking turned out to excellent but bizarre. I am vague ut the first course except that it was ed from the artist's baroque cook-k, *Les Dîners de Gala:* was it "Frog am" (an Eiffel Tower of skewered *nouilles* emerging from a cauli-ver soufflé), or the excellent "Pig's s Soup"? However I will never for-the main dish: a set piece of local sters served in a chocolate sauce ed with Fundador. Delicious? Not ictly: the richness on top of too ch booze, heat, paranoia, and ego-nia induced nausea. Nor will I ever get the Zeffirellian table setting: sil-epergnes of spectacular vulgarity a pair of ornate candelabra ablaze h candles. A neat demonstration of rrealism, for the afternoon sunshine dered the flames virtually invisible. ou see, light cancels out light," Dali d. "We would need an eclipse to ke the flames visible." He was al-st right: only when a cloud ob-red the sun could one see why the x was melting. There was one other rrealist touch: the master's breath. I s tempted to light it: to judge by the ndle flames, nobody would have no-ed if it had caught fire.

The conversation on this bright mmer day was all about hibernation -Dali's hibernation. "Immortality ex-rts," he said, wiping chocolate sauce f his preposterous moustache with a bster claw, were preparing an elabo-te cylinder in which to refrigerate his dy after death—"prior to eventual surrection." Let's hope refrigerators ill recharge the Dalinian batteries, I emember thinking, otherwise his ealers are going to be out of business. needn't have worried. The "jackals" o quote Reynolds Morse, the Ameri-an owner of a Dali museum) who sur-ound the dying artist are already at ork. Between July 1981 and April 983—a period of total physical col-apse—Dali was said by his entourage o be producing a painting a week: five mes as many as he had produced at is peak. Imagine what his icebox out-ut is going to be! Or will he emerge rom cold storage as a chef, the métier e was once tempted to follow? □



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JOURNAL



MORTAR CONFLICT

The Critical Edge: Controversy in Recent American Architecture; Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, Calif.; through Sept. 25.

This exhibition scrutinizes the most "important" works of architecture since 1970 and the critical responses that these structures have evoked, from Johnson/Burgee's AT&T "corporate highboy" to Perez Associates/Charles Moore's Piazza d'Italia, *above.* *Donovan Webster*





GRETCHEN'S FRUIT 1973

COMIC RELIEFS

Red Grooms: 1956–1984. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, until Sept. 29.

Unlike environmental artists who eye big-city life with angst, Red Grooms celebrates it as a walk-in comic book. His *Mr. and Mrs. Rembrandt* razzes highbrows but, like the masters, Grooms embraces humanity with swift, sure strokes. This retrospective, a Technicolor fun house of 170 works, see *above,* will visit Denver, L.A., and Nashville. *Margaret Morse*

BATTLES OF GERICAULT

Master Drawings by Géricault, Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, through July 31. San Diego Museum of Art, Aug. 31–Oct. 20. Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Nov. 9–Jan. 5, 1986.

Grounded in classicism, Géricault's work contains romantic and realistic elements as well and marks an important turning point in nineteenth-century art. Exhibition and catalogue include equestrian portraits, studies for major paintings, Eastern scenes, and watercolors, such as *Study of an Oriental, left.*

Amy McNeish

TO ROCK AND TO RUIN

Expo '85: For Man at Home, Tsukuba, Japan, through Sept. 16.

First see a 50-foot tomato plant, then a poly-primitive cinema, *below,* for a reel of historic ruins—Future Shock in perspective.



PLASTIC CRAFTED

Material Evidence: New Color Techniques in Handmade Furniture, Renwick Gallery, Washington, D.C., through Sept. 22.

Workbench picked the artists, Formica provided materials, and the Smithsonian Traveling Exhibition Service is circulatin the result—finely crafted, co ful objects, see *below,* of ColorCore, a new laminate.



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L.A. LIMITED

Revived in 1981 after a fourteen-year hiatus, *Arts & Architecture* is an L.A.-based, not-for-profit magazine. *The Arts & Architecture Portfolio,* released early this year, is one creative show of support for the endeavor. Four architects and six artists provided images for the collection, and sales—through Freidenrich Contemporary Art in Newport Beach, California, and the John Weber Gallery in New York—will benefit the magazine. Included are works by Peter Shire, Alexis Smith, Michael Graves, Tom Holland, Michael McMillen, Frank Gehry, Charles Moore, Barbara Kasten, Arata Isozaki, and Ron Davis.

A. M.



BUD VASE, PETER SHIRE

ALEXIS SMITH'S SILK-SCREENED *STREAMLINER*



RICHARD PANDISCIO

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

Gardeners humbled by hungry rabbits or failing greenhouse heaters can take heart. From Sarah Ponsonby of Wiltshire, England, comes a test of horticultural luck that is more easily won. It is The Garden Game, *above.* This cabbage-patch rendition of Monopoly supplements rolls of the dice with various cards of chance—Weather Report, Act of God, and Compost Heap—and teaches companion planting in the bargain. Up to four persons can play, moving around the board with tiny garden tools. The first player to finish planting a garden that has observed the rules-of-green-thumb wins. At Neiman-Marcus, most Conran's stores, and FAO Schwarz in New York City.

M. M.



SWEET DREAMS

Crayola Dream-Makers, Minnesota Museum of Art, St. Paul, through July 27; Wichita (Kansas) Art Museum from Aug. 8.

Over one million second-, third-, and fourth-graders entered Binney & Smith's 1984 school program, studying famous achievers and then portraying their own aspirations. The 105 prize-winning works are touring the U.S. through 1986. David Cacho of Corona, CA, eight, painted *Searching the Past, above,* "My dream is to become a paleontologist and find out what killed the dinosaurs."

N ARCADIA AMBASZ

We often think of botanical conservatories as glassy winter gardens designed to take full advantage of the sun's light and warmth. However, the strong Central Texas climate determined a strikingly different design for the Lucile Halsell Conservatory by Emilio Ambasz for the San Antonio Botanical Center, due to open next June.

What appears to be a model for a futuristic city, *right,* is actually a highly functional complex designed to give optimal climates for plants. Tree-embedded crystalline forms rise from a carved landscape; these are the rooftops of the earth-sheltered complex—its base is twenty feet below the ground to protect plants from too much sun.

A large courtyard, which dominates Ambasz's scheme, is reached on axis from the sunken entry. Like a Roman forum, it is ringed by an arcade that opens into pavilions. This classical organization gives a timeless order to the design.

Anne Rieselbach





Good heavens, Monsieur Dupont!
We didn't mean to win!
Honest!
Monsieur Dupont?



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And we introduced a line of new varietal wines at has pleased the harshest of critics.

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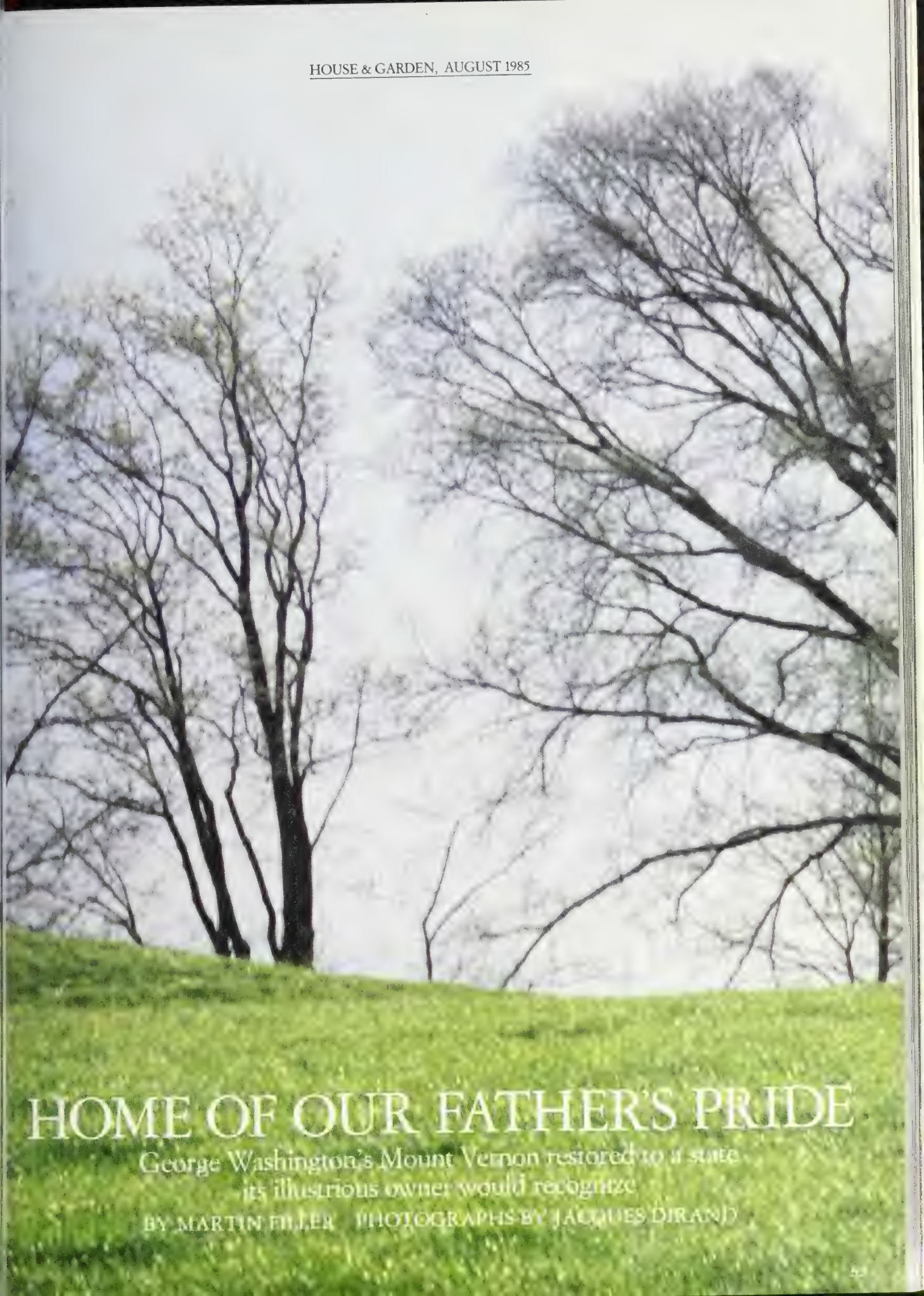
By the way, Monsieur Dupont, we're pleased to nnounce that just last year alone, Gallo won 141 more wards in domestic and international competition. Why, hat's more than any other winery!

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HOME OF OUR FATHER'S PRIDE

George Washington's Mount Vernon restored to a state its illustrious owner would recognize

BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND



The west front of Mount Vernon, *above,* painted by an unknown artist in 1792. *Below:* George and Martha Washington in 1796 pastels by James Sharples. *Opposite:* In the Little Parlor, the harpsichord Washington imported from London in 1793 for his granddaughter Nelly Custis. Beyond the far door, the Large Dining Room.

George Washington now seems like a vestige of the feudal age in comparison to his younger contemporary Thomas Jefferson, a prototypically modern man. But our first President unquestionably possessed at least one timeless quality: unimpeachable virtue. He was also ambitious and eager to increase his status in the world. Those of us today who find some of our political leaders excessively preoccupied with their own financial gain or who fear that the major participants in the electoral process must now either be rich or have access to great wealth should bear in mind that George Washington never shunned material reward honestly acquired.

As he prospered, he added lands to his estate and landscaped them as grandly and as fashionably as any English lord. Mount Vernon was the seat of his pride and object of his constant concern. Even during the most perilous moments of the Revolutionary War, the commander-in-chief took time from military matters to write to his manager on everything from crops to new construction. As his fame grew, his house became crammed with gifts from well-wishers—a polychrome marble mantelpiece, china of all sorts, silver, furniture, and even the key to the Bastille—but no one could ever say that George Washington had entered public life for his personal aggrandizement. He remained the model of the selfless public servant but knew that his central place in the life of the young republic made it incumbent on him to live up to his role in a manner suitable to his station, time, and place.



From an early age, Washington (like Goethe and Beethoven) was marked by his contemporaries as a man of destiny, and his activities were carefully documented by those who came in contact with him. Augmented by his own methodical recording of his public and private affairs, the sum provides a remarkably informative account of his daily routine. And since the last 45 of his 66 years were spent as the master of Mount Vernon, that great house is known to us perhaps better than any other American home of the eighteenth century.

After Washington's death, his relics, from innumerable locks of his hair to the Philadelphia Sheraton tester bed in which he died, were treated with the reverence worthy of a secular saint. Proudly handed down with impeccable provenance from generation to generation, an unusual number of his possessions still exist today. But the miraculous preservation of so much of George Washington's material world stems from the remarkable survival of America's first historic museum house.

At a time when few communities in America are without their carefully maintained domestic landmarks, it is difficult to believe that Mount Vernon had sunk into dereliction only fifty years after its most famous inhabitant's demise. With no children of his own, Washington willed the mansion house and home farm of Mount Vernon not to Martha's children by her first marriage or to the Custis grandchildren but instead to his nephew Bushrod Washington, son of his younger brother John Augustine.

George and John Augustin were the sons of Augustine







Mount Vernon's grandest interior, the Large Dining Room is one of the most splendid examples of Robert Adam's influence on designers outside of England.

In contrast to the Large Dining Room's Adam delicacy and grace, the earlier West Parlor, *above* and *below*, conveys all the vigor and substance of the Chippendale style. It has recently been repainted in the same Prussian blue that Washington used, and the furniture, with the exception of the tea table and hostess' chairs, has been ranged around the perimeter of the room in the 18th-century fashion.



Washington had his pine-paneled Study, *above,* finished in faux bois graining to give it a richer look. *Below:* The Small Dining Room, newly painted in the original verdigris, retains nine of its original Chippendale ladder-back chairs. Over the mantel is Edward Savage's 1798 engraving of the Washington family. *Overleaf:* The vista westward from the Bowling Green toward the Mansion House Farm Gate.







Washington's second marriage, and after their father died, when George was eleven, the boys went to live with their older half brother Lawrence, from whose widow George bought the estate in 1754. Originally called Little Hunting Creek Plantation (which Lawrence Washington had renamed Mount Vernon in honor of an Admiral Vernon he had served under in the British Navy), it was managed by John Augustine while George went off to his first campaign in the French and Indian War. The agreement between the two brothers was that in return for running the farm while George made his fortune in the military, John Augustine would secure George's portion for his own descendants.

Despite Washington's conscientious efforts to the contrary, the soil of Mount Vernon and its adjacent lands—which totaled eight thousand acres during his lifetime—turned out to be poor, and farming it was not profitable enough to support the large and impressive establishment that was in fact a village of almost four hundred. (Washington had to resort to trade as a means of supplementing his income.) Mount Vernon in the years after the Revolution became a magnet for eminent visitors both domestic and foreign, and Washington was determined to be the grand seigneur, as much for political as private considerations. Though the frequent entertaining occasionally seemed more a chore than a pleasure (Washington once likened Mount Vernon to "a well resorted tavern"), it is obvious that the house and its dependencies were conceived with hospitality as a primary objective.

But George Washington's heirs had an increasingly difficult time making the plantation a self-supporting enterprise, and by the middle of the nineteenth century the upkeep of the house and its grounds became a burden too great for his collateral descendants. Their eventual attempt to off-load the dilapidated house on the state and federal governments failed, and the future of this national legacy seemed imperiled. It is one measure of the extraordinary place Mount Vernon occupies in American history that it was recognized as being so important well before the concept of historic conservation became common. In 1853 (almost 25 years before the centennial of our independence in 1876, now generally considered the point at which Americans first became interested in preserving our past), the remarkable organization that saved Mount Vernon was founded by Ann Pamela Cunningham. The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, as it was named, launched a national fund-raising program that culminated five years later with the purchase of the mansion, its outbuildings, and some two hundred of the surrounding acres (since increased to five hundred) for $200,000.

The timing could not have been better, for soon Mount Vernon was to face a threat even greater than neglect: the War Between the States. Fortunately, such was George Washington's posthumous regard that during the Civil War, which laid waste to so much of the South's architectural heritage, Mount Vernon was respected as a hallowed place by Confederate and Union soldiers alike and was spared by both sides as a common patrimony. It was almost as though Washington's legendary skill at remaining above the partisan political fray lived on at Mount Vernon.

As the years progressed, more and more Washington artifacts and memorabilia were returned to the mansion. Thanks to the careful inventories made following the deaths of George and Martha (as well as other contemporary accounts of the house's appearance) it was possible to replace the furniture, decorative objects, and pictures with a fair degree of certainty as to their original positions. The quest for greater historical accuracy continued, and in due course the famous exhortation of Ann Pamela Cunningham to "keep it the home of Washington" might have been better phrased, "make it *more* the home of Washington."



Greenhouse, *left,* destroyed by fire in 1835, rebuilt in 1951 with old bricks from the reconstruction of the White House. *Opposite page, top row, from left:* Green satin festoon, paper border in Large Dining Room; gilded wood bracket, crystal luster in West Parlor; Washington's secretary-bookcase by John Aitken, Philadelphia, circa 1797. *Middle row:* Canton and other Chinese Export ware in the Pantry; engraving of the owner in the Passage, the central downstairs hall; detail of fireplace surround in the Nelly Custis Bedroom. *Bottom row:* Windsor chairs on the piazza, added to the mansion in 1777; white cotton dimity curtains in General and Mrs. Washington's Bedchamber; in the Yellow Guest Bedroom, a transitional Queen Anne–Chippendale side chair.

That task has not always been easy, in that all shrines attain a degree of untouchability. Whether George Washington would have recognized a room or an object became confused with some people's desire to believe that he could have. But Mount Vernon's current curator, Christine Meadows (who has served in that capacity since 1964), holds greater store in archaeological evidence than some of her predecessors, and the recently completed restoration of Mount Vernon's interiors brings them closer than ever before to the appearance they had when Washington lived in them. As a homeowner constantly concerned with upgrading his living conditions, there is no question that he would have approved.

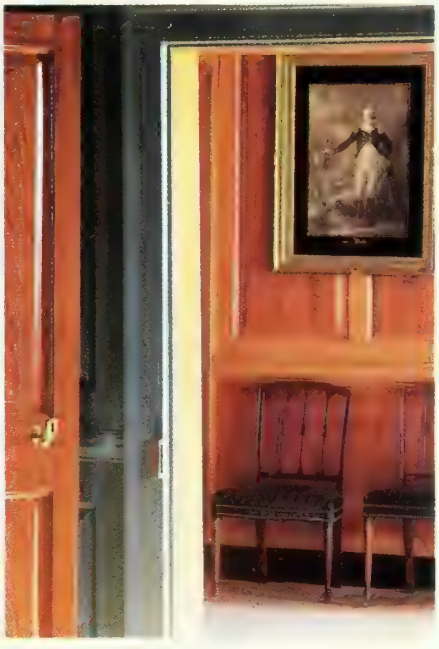
Starting in 1979, the rote practice of repainting the rooms the colors they had "always been" was replaced by a scholarly attempt to *(Text continued on page 162)*





















The Lafayette Bedroom, *opposite*, was occupied by Washington's French comrade-in-arms during his several visits to Mount Vernon. His portrait hangs above the mantel. Fabric by Brunschwig & Fils.

This page Foxgloves opening into bloom in the Flower Garden, which is restricted to varieties known to have been cultivated prior to Washington's death in 1799.





On the top floor of the mansion are the bedchambers used by the younger members of the family when their own quarters on the second floor were given over to houseguests. The Washingtons' grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, slept in the room on the right.



A HOUSE IN BLOOM

A Hudson River Victorian classic romantically restored by Marc Rosen and Arlene Dahl

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO



Marc Rosen and his wife, Arlene Dahl, *above,* in the east parlor. Cut glass, rose quartz, and famille rose porcelain typify the couple's country style. Their aim in decorating was to be true to the spirit of the 1859 building yet contemporary in incorporating lots of daylight, fresh air, and comfortable seating. *Opposite:* The house has a wide porch on both major façades. This is the front porch, a summer living/dining room from which a sloping lawn, gardens, and woods—but no other houses—can be seen. The porch floor had been painted, but after a trip to Natchez, where porch planks are only varnished, Rosen had the surface stripped and polyurethaned—the varnishing is repeated every year. Antique table linen by Françoise Nunnallé.



The decorating of the larger of two parlors flanking the center hall began with an antique piano and a pair of pink sofas Marc Rosen found in a warehouse. The original marble mantelpiece, like those in every other room, had to be stripped of many layers of paint. Cotton lace window shades throughout the house are pretty daylight filters, and at night windows resemble etched glass from the outside.







When Rosen found the present dining room, *top*, it was a disorganized kitchen walled off from the large parlor. A woman born in the house in 1909 recalled the original plan, and Rosen found the sliding doors seen here stored in the barn. Chair fabric, Lee Jofa. *Above:* Restored front façade with reinstalled original shutters now blueberry blue.

Six years ago when Marc Rosen brought his friend (now wife) Arlene Dahl to see the dilapidated Victorian house he had just bought, she, too, saw past the peeling paint and missing shutters and clumsily altered floor plan. "This house is a star," she said. Treetops, as the 1859 homestead is still known, has been the love object of succeeding owners, even the previous family, which was too large and busy to keep up with the maintenance demands of the fourteen-acre property near the west bank of the Hudson in Rockland County, New York. Arlene Dahl, a prolific writer on beauty, astrology, and other mystical matters, revels in the "wonderful vibrations" here. Marc Rosen feels he was "fated to live at Treetops," a hidden-away place whose narrow overgrown road he happened upon and explored the very day he drove back to the city, opened the Sunday *Times* real-estate section, and saw an ad offering Treetops for sale. He returned and bought it the next morning.

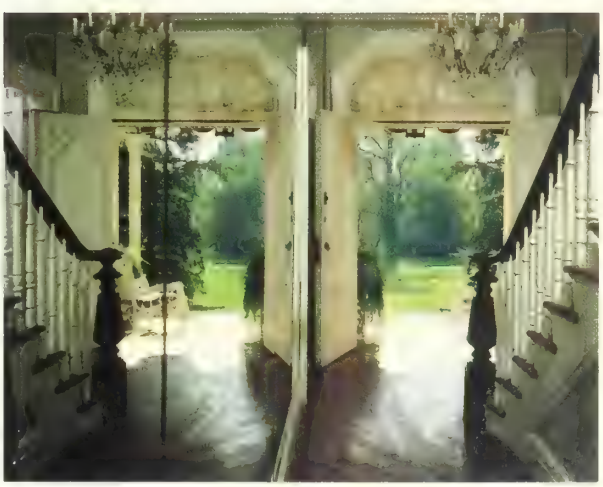
Rosen and Dahl have strong design credentials. He is an Elizabeth Arden vice-president responsible for display and package design and the winner of the 1984 Fragrance Foundation award for his Karl Lagerfeld bottle.

Interior design has been a passion since his childhood when his mother took him along on antiquing expeditions, and this is the third major decorating assignment he has given himself. Arlene Dahl, although best known as an actress, was trained in fashion and has been a successful lingerie designer. Her education in decorating and the art of entertaining took the form of a close friendship with Elsie de Wolfe in Hollywood during the late forties. Several excellent drawings in the house, one a Delacroix, were gifts from the legendary decorator.

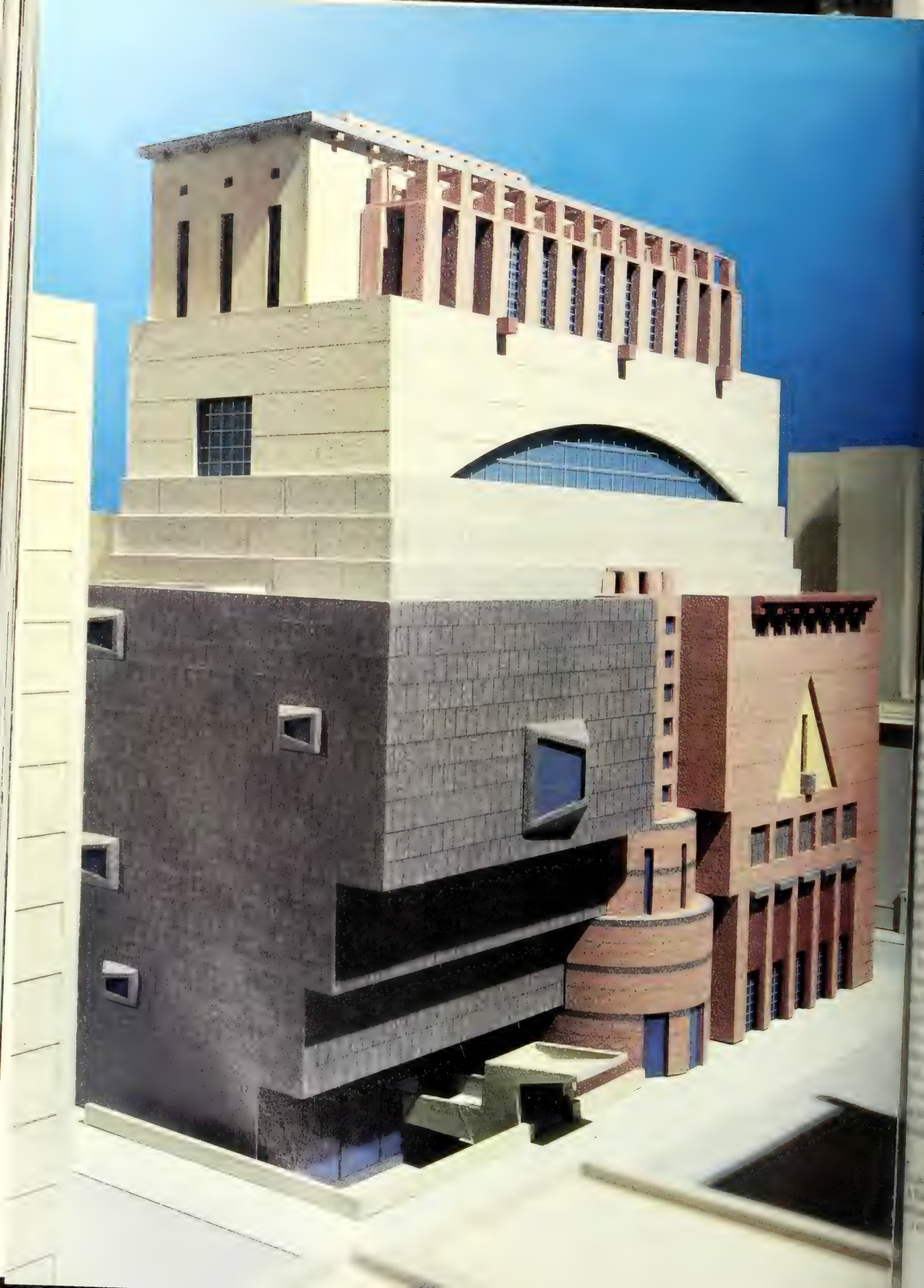
Combined in the Hudson River house are favorite objects Rosen and Dahl have lived with before—he had one previous marriage, she five—and many new acquisitions made especially to suit the Victorian setting. Marc Rosen's collections of famille rose, rose quartz, and green jade, and his wife's red hair, one suspects, led to the pink-and-green color palette throughout.

This weekend refuge of a sometimes overbooked city couple is saved for quiet family living except for a big Christmas smorgasbord every year and a summer lawn party—events their guests say are worth waiting for. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis



The small Siamese-pink parlor, *top,* a little-supper-for-two room, is filled with cabbage roses in a Rose Cumming print. Painting of a child was a presentimental purchase by Arlene Dahl years before she gave birth to a daughter it resembles. *Above:* The mirrored wall at left doubles the front hall's apparent width.



'HE SUM OF ITS ARTS

Graves tops Breuer with an ingenious addition to New York's Whitney Museum

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED CORNISH



One of the greatest challenges facing the high-style architect is how to devise a distinguished addition to a building by an eminent predecessor. The current interest in contextualism is intensified when an existing work by a well-known architect is involved. Although the recessive approach can sometimes be taken to ridiculous extremes, most people would agree that the introduction of new buildings in crowded city settings must be done with greater care than the recent past has shown. The cause-and-effect relationship between the profit imperative and urban density has led to some monstrous impositions on our civic landscape, but only lately have our great cultural institutions begun to feel the lure of commercial gain that has long spurred real-estate developers. The staggering increase of public interest in the arts, coupled with the burgeoning of what can only be termed the museum industry, has resulted in a wide range of architectural responses, from the construction of money-making pandos to the conversion of warehouses.

The Whitney Museum of American Art, one of the most spirited presences on the contemporary scene, is faced with a set of problems shared by other museums in this country: insufficient room for both the display of its permanent collection and the changing exhibitions necessary to attract attendance; the desire to increase its educational programs for the public hungry to learn about art; and the need for more office and service spaces to support the growth that almost every American collection (save the Frick and the Freer) sees as desirable, if not inevitable.

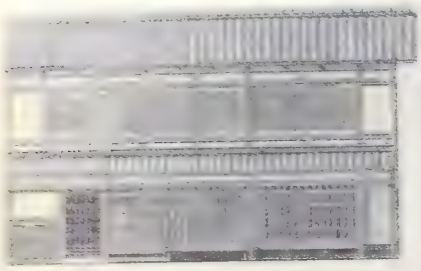
The dark gray granite mass of Marcel Breuer's 1966 building for the Whitney Museum, *opposite,* will be balanced by the pink granite base of Michael Graves's addition, *above,* the upper stories of which will span both structures on Madison Avenue.

What makes the Whitney's case unique is its existing home, the cantilevered gray granite monolith that has loomed over the corner of 75th Street and Madison Avenue since 1966. Marcel Breuer's assertive design has had few vocal supporters over the past two decades, but lately it has come to be more widely admired for its undeniable strength and integrity. Unfashionable though it may appear in the dawn of the Post Modern Age, the Whitney's Brutalist building has at last attained a kind of period fascination.

It would be hard to name a contemporary architect whose aesthetic is more opposed to Breuer's than Michael Graves. His selection in the fall of 1981 as architect for the museum's expansion was greeted with surprise that turned to deep concern when word leaked out that he intended to build not only next to the Breuer structure, as had been announced, but also on top of it. The juxtaposition of Graves's polychrome palette and his taste for historicizing detail seemed certain to fatally diminish the original building. Thus the unveiling of his scheme in May turned out to be one of the pleasantest architectural surprises of the year.

This is Graves's best design yet. A large work with neither the coarseness of his Portland Building nor the finickiness of his Humana Headquarters, it captures much of the liveliness and variety that have marked his most successful small-scale projects. The architect has not tried to obliterate Breuer's given; deftly and respectfully, he simultaneously sets it off and incorporates it into the larger whole. On the southern half of the block-long site along Madison Avenue between 74th and 75th Streets, Graves proposes a cubic base wing approximate to the Breuer building in size and volume. Its pink granite cladding assures the legibility of the old structure as a separate entity, a more sensitive choice than trying to co-opt it by matching the stone. The distinctive trapezoidal window above the canopied entrance to the 1966 wing will be playfully echoed by a triangular, translucent alabaster window reminiscent of those by Arata Isozaki at his Tsukuba Civic Center in Japan.

Joining old and new will be a stepped, cylindrical "hinge," a telescoped, pink granite column banded in gray, emphasizing the symmetrical nature of the composition and rising only a bit higher than the level roof lines of the Breuer building and Graves's base structure. Surmounting both will be a triple-tiered frieze *(Text continued on page 169)*



A MERCHANT'S HOUSE IN OLD KYOTO

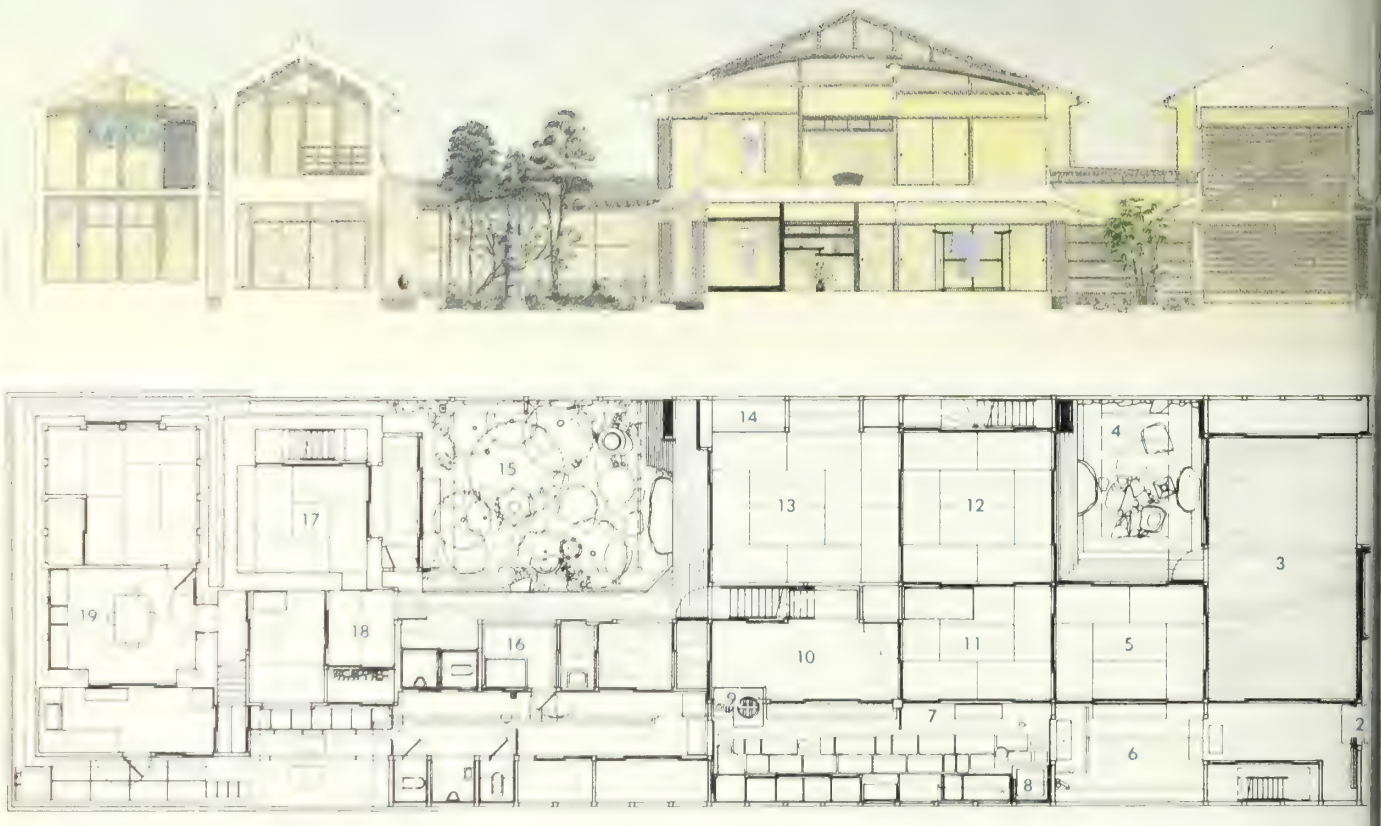
The restoration of a family treasure

BY KOJIRO YOSHIDA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOSHIO MORI





The [illegible] garden of the Aumaidin, *above*, looking into the house with shoji replaced for the night by reed doors. The lattice floor lattice work of the street façade, *opposite above*, is removed for the annual Gion Festival, *opposite below*.



Floor plan, from right: 1. Street 2. Doorway 3. Gallery 4. Garden (*nakaniwa*) 5. Entry (*genkan*) 6. Garden (*tsuboniwa*) 7. Kitchen (a portion of the *toriniwa*, which extends from the front to the back of the house) 8. Well 9. Hearth (*kamado*) 10. Kitchen (*daidokoro*) 11. Portion of the kitchen with tatami floor 12. Middle reception room (*nakanoma*) 13. Main reception room (*zashiki*) 14. Picture alcove (*tokonoma*) 15. Inner garden (*okuniwa*) 16. Bath 17. Tearoom (*chashitsu*) 18. Entry to rear suite 19. Western-style room

The section and plan of the Mumeisha, *above*, as well as the street façade on the previous page, are part of a set of measured drawings by architects Allyne Winderman and Ronald Rose, who met and began working with Mr. Yoshida in 1981 during their study of traditional Kyoto town houses. *Right:* A lantern-lit float on the street in front of the Mumeisha during the Gion Festival.



The mountains and rivers of Kyoto are serene, and the changes of the seasons bring the natural blessings people long for into bloom. The shrines and temples have such a clear, clean beauty that it is said one can feel the flow of one's own mind when one sits in a teahouse facing the gardens.

But is this really true? Is modern Kyoto so beautiful? Luckily, the city escaped being bombed in the last war, and thus it is blessed with many good, old things. But there has been no conscious reflection upon the life-style it has built in the unprecedented growth since the war; its place in Japanese history assured, Kyoto does not question itself, and the level of its culture has sunk to that of convenience. Even Shinto and Buddhist priests have defaced sacred grounds with parking lots in order to make money, casting aside any thought of living in simple poverty. Tradesmen, too, change with the changing world and in their unreasonable search for convenience destroy with their own hands the pure form of their merchant homes and proudly spend large sums of money on mortar walls and concrete boxes.

But one thing that serves to temper this destruction in Kyoto is the midsummer Gion Festival and its organizing body, the Gion Association. This is a yearly festival for which all of the Kyoto townspeople contribute some of the fruits of their hard daily labor; a feeling of community based on faith cultivated since the middle ages in Japan pervades all the events of the festival and does not allow any one individual to dominate. This is because it is a time to comfort the ancestral spirits and together celebrate the health of all. The floats dedicated to the deity of the festival are decorated with tapestries brought to Japan from Persia, India, China, and even Europe itself by European ships, and show off the inventiveness of the neighborhoods.

The sliding doors that form the façade of the houses in each neighborhood and rigidly differentiate inside from outside are removed for the festival. This opens the houses up all the way to the back garden so that everyone can enjoy their form. These houses thus become places the people of the city share together.

The furnishings that decorate the houses at this time are chosen according to the family's social position. "Social position" here is not social status based on public power but position decided upon by the family according to its own means. The modest pride taken by each family in its home does not disturb the community harmony but rather serves to heighten it.

Kyoto was the capital of Japan from the late eighth century, when it moved from Nara, until the middle of the nineteenth century, when it moved to Tokyo. It is the site of the old Imperial Palace, which was finally left behind after repeated political changes. The real power had already moved to Edo (modern Tokyo) by the end of the seventeenth century, and it is precisely because of this that Kyoto people began to take pride in originality born of their own land. In their pride, they brought to maturity the form of the Kyoto town house and the elaborate merchant culture.

The Kyoto townspeople work hard at their family businesses day and night. The spirit it takes to eliminate everything that is *(Text continued on page 152)*



A sheer curtain gives to a puff of summer breeze at a doorway to the veranda surrounding the inner garden, *above*. Devices like this curtain, as well as hanging reed blinds, shoji and reed doors, folding screens and foliage, soften views. *Below:* Mr. Yoshida, the artist who owns the Mumeisha, rides in a float during the summer festival.





Tiled eaves shelter two outside doors, *above*. On the left is the entry to the kitchen area for family members, employees, and tradespeople; to the right are sliding doors that lead guests through a tatami-floored room to the main parlors. *Right:* A view from the front doorway to the parlors. The sliding interior doors of the front room have been removed for the festival, leaving a composition of posts and fine reed blinds to frame the kimono, folding screens, and antique carpets.





Teapots, vases, and serving dishes are grouped around the masonry cooking hearth in the kitchen, *above. Below:* Greenery lines the peaceful inner garden with its mossy stone lanterns and water basins. Behind is the *zashiki,* or main parlor. *Right:* The furnishings of the *zashiki* are exceptionally restrained, deferring to the picture alcove and side alcove just out of sight to the left.







A mixture of old and new in the *toriniwa, this page*. Its lofty height, designed to vent cooking smoke, also brings ample natural light to the work area. *Opposite:* Geta, not worn in the house, stand ready for chores on the first of a series of garden stepping stones.



double identity

Behind the grand façade, Newport hides an eccentric charm



BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DUANE MICHALS

"But you can't buy a house in the Hamptons," said Mrs. John Barry Ryan. "It would be like running a bar." This was said over a Newport weekend twenty years ago. And before I knew where I was, Mrs. Ryan had put into my hand a list of local houses on sale.

I looked at it gingerly. From the little I had seen, Newport appeared to be a naval town divided into two parts: one, all sea-bleached clapboarding and clumps of hydrangea, reminded me of Deauville. It was inhabited by rather elderly bodies carefully tanned. The other part was like an English Cinque Port, Sandwich say, in which narrow streets were lined with small ships' captains' houses, but painted in Colonial colors of blue and buff and oxblood. The common denominator on the sidewalks was the white uniform of countless sailors in shy search of a good time.

The real-estate market, as reflected in my list, looked promising. For years it had been in the doldrums. Fine houses by the sea or on Bellevue Avenue were sold for a few thousand dollars, often completely furnished, with good antiques thrown in. As to the little city houses, nobody wanted them at that time, and I noted that the first two offered me were priced at $2500 the pair by the mayor, who was settling the estate of an old lady locally celebrated as a hermit.

Her houses, mostly before 1900 and often much earlier, were on a steep and narrow street descending toward the harbor. When I found my two they were in a pitiable state of dilapidation, hidden behind an enormous hedge straggling higher than the roof. The small rooms were full of smashed furniture, tattered clothing, and the evidences of a life lived behind locked doors, such as cartons of ancient milk and empty soda bottles lining a rusty stove. But the old floors were intact, the two tiny staircases in the main house were of a certain elegance, there were spreading lilacs in a yard which looked like a stone quarry, speckled with shards and scraps of broken glass, set oblongs of moth-eaten grass.

Still, at $2500, I thought, one can hardly go wrong. Even if I never again set foot in Newport, I could have fun restoring the ruins, and one day I might even get my money back. So I went to visit an antique-dealing friend from New York, who had restored a similar house—in 1962 he was perhaps the first to do such a thing—and got from him the name of his builder. We all concluded that the two houses could be made habitable for $30,000 or so, and two days later I found myself a Rhode Island householder.

My neighbors were an elderly black lady, a Greek bartender, and an old fellow clinging to a family home which was slowly disintegrating round a glazed octagon. Farther up the street stood a Gothick cottage of extravagant design; here and there I noticed a classical doorcase, a fanlight, a flight of stone steps, a stretch of brick walkway. The street was a pattern book of Newport buildings which, I was to discover later, covers the whole gamut of New England architecture, from the saltboxes run up by the first settlers to the inflated "cottages" of the rich in the 1890s. All that is missing is good contemporary building of the last forty years.

During the seventies I added to my tiny colony two more houses. By that time a tentative interest in the old houses had been abandoned, and the prices were gradually rising from a few hundred to the many thousands they cost today. Each time I pass one of the handsomest of them, I delight in remembering that it was bought, before the boom began, for a dollar and moved to a better site.

The builder and I set to work. I paneled the downstairs rooms in printed cotton stretched over the battens. I had rugs made in Portugal and discovered delft tiles for the fireplaces in London's Portobello Road. Since none of the rooms were large, I brought up to Newport pieces of almost miniature furniture, supplemented from the antiques shops of Rhode Island which, like all such, were more rewarding to comb through twenty years ago than they are today. One house became a green and white library, another, less attractive in itself, was improved, I think, by turning three minute rooms into one, large enough to hold a piano. I did not object to a miniature dining room, which can only seat six. It is a fault of Newport entertaining to overcrowd dining rooms, so that where there is comfortably room for sixteen the hostess crams in twenty-four, none of whom can raise a fork to their lips without injury. I decided to make entertaining on any scale impossible.

Naturally, friends, and especially New York or European friends, found all this absurd. Why did I not live in a proper house, instead of scattered over different dollhouses? All I can say is that the system works. Guests can escape their

host. The yard, built round two terraces at different levels, links each house to the next and gives somewhere to sit out on a warm evening behind a screen of *arbor vitae*. Mercifully, unlike the spacious gardens of Bellevue Avenue, mine has no mosquitoes.



One of Alan Pryce-Jones's Newport houses, *opposite*. *Above:* A portrait of the author in his sitting room. *Below:* A view of the garden in the spring.

I began to observe the city. In the sixties "Newport" meant the 1890 cottages. It meant a rich, but on the whole not very rich, summer population with the uncommon feature of continuity to bind it together. Sons followed fathers in the same house; people who had moved elsewhere returned; summer neighbors went to the same winter resorts. The owners of the cottages felt a fierce loyalty to Newport and to their inherited traditions. They were polite but unenthusiastic about newcomers, and generally hostile to change. They ate with one another at home—for there were virtually no hotels or restaurants; or they entertained at the Clambake Club, originally a fastness for husbands but eventually invaded by hospitable wives. They swam at Bailey's Beach and there only, paying no heed to the chilly shallow water and the algae lurking among weed and battered plastic. They kept to a strict schedule: a first appearance around 1:00, two cocktails and a brief luncheon at 2:00, and away to the Counting Club by 2:30. At other hours the beach was deserted except for the children and nannies.

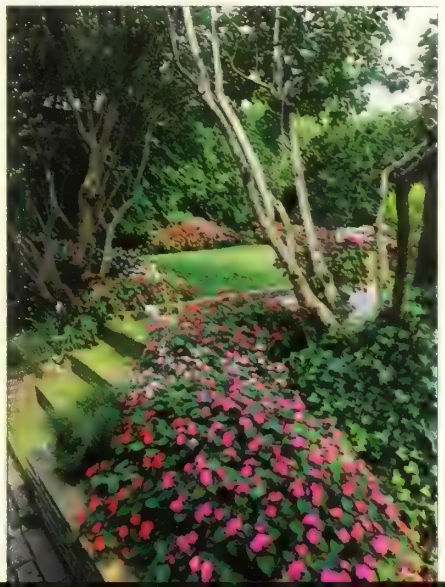
What drew me to Newport was first of all the physical beauty of its seashore and having succumbed to the physical charm of Aquidneck Island, I next took stock of its inhabitants, and soon saw that for oddness they were unmatched in the United States. There was one old gentleman who played ardent golf, followed by a caddy in the days when such existed as a matter of course. He found it more rewarding to play without a ball—an object which only impeded the perfect drive, the dramatic putt. There was a tiny old lady, Miss Alice Brayton, who claimed immense age and even immenser authority over her entourage. At ninety-odd (probably she was much younger), she watched, martini in hand, over her topiary garden, planted with elephants, giraffes, bears, even a cop in a privet. Nearby, next to what had once been a famous center of hospitality, the Glen, lived a mere octogenarian, Augusta Sigourney, to whom is due part of the inspiration for an annual Jumping Derby, which assembles at the Glen some of the best show-jumpers from all over the world for a breakneck week. Mrs. Sigourney was a very beautiful old lady, with the mind and energy of a twenty-year-old. She was a talented painter and also possibly the most dangerous car driver in the state. It seemed quite ordinary when she put a Mercedes accidentally into reverse and pinioned me under it.

The days were already over when all that was needed to launch a career—or cut it short—was the luck of a nod from Mrs. Vanderbilt or Mrs. Baker as they passed judgment from a table by Bailey's Beach. But there survived from older days a kind of glamour based on money or wit or willfulness. One of the characteristics of Newport—a trait which may partly account for the longevity of its residents—is life lived, in summer, at a constant level of fantasy. The real world is not so much kept at bay as overlooked. Brains tick and hearts throb on the land side of the Newport Bridge, but the little city itself purrs along in never-never land, the citizens of which, for a few sunny weeks, move in an amiable pavane, perfectly content with one another.

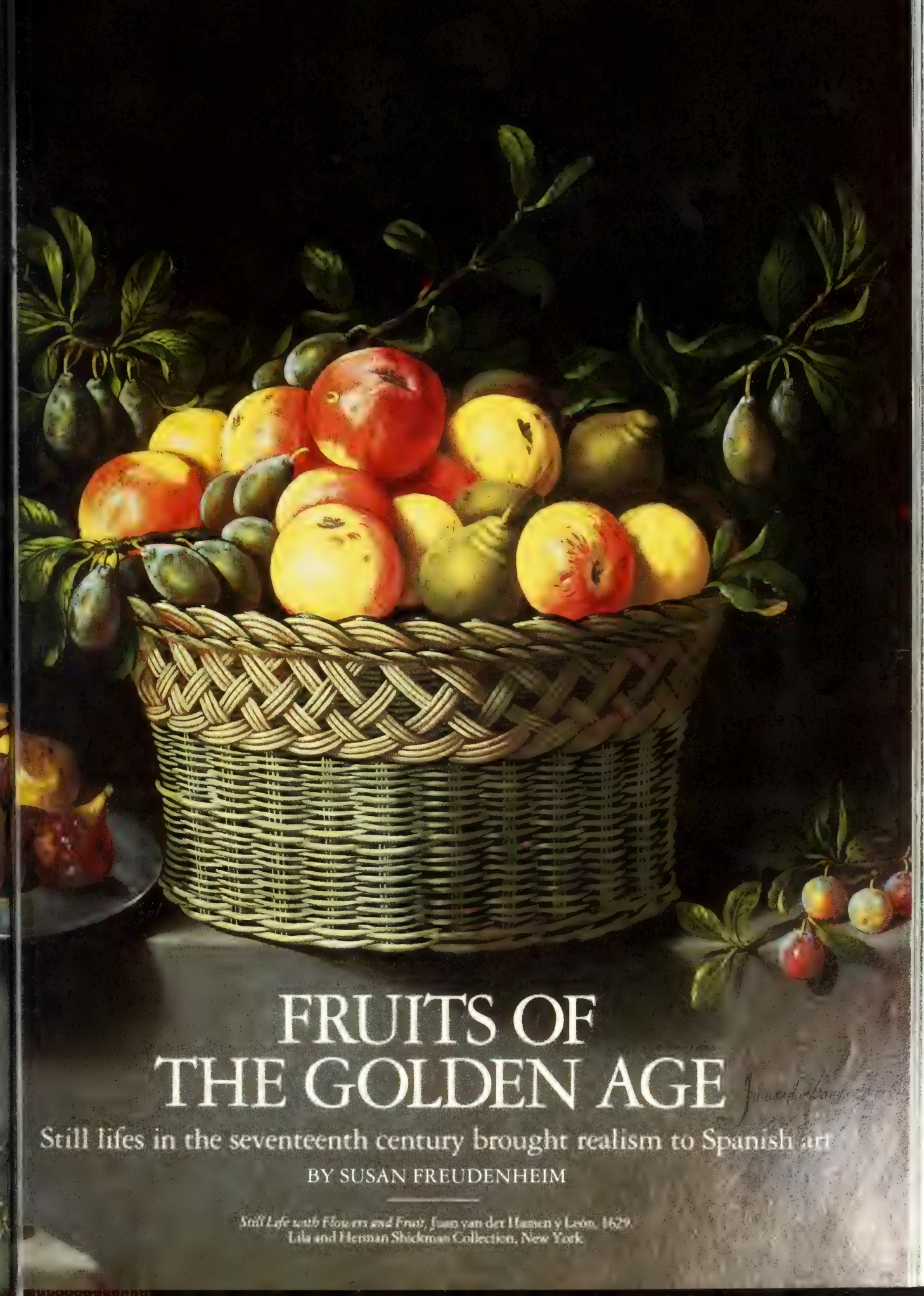
The city outside their gates is very different. It is fiercely political, eagerly on the make, torn between the wish to cash a quick dollar and the fear of losing its new prosperity by showing it too clearly, life downtown and life on the Avenue, as they call it, do not interlock, they coexist. And when somebody actually does something, both Avenue and city are astonished.

A case in point is that of a great local benefactor, whose activity over the last ten years has changed the face of Newport entirely. The benefactor is Doris Duke, who had inherited a gaunt stone house on the cliffs. The idea came to her to buy and restore as many as possible of the neglected Colonial houses: an idea which, some time before, had struck another benefactor, Mrs. C.D.L. Pepys. With a group of friends Mrs. Pepys set to work under the title of Operation Clapboard, but Miss Duke was able to be much more ambitious. She not only restored fine old houses, she moved them to better sites; she created a most attractive museum of Newport furnishings; she designed a public park near the waterfront and reset the houses around it. In short, she changed the whole aspect of the city and above all brought back into fashion small, convenient houses which, during the nineteenth century, had slowly sunk into slumdom.

Fantasy extends into the winter. People think of Newport as a summer resort, but the aficionados eagerly await the clear blue skies of January, the sudden paralyzing blizzards when one can be lost in the snow a hundred yards from home. The scale of life retracts. There is no traffic; boatyards seem desolate; but by Christmas Newport looks almost Dickensian. The summer crowds distort what in winter becomes again a very human little city, still firmly rooted in the nineteenth century, a city of craftsmen and talented amateurs. It is then, rather than in August, that I feel grateful to Mrs. Ryan for steering me toward what has turned out to be a safe haven. □







FRUITS OF THE GOLDEN AGE

Still lifes in the seventeenth century brought realism to Spanish art

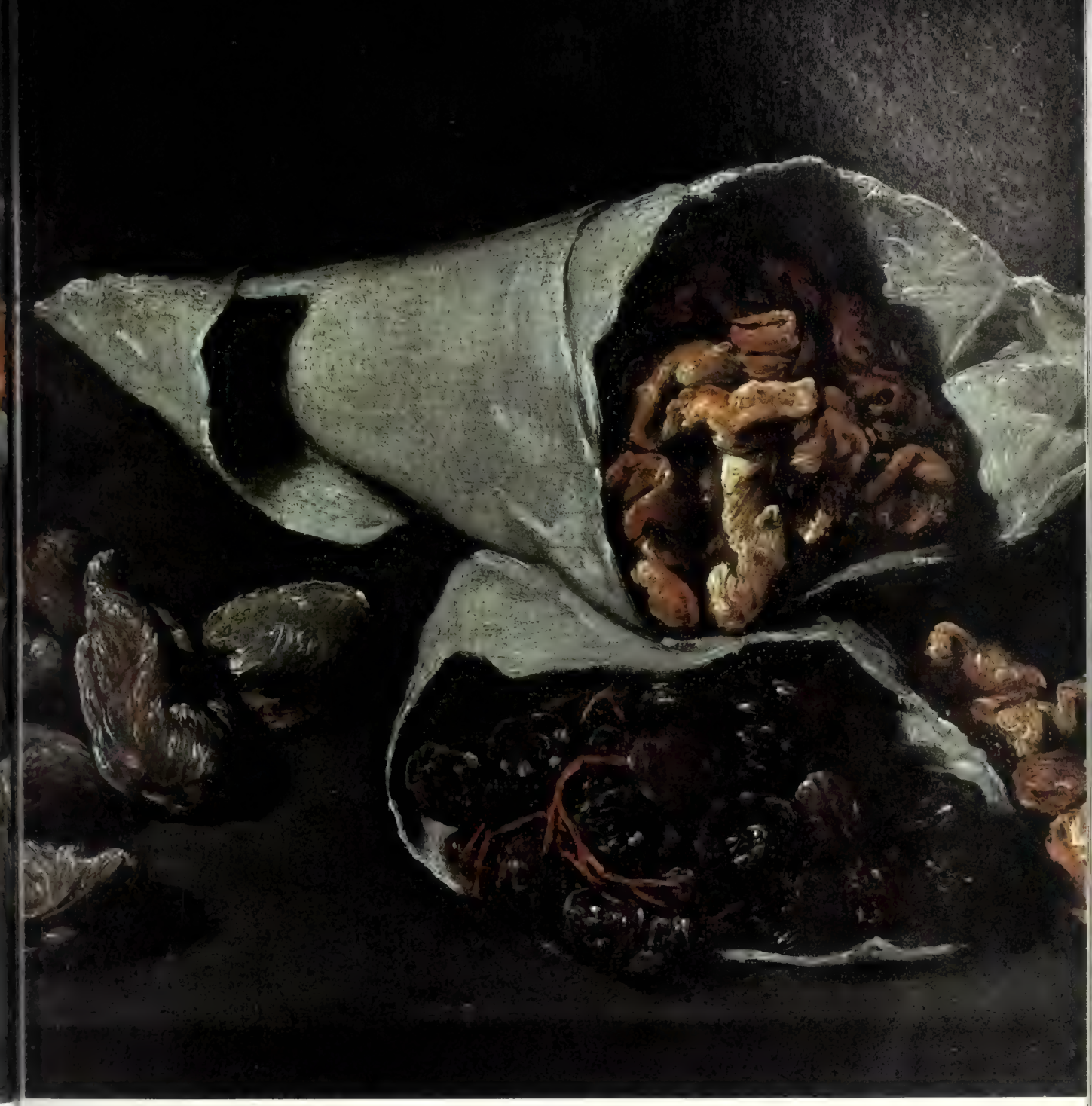
BY SUSAN FREUDENHEIM

Still Life with Flowers and Fruit, Juan van der Hamen y León, 1629. Lila and Herman Shickman Collection, New York



Specific kinds of courage are demanded of each generation; not only the styles of heroism change. When at the beginning of the seventeenth century the Spaniard Juan Sánchez Cotán (1560–1627) painted his first radically true-to-life sliced melon or his first infinitely detailed leafy cabbage, staging them in an unadorned window frame, the enormity of his challenge to Spanish religious painting must have seemed incredible to him and his contemporaries. The intensity of their struggle to breathe modern life into Spanish culture cannot be underestimated, for in spite of the fact that Sánchez Cotán's clear vision might appear commonplace today, it revolutionized Spanish painting and laid the groundwork for a secular still-life tradition that has since attracted every Spanish master from Francisco Zurbarán to Pablo Picasso, and has engendered some of the greatest pictures of all time.

As painters of secular themes, the seventeenth-century artists must have shared at least some of the feelings of struggle expressed by their contemporary playwright Lope de Vega on his deathbed; he waited until he knew these would be his last words to proclaim: "All right, then, I'll say it: Dante makes me sick." Like Lope de Vega who had written more than 1,500 pica



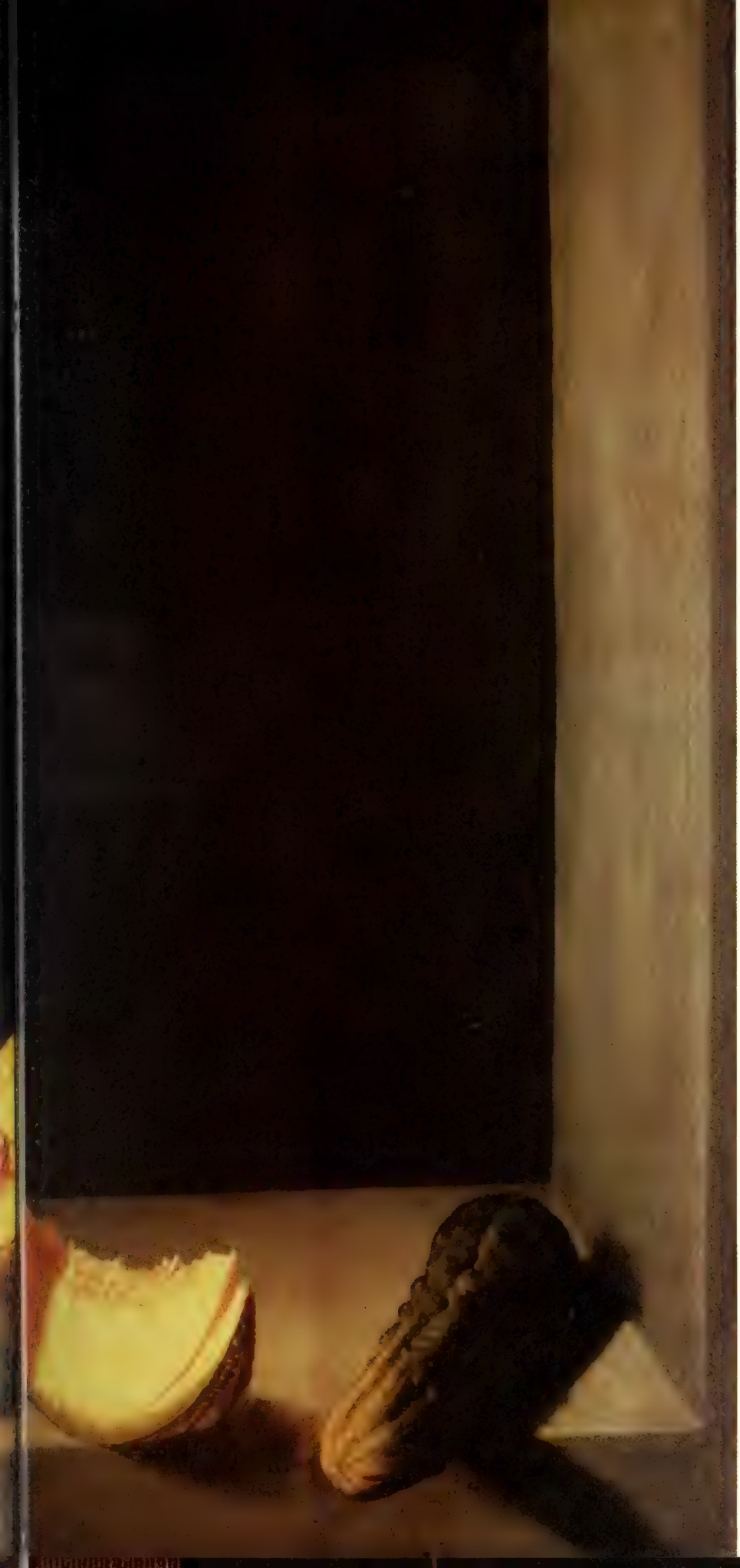
Still Life with Dried Fruit, Francisco de Burgos Mantilla, 1631. Yale University Art Gallery

resque plays that revolutionized Spanish theater and yet still felt challenged by the power of Italian poetic spiritualism from three centuries before his time, Sánchez Cotán painted remarkable still lifes that opened a new world of verisimilitude, but he gave it all up at age 43 to become a Carthusian monk and thereafter devoted his talents to decorating the monastery with undistinguished religious paintings.

Although we cannot know precisely what Sánchez Cotán felt or what he wanted us to feel as he focused his incredibly discerning eye on even the humblest products of nature, his passionate attention to physical reality can still revivify not only the way we look today at paintings, but also the way we look at the natural world. He presents his subjects as if making an offering, forcing their forms up against the edge of his carefully defined setting and challenging the absolute two-dimensionality of the picture plane. After viewing one of Sánchez Cotán's still lifes the temptation to run to the market and look again at foods we might previously have taken for granted is very strong, and no simple cabbage or melon can ever again seem quite so ordinary.

Our knowledge of the heritage of Spanish still life really begins with the work of Sánchez Cotán, a Toledan, and that of his followers, including the

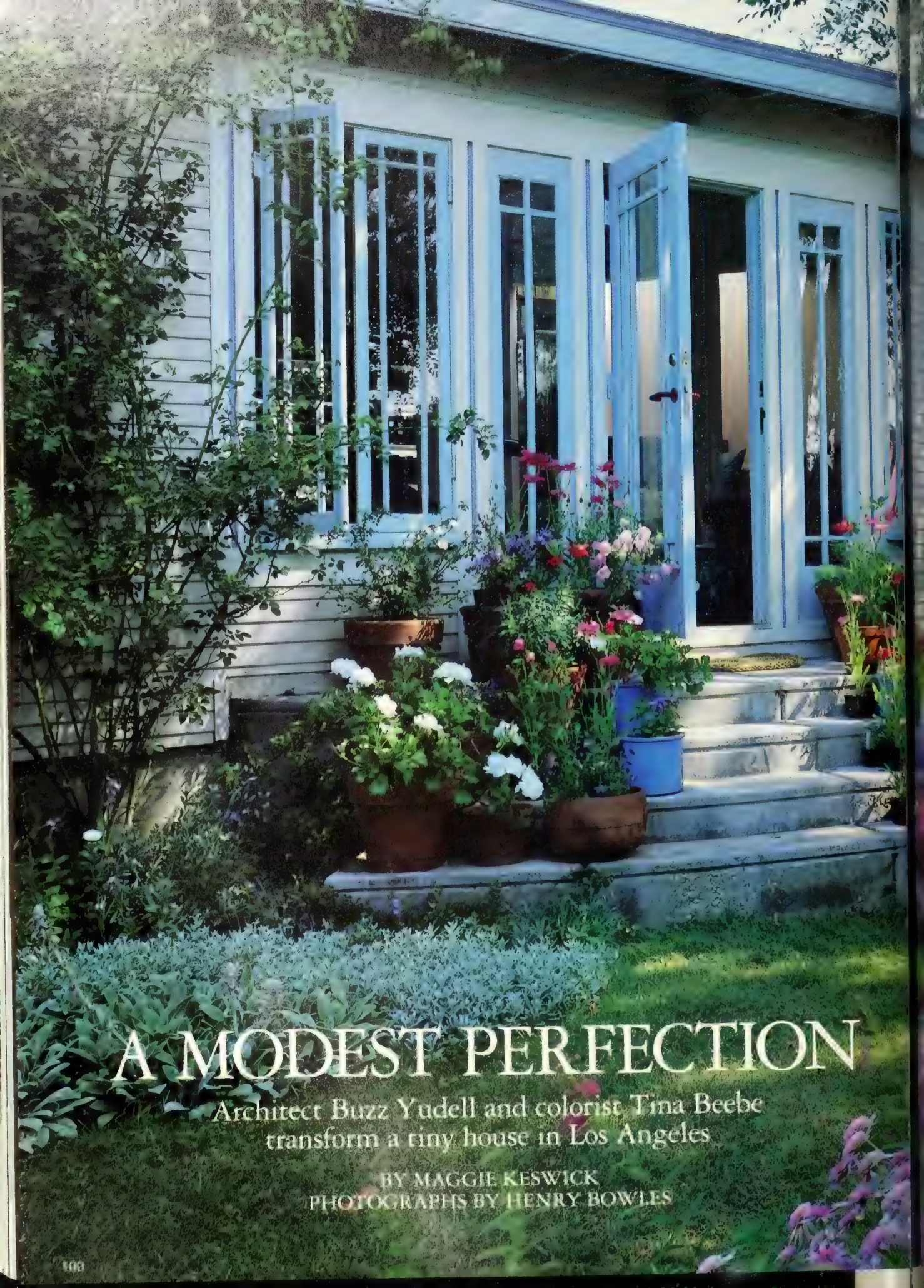




Madrilenian painters such as Juan van der Hamen y León (1596–1631), Cristóbal Ramírez de Arrellano (active in the 1630s or 1640s), or Antonio de Pereda (1611–78). These Spanish art-revolutionaries were not specialists. They brought to their inanimate subjects an intensity that matched the fervor they applied, often far less successfully, to religious subjects. Their style of still-life painting, a genre that was new throughout Europe at the time, shows itself to be peculiarly Spanish and motivated by intentions quite distinct from those which inspired Dutch still-life painters, who celebrated mundane subjects for their familiarity, or Italian artists, who immortalized the fecundity of life. Sánchez Cotán and his countrymen portrayed lifelike subjects with a static precision that sustained a spirit of peace and serenity even as it also rewarded the scientific eye. These Spanish artists kept their images close to life scale, but their attention to detail surpasses normal vision, especially as it is dramatized in minimal settings with raking light against inpenetrable black backgrounds. The complex silhouettes of each component—Sánchez Cotán's cardoons, van der Hamen's pastries, Arrellano's grapes, and Pereda's walnuts—are sharply defined, but the fully modeled illusion of three-dimensionality is equally intense. As a result, the paintings maintain an incredible degree of timeless serenity, even as they are made up of lively groupings of inanimate objects that continue to appear very familiar today.

But, as with every neat generalization, there is always the exception, and among Spanish artists at the beginning of the seventeenth century the Sevillian Diego Velázquez (1599–1660) was exceptional indeed. And his efforts in the radical new still-life genre raised the stakes considerably. Unlike his contemporaries, when Velázquez tried his hand at still-life subjects he combined the genre with history painting by also including the human figure, making what the Spanish called at the time *bodegones,* but what today we might term "inter- *(Text continued on page 166)*

Quince, Cabbage, Melon, and Cucumber, Juan Sánchez Cotán. San Diego Museum of Art.



A MODEST PERFECTION

Architect Buzz Yudell and colorist Tina Beebe transform a tiny house in Los Angeles

BY MAGGIE KESWICK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES



Overflowing the irregular borders on each side of the front gate are scabiosa—blue, crimson, pink, and white. In pots on the steps outside the house grow miniature roses, the pink-veined petunia 'Apple Blossom', Shirley poppies, and a pale blue flax.



The sitting terrace in the most private corner of the garden, *above,* is paved with brick loosely laid in a pattern of squares to surround small shiny green tiles and soft green cushions of erodium. Tina Beebe's luminously painted floor, *opposite,* reflects light upward to increase the feeling of space and unite different parts of the house. The low table is made of glass blocks.

An unpretentious building is a difficult thing to get right today. From time to time in the last thirty years even major architectural practices like Skidmore, Owings and Merrill have made a play of modesty and the search for a "background architecture," which pre-Modern builders, working within a tradition, once managed unselfconsciously. Functionalism aimed to create a well-tuned environment in which other things could happen, while in the sixties Charles Moore—who first trained Robert Yudell and Tina Beebe at Yale and now works in partnership with them—pioneered a new vernacular of easily available materials which affected a whole generation of designers in America. The trouble today is that real vernacular is so debased, and architects' vernacular so quirky. On the one hand are little suburban homes carrying the full weight of design manifestos; on the other, the all too 'umble products of Robert Venturi's pursuit of the "ordinary and ugly."

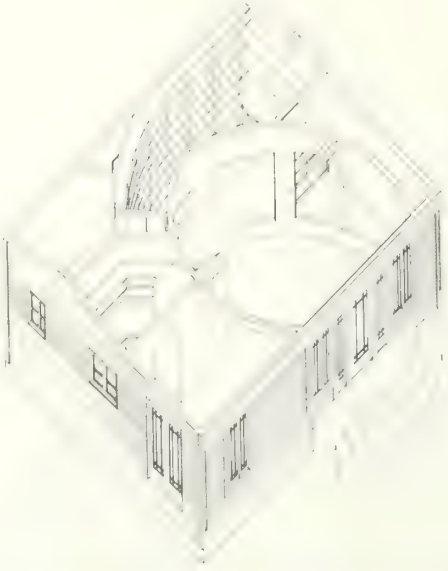
Robert Yudell's work with Moore Ruble Yudell includes St. Matthew's Church in Pacific Palisades, a large housing project for Berlin, and an art institute for San Antonio. His wife, Tina Beebe, describes herself ambiguously as a Color Consultant, a career that has little to do with choosing cushion covers and at present involves her in a master plan to unify the architectural development of Irvine



The bed, elongated to twelve feet, is covered with the same cotton as the seating banquettes that continue the elliptical curve around to the entrance windows on the right, *above*. The old ceilings have been removed so that the room rises to the full pitch of the roof. *Below:* Axonometric plan.

Ranch in Southern California.

In remodeling this tiny pavilion, anchored like a pleasure barge among ranunculus and roses, the Yudells did not set out to change the world. Their concerns were practical and specific and centered chiefly on how to enable two adults to live harmoniously, for an unspecified number of years, in a space somewhat smaller than most people's living rooms. The property they bought in Ocean Park lies a little inland from the coast, between



the beach bungalows of Santa Monica and the racy refurbishments of Venice. Originally developed for vacation cottages, by Los Angeles plot sizes the entire area was substandard and this bungalow, thrown together for renting in the forties, stands on one half of one of these plots: even in this unpretentious area it was described by the realtors as a "tear-down in the backyard." What makes it unique is the sensitivity of its transformation, and the ingenious spatial planning

The view from the "library" across the open space of the ellipse, *above,* to the "dining room" makes full use of all the available space. Light floods in from the garden windows on the left. *Below:* A floor-to-ceiling mirror, left, reflects the bedroom wall's curving bookshelves. The secret door leads into the bathroom.

that makes its smallness a delight.

Like all complex achievements that seem effortless, this one required a rigorous reassessment of how the owners wanted to live. Their priorities were as unpretentious as the house: a good façade to come home to, a place in which to entertain friends, and plenty of book space. In addition, the building itself was pressed tightly into a corner of the street-side fence leaving, once they had removed



thirty tons of concrete from it, an L-shaped yard in which to make a garden.

It would be impossible now to think of the house without it. Indeed at first sight the new façade seems no more than a simple clapboard background of gray, pink, and cream that complements the flowery display from which it rises. On better acquaintance it reveals itself as a carefully considered composition of modest but elegantly pro-

(Text continued on page 158)



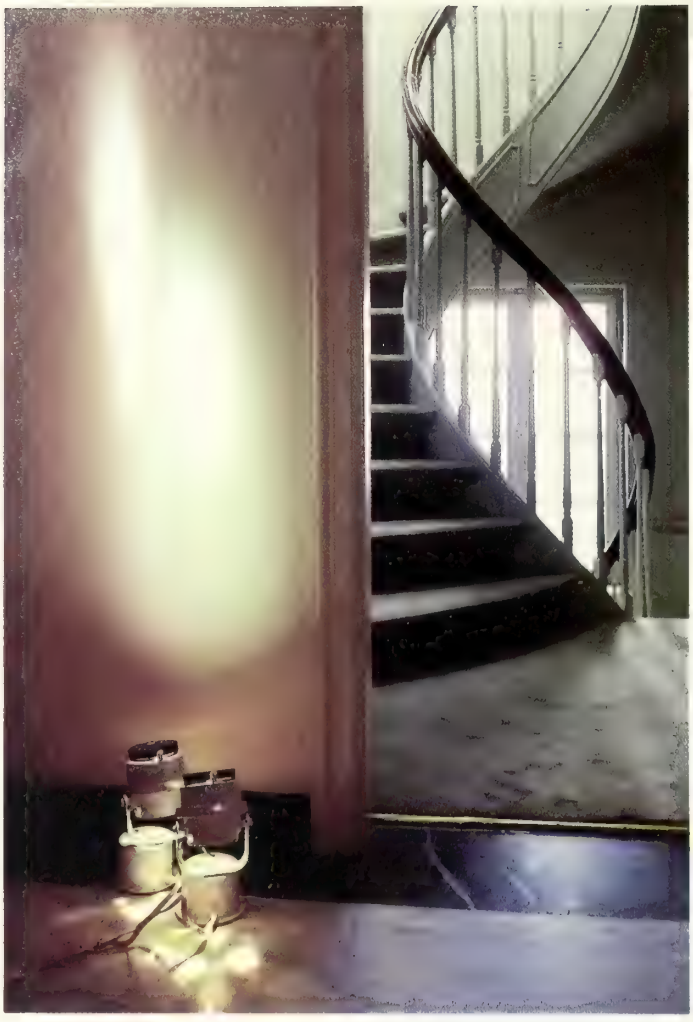
STRICT AND SENSITIVE

Designer Peter Preller creates interiors that are a perfect fit for fashion designer Jil Sander

BY MARIE-PAULE PELLÉ PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN GINSBURG



In the dining room: table and console designed by Peter Preller, snakeskin chairs from Karl Springer, an Art Deco *lampadaire,* a pastel by Cy Twombly, 1925 French appliqués by Perzel, 19th-century Japanese vases, Tiffany candlesticks with flowers arranged by Hide.



Two colored spots, *left,* play their own modern art game on the wall beside the main stairs. *Opposite:* Candlesticks designed by Peter Preller, bowl and vases in *pâte-de-verre* compose a kitchen still life.

A major fashion force in her native Germany, Jil Sander has in twelve short years made her name the symbol of an immediately recognizable style—refined, discreet, chic, simple. Hard work and a generous helping of talent have brought her from the small village of Weselburen near the North Sea to Hamburg by way of textile engineering studies, a few years at UCLA, a stint as a fashion editor at *McCall's,* a collaboration with the best German fashion magazines, and finally her own firm.

Almost equal to her love of fashion is her affection for the neighborhood where she opened her first boutique—Pöseldorf—and her admiration for the man who turned dilapidated Pöseldorf into the smartest neighborhood in Hamburg, the antiques dealer Eduard Brikama. Under his guidance a simple garage became a delightful *hôtel particulier.* Thus Jil Sander was able to find her house hidden in a jungle of greenery two steps from the Alster River. At this point another person enters the story: Peter Preller, a longtime friend of Sander's.

"Jil is one of the rare people who know exactly what they want, and above all, is capable of total trust, an ideal client for a designer. When she asked me to do her house she requested that it be strict and sensitive, rigorous but reflecting her femininity. It wasn't a question of tearing everything out but rather of redesigning to provide both the private and public areas she needs. And it had to be very up-to-date. Neither Jil nor I are attached to the demands of old stones: professionally we are focused on the present. The past only appears in Jil's house in the most subtle way, in objects that she chooses for herself with the utmost conviction. To this house I could bring everything that I like and apply my own philosophy in the best possible way."

Apprenticeship as a carpenter and work in naval shipyards gave Peter Preller his love of the well-finished object. "A house is just as demanding as a boat. Everything should be as perfect, as homogenous in form and color. Jil Sander does not like violent chromatic harmonies and to suit her the house is a haven of peace in colors and materials. Nothing excessive in order to show off her collection of contemporary art. The result: a house that makes its statement by its discretion.

"I love the classics. I admire Wright, Mies, Saarinen, the Bauhaus, and find Richard Sapper extraordinary! Without turning my back on today's fashions I often go the other way. When the progressives turn to the amusing Italian school of Memphis, I'll choose the opposite: round, full, peaceful forms. It's a sort of solid cocktail that I wanted to make for Jil's house because we share a point of view that we refer to as classical avant-garde." □





A Cy Twombly drawing hangs over the sofa in the main living room, and next to it a Paladino. The chaise longue in the foreground, inspired by Biedermeier furniture, was created by Hulda Seidewinkel; the chair by Eric Jacobson. Choice pieces from Jil Sander's collection of Gallé glass are distributed throughout the room.

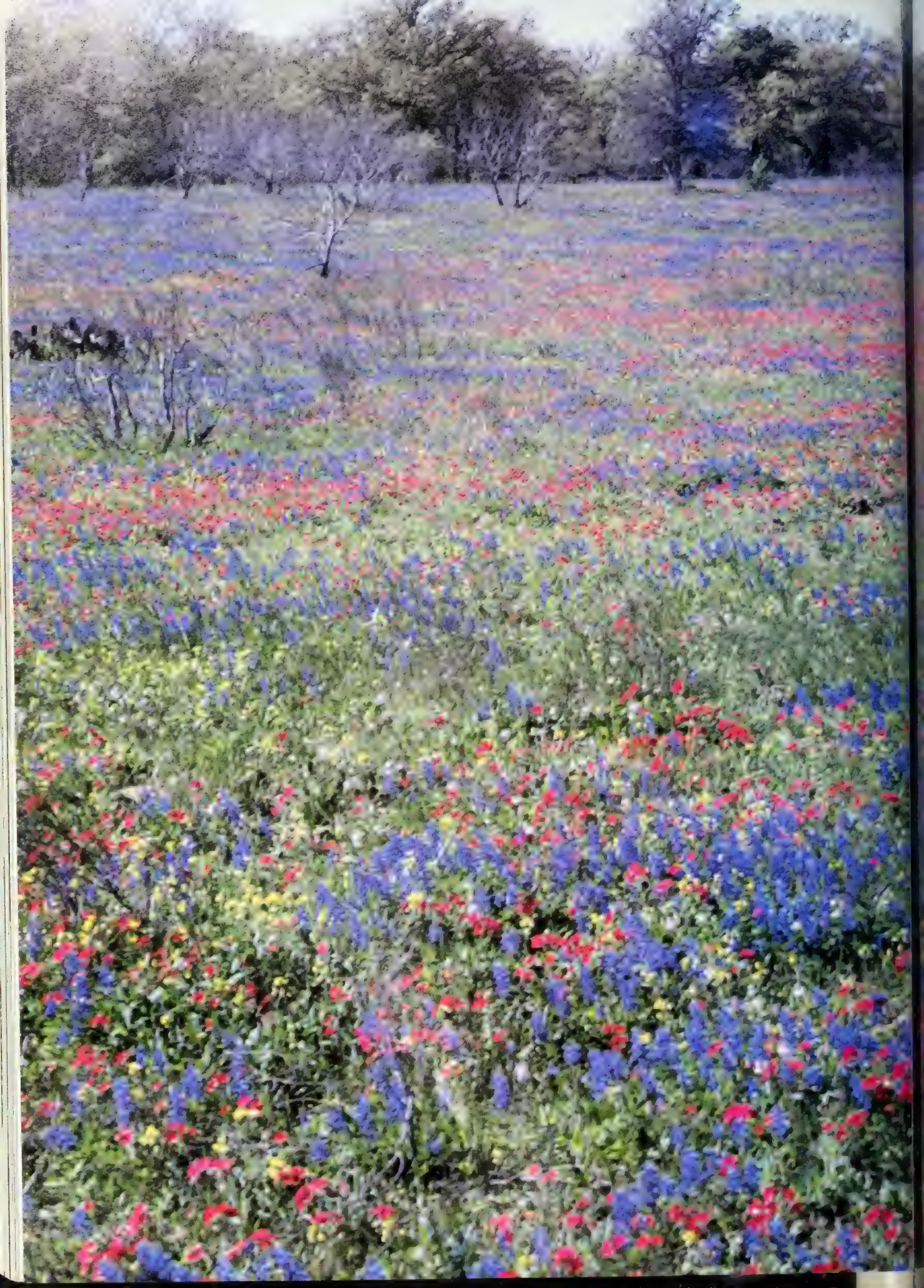




Double framing for the window in the master bedroom, *above:* Fortuny curtains, a pair of paintings by Paladino. *Below:* In the guest bedroom, built around the classic Knoll leather daybed, are an important Michael Buthe painting, a 19th-century Chinese chair, marble desk by Peter Preller, lamp by Kevin Gray, French taffeta curtains. *Opposite:* Marble birdseats by François-Xavier Lalanne.









CALL OF THE WILDFLOWERS

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

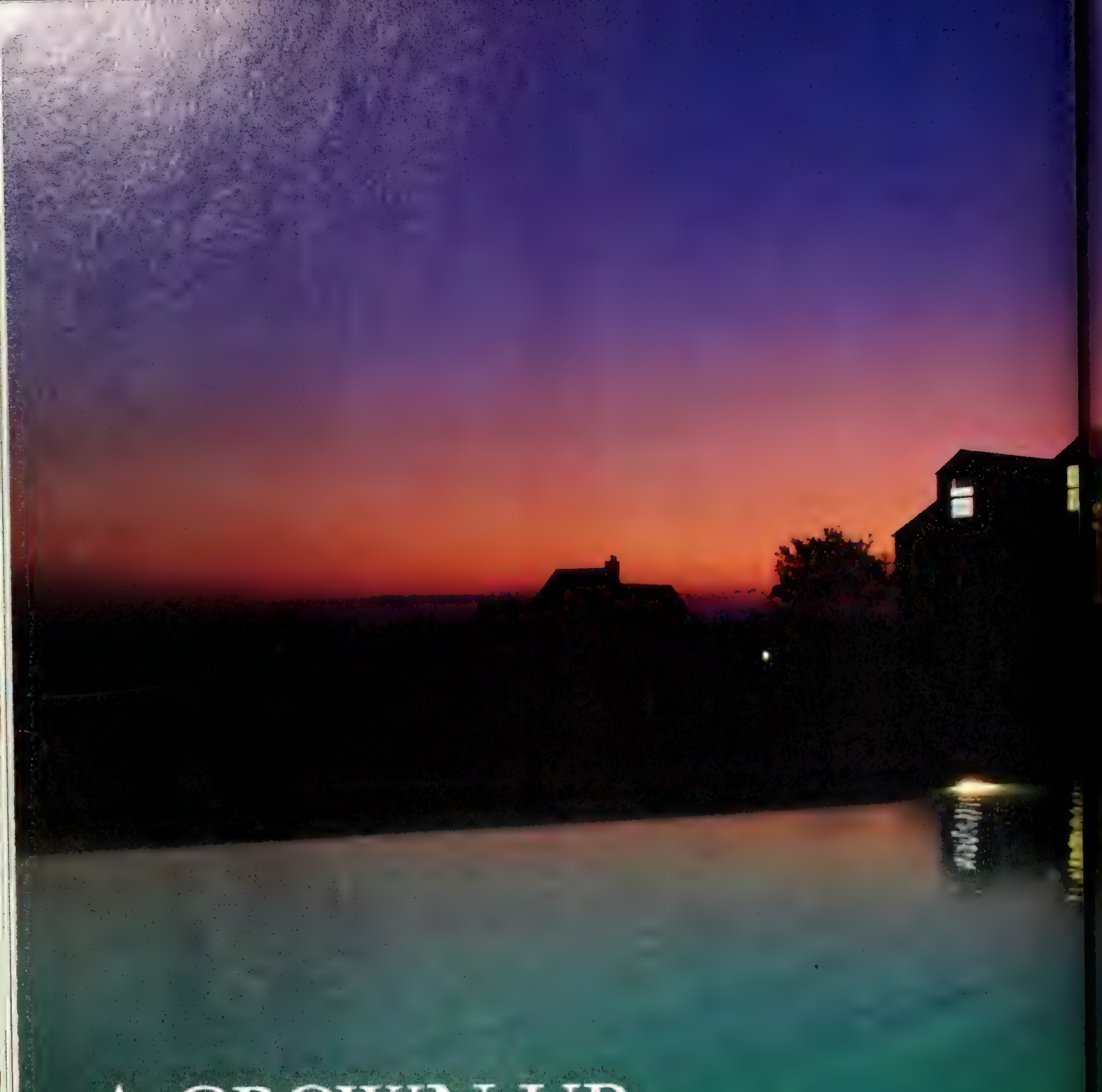
PHOTOGRAPH BY M. W. CARLTON

There is no doubt that growing a wildflower meadow is one of the finest and most uncommon of garden pleasures. I know you may say that what you want is a prairie or a grassland or a savannah, not a meadow, but let's not be picky. What I'm talking about is a garden grown in an open, sunny space, using forbs—a fancy name for wildflowers—and grasses. When you describe your blooming plot as a brilliant tapestry, however, you will find me willing to argue. A tapestry is carefully planned to yield a premeditated decorative pattern. It is far more like the perennial border than it is like a cultivated meadow. Every gardener collaborates with his plants to the extent that he makes it comfortable for them to grow, but only the meadow gardener allows the plants to collaborate in the design. For you must know that not all the wildflower seed you plant will come up, and plants that flower gloriously one year may disappear the next, to be replaced by a hitherto dormant species. You can, of course, control your materials to a certain extent by choosing forbs and grasses whose color, height, and form you wish to see together, but the pattern they create over time is largely up to them. The meadow gardener is more like the process-painter, who dribbles layer after layer of pigment on the canvas, until with his help, the materials have expressed themselves.

Until a decade ago, it was only highway departments and conservationists that did this sort of thing, the former for roadway beautification and the latter to restore endangered landscapes. Gardeners caught on late but fast, and like their forerunners, they can be divided into two groups. Group one wants beauty first, botany after. Its members are supplied by the same mail-order seed companies that stocked the highway departments, though the range of products now offered to the general public is more than copious. You can buy premixed meadow seed in a can, in a sack, in a bag, in a pliable plastic stick like a soup mix, even on greeting cards. There are tall mixes, short mixes, Texas mixes, Alaska mixes, international mixes, mixes for every region of the country, dryland mixes, annual mixes, grass mixes, even mixes that are supposed to grow anywhere. The firms will tell you where and how to plant the seed, and one will even provide you with a computer-designed custom mix for your unique location.

When you mention this consumer fantasyland to members of group two, they may react as though you had made an indecent suggestion, notwithstanding the *(Text continued on page 155)*

Bluebonnets and Indian paintbrushes in Central Texas. For a story on the photographer, wildflower grower M.W. Carlton, see Garden Pleasures.



A GROWN-UP COTTAGE

On Long Island, a glazed-and-gridded tower enhances two barns converted by architect Carlos Brillembourg with Jonathan Lanman

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MADERE





New windows transform the barns into a lantern, *preceding pages,* seen from across the pool. *Above:* Ladderlike trellis brings the dining pavilion outside and the picturesque porch in. *Opposite:* The staircase by master woodworker Michael Reilly grandly sashays skyward, pausing at a bedroom landing before reaching the tower. *Overleaf:* Pattern plays off pattern in the brilliant open space of the larger barn. Windowpane-cast beams of early morning light spill across and uplight textures of shingles, rafters, beams, balusters, and beaded board. Red tables were designed by Carlos Brillembourg.

During a drive on Long Island, last autumn, we saw with pain and mortification, the suburban villa of a wealthy citizen, a narrow, unmistakable 'six-story brick', which seemed, in its forlornness and utter want of harmony with all about it, as if it had strayed from out of town in a fit of insanity and had lost the power of getting back." Though they mirror modern sentiments, these comments were neither excerpted from a conversation with architect Carlos Brillembourg nor lifted from the diary his client might have kept during the building of his country house in Sagaponack on eastern Long Island. In fact, this condition was reported well over a century ago by Andrew Jackson Downing, in his time the preeminent tastemaker and writer on landscape gardening and domestic architecture. Though in 1850 he was referring to the suburban houses springing up on western Long Island, his observation was prescient for all the Island. Particularly in the Hamptons, once a wholly rural area, it is as if those many potato fields earmarked for sale or developed in the past few years, no longer nourished by regular tilling and fertilization, have by some malediction incubated a mutant strain of house seed that is so vigorous and fast-growing it can no longer be held back.

That there was a slight contradiction inherent in wanting a private and peaceful country house in the Hamptons probably occurred to Brillembourg's client only after he had purchased two acres of land surrounded by smaller plots ripe for just the kind of development he sought to escape. For along with its potato-field heritage, this property offered an irresistible bonus—two shingled barns, one larger than the other, placed end to end toward the northern edge of the property. The client recognized in these native structures the base for a house that would evoke the best of the Hamptons from "then," harmonize with its older neighbors in the gentle landscape, and easily hold its own against future encroachers, which, true to form, have sprouted all around the house.

For Carlos Brillembourg *(Text continued on page 168)*







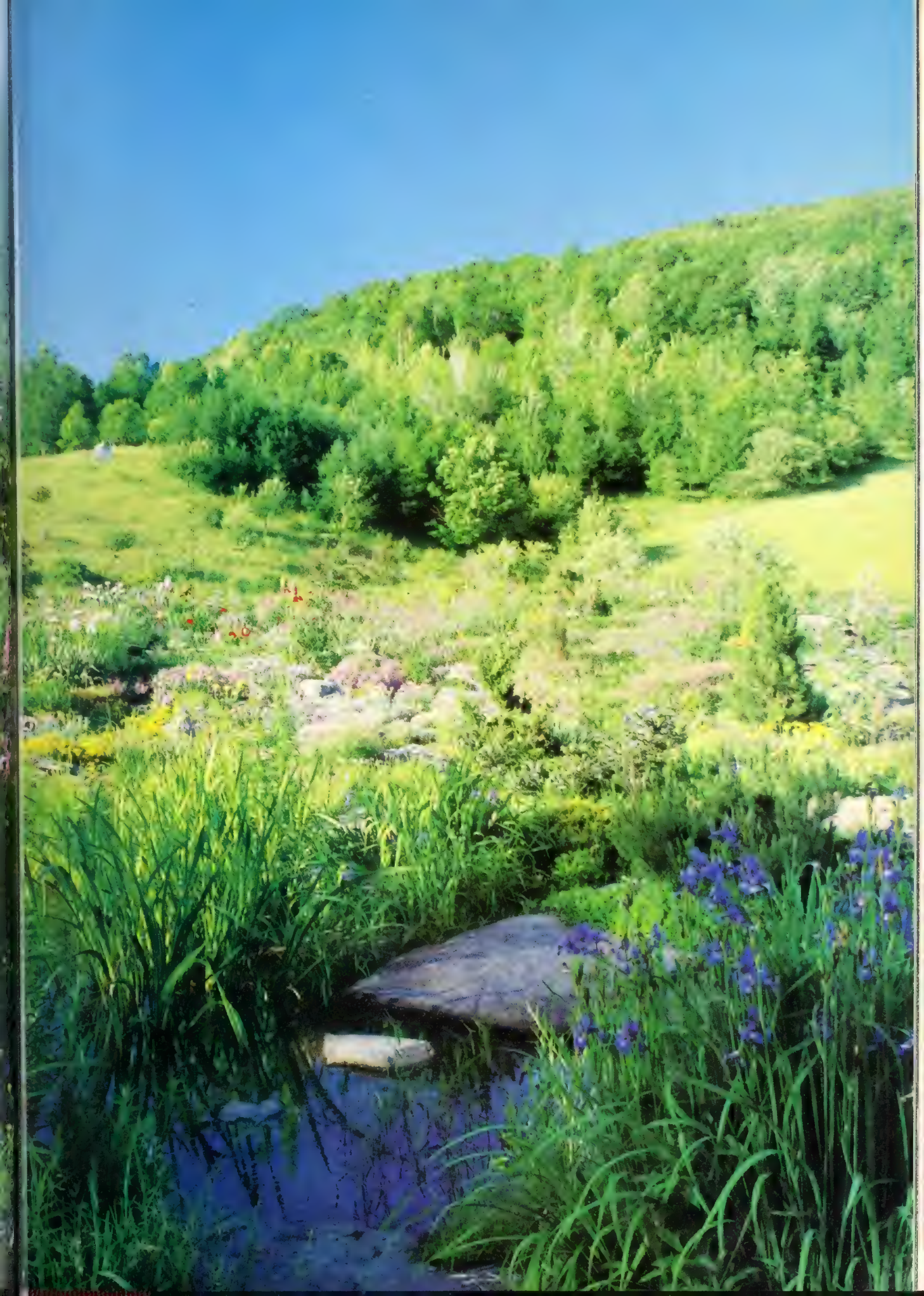




Master bedroom, tower, and dormers, *top,* all in white clapboard, pop up and out from the shingled barns like spring-loaded toy boxes. *Above:* Under the interior gazebo, dining can be a year-round springtime picnic. *Opposite:* Standing like guardhouses at the deep end of the pool are twin cabanas for pool equipment and a changing room.




THE GARDEN
THAT JUST GREW
PETER MARGONELLI





The little pond in Pat Thorpe's garden, *preceding pages, left,* fringed with Siberian iris and sweet flag, blooms later with other hardy natives—cardinal flower, clethra, wild rice. *Preceding pages, right:* High woods and a bowl of meadows ring the rock garden spangled with June flowers. Bob Lobe's arklike sculpture peers down from the far field.

Obedient plant, coneflower and sweet rocket, lupine, foxglove, and peony—these old-fashioned perennials are the first flowers Pat Thorpe planted in her weekend garden on a hill in Otsego County, New York, ten years ago. Today, more than three hundred perennial species overflow the small walls and deep beds. Otsego County, fifty miles west of Albany, is farmland, much of it stony and steep, some of it abandoned long ago for flatter places. But many farmhouse gardens remain: clumps, dots, and rows of plants at doors, around outbuildings, and in a straight and narrow border along the nearest fence. These American "cottage gardens" are less luxuriant than their British counterparts because, when the thermometer falls to thirty degrees below zero for weeks, there is a smaller range of plants to grow. Only the occasional hardy sweet pea, Concord grape, or stand of summer phlox and black-eyed Susan hints at the horn-of-plenty feeling of English cottage gardens: tangles of flowers, annual and perennial, ranging in appearance from the sublime to the cheerfully ridiculous. A gardener on these cold windy hills has to be brilliantly inventive to duplicate the effect of flower-heaped English cottage beds, or the more sophisticated cascading walls of Gertrude Jekyll's book, *Wall, Water and Woodland Gardens.* It also helps to have, as Pat Thorpe does, a bad case of "plant envy"—the desire to try to grow everything in everyone else's garden.

Set behind a white frame farmhouse and a crumbling barn, Pat Thorpe's garden has the openness of those upstate "yards" and the richness of Gertrude Jekyll's planted dry walls. Jekyll's style depended on a deliberate mixture of familiar and exotic plants, and she often used the hardy little flowers that, in her day, were no longer grown anywhere but in a cottage garden. Pat Thorpe's first cottage flowers were simply handed to her by her neighbors as newly dug gifts from their own gardens—how could she say no? At that time many of these offerings were "mystery plants," and identifying them wasn't



An abundance of rocks led to yards of stone wall. *Above:* A mere shelf of a bed overflows with variegated ribbon grass, *Dianthus deltoides,* and veronica. Harison's yellow rose blooms with iris against a background of baptisia and *Rosa rubrifolia. Opposite:* In high summer, this garden of less than an acre has hundreds of different plants in flower. Yucca candles and bunches of yellow verbascum are silhouetted against the top of the dam.

easy. Many were not in the nursery catalogues then and often she had to wait, Pat says, "until somebody's grandmother walked in and said, 'Oh, ragged robin!'"

Most of these plants proved so successful that they still form the backbone of her garden design. To them Pat Thorpe has added Gertrude Jekyll's "signature plants," the yucca and the giant mullein; wild plants; big tall soldiers like the spearlike snakeroot (*Cimicifuga racemosa*); a haze of smaller flowers—campanulas, dianthus, geum, and trollius; and several self-sowing annuals and biennials—digitalis, calendula; matricaria. Pat likes the angular, airy, odd, and refreshing; many of the things she grows, like *Thalictrum aquilegifolium* or *Coreopsis verticillata,* have leaves and stalks as beautiful as their flowers. One bed, borrowing a phrase from Unamuno, is called the "semillero de horrores," or the "seedbed of horrors." There Pat sows seed she and her husband, Harold Stults, have collected wherever they have traveled—in the Alps, in South America—from plants they have never seen in bloom, so they have no idea what to expect.

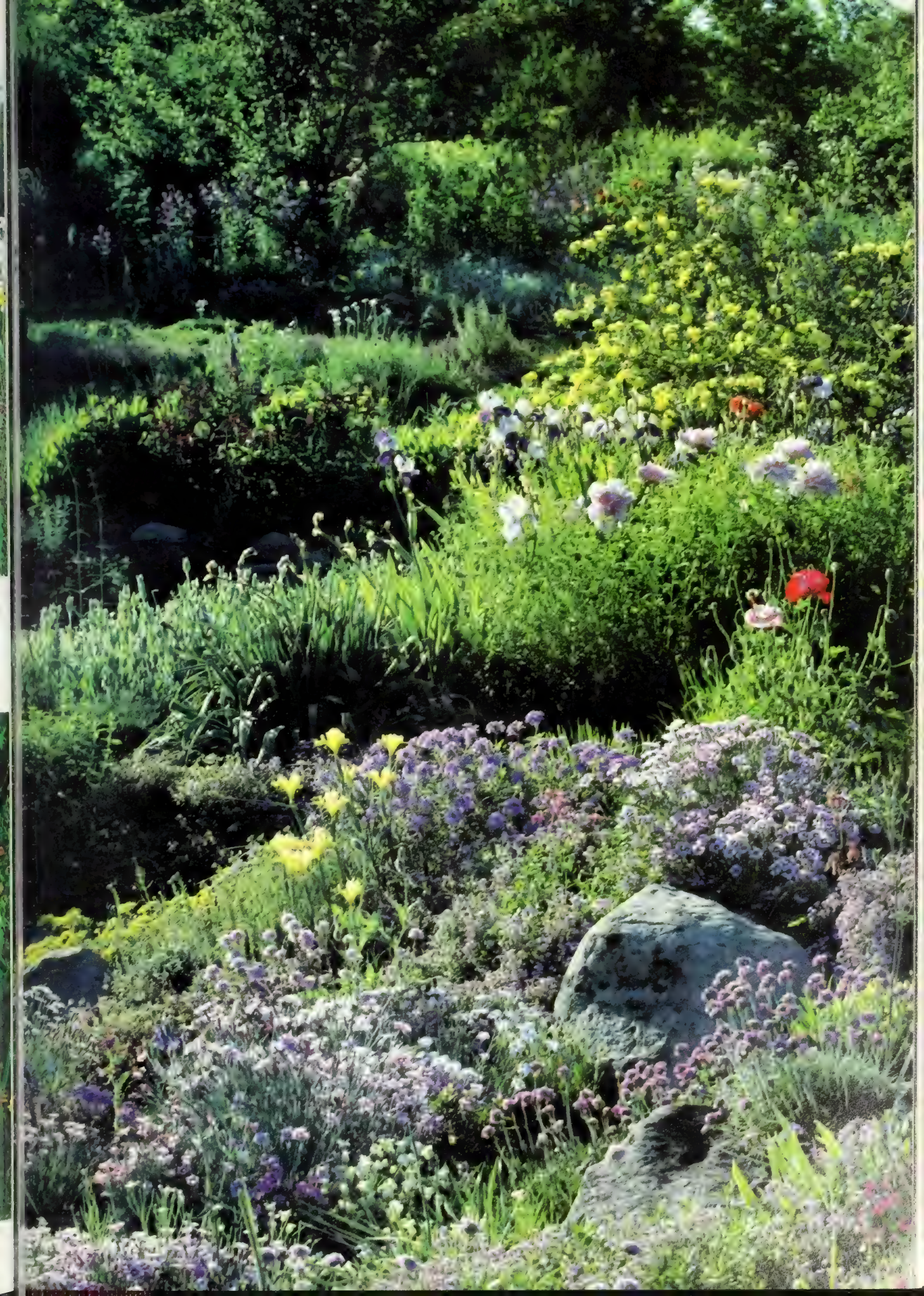
Pat and Harold bought the farm in 1972, but the garden didn't begin to take shape until 1975. By that time horticulture had taken over her life completely and she had become a professional florist in Manhattan. ("Foxgloves"—she grows more than ten species of digitalis—is the name of her firm.) It's startling to notice that there are almost no conventional "cutting flowers" in the garden, and that the beautiful and original floral arrangements she does in town have the same airiness of outline that her plantings do. The garden, her knowledge of horticulture—and her husband's enthusiasm for rocks—all luckily grew together. She started with herbs, both annual and perennial, as book after book of garden advice told her how herbs loved terrible soil.

The herb garden was successful, so they ventured farther up the hill toward the desolate three-story chicken house that still frowned over the crest like, Pat says, "a visitor from Appalachia." *(Text continued on page 168)*



In herb garden, *above,* artemisia, drumstick alium, and creeping thyme grow with American wildflowers like butterfly weed. *Below* Orange and yellow fill this classic border; thistle-like knops of *Centaurea macrocephala* stand behind yellow tiger lilies and matricaria. *Opposite* The rock garden, begun only five years ago, is now a flood of dianthus, armeria, columbines, *Silene maritima,* verbenas, and sedums. Shirley poppies nod among fluffy seed-heads of early pulsatilla.





BY ARTISTS FOR ARTISTS

David Ireland and Robert Wilhite's Jade Garden in Washington, D.C.

BY DENISE DOMERGUE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES



Black lacquered table and chairs by Robert Wilhite sit in front of his lamp, which illuminates David Ireland's Twomblyesque wall treatment. Ireland stripped door on right to show all former layers of paint.



The Jade Garden is everything its name conjures up and not in the least what one would expect. Tucked into an unlikely corner of central Washington, D.C., it effectively spirits the visitor away from the jostling and din of the city politic to a tranquil, labyrinthine sanctuary of polished celadon. Not at all precious or extravagant, it is rather a paragon of Zen "sublime austerity" and an extremely practical place. The fittings of a fully equipped apartment are put to the service of the occupant and his quotidian rituals. From all too prosaic origins—450 square feet of abandoned washroom on the second floor of the old W.T. Grant five-and-dime building now devoted to galleries and dance studios—California artists Robert Wilhite and David Ireland wrought an astonishing and ironical metamorphosis. Their assignment: to construct out of the most uncharismatic, nondescript little square room a permanent, functional, site-specific "sculpture" that would serve as an apartment/studio/retreat for national and international artists invited to sojourn at the Washington Project for the Arts.

This two-pronged project was the brainchild of Jock Reynolds, an artist himself and executive director of the W.P.A. (The Washington Project for the Arts is a nonprofit artists' organization and showcase for experimentation by artists involved in visual and performance art, media arts, dance, music, and literature.) "We wanted to create a situation," Reynolds explains, "where visiting artists would have the time to think, conduct research, and talk with other artists in the community with no constraints or pressures whatsoever to produce anything." Reynolds had also given much thought to the issue of the transitory nature of most installation-oriented art. Since its founding in 1975, the W.P.A. has sponsored 52 commissions of temporarily displayed public art, so the staff is no stranger to the exhausting effort and frustration that such art, by its very ephemeral status, can often engender. Reynolds melded these two concerns, assuring the feasibility of the artists' residency program and at the same time, creating a practical environmental piece that would be ongoing. For this he sought out West Coast artists Robert Wilhite and David Ireland.

Los Angeles–based sculptor Robert Wilhite has eschewed the notion of "art for art's sake" and his work has intentionally teetered between aestheticism and functionality. A skip through his career shows a progression from early conceptual pieces that summoned up sculptural environments through hypnotic suggestion, to performance pieces with quasi-functional props, to wildly inventive musical instruments or "sound sculptures," to impeccably conceived and crafted furniture.

"I deal with the idea of furniture in the same way as I do sculpture. I strip down furniture to its essence where proportions and line are perfect—and to the rudiments of sculpture—to basic geometry, and then combine the two so that each reference becomes intertwined. I like the tension created by walking that fine line between what is conceived of as art and what is conceived of as non-art, function, and non-function." His furniture varies from simple "three-dimensional line drawings in space" to interplays of planes and lacquered volumes. He adheres to a rigorous yet elegant and refined simplicity. Craftsmanship is subordinated to the concept. For him, it is "something that must be unquestioned, that must disappear into the piece until it is not an issue."



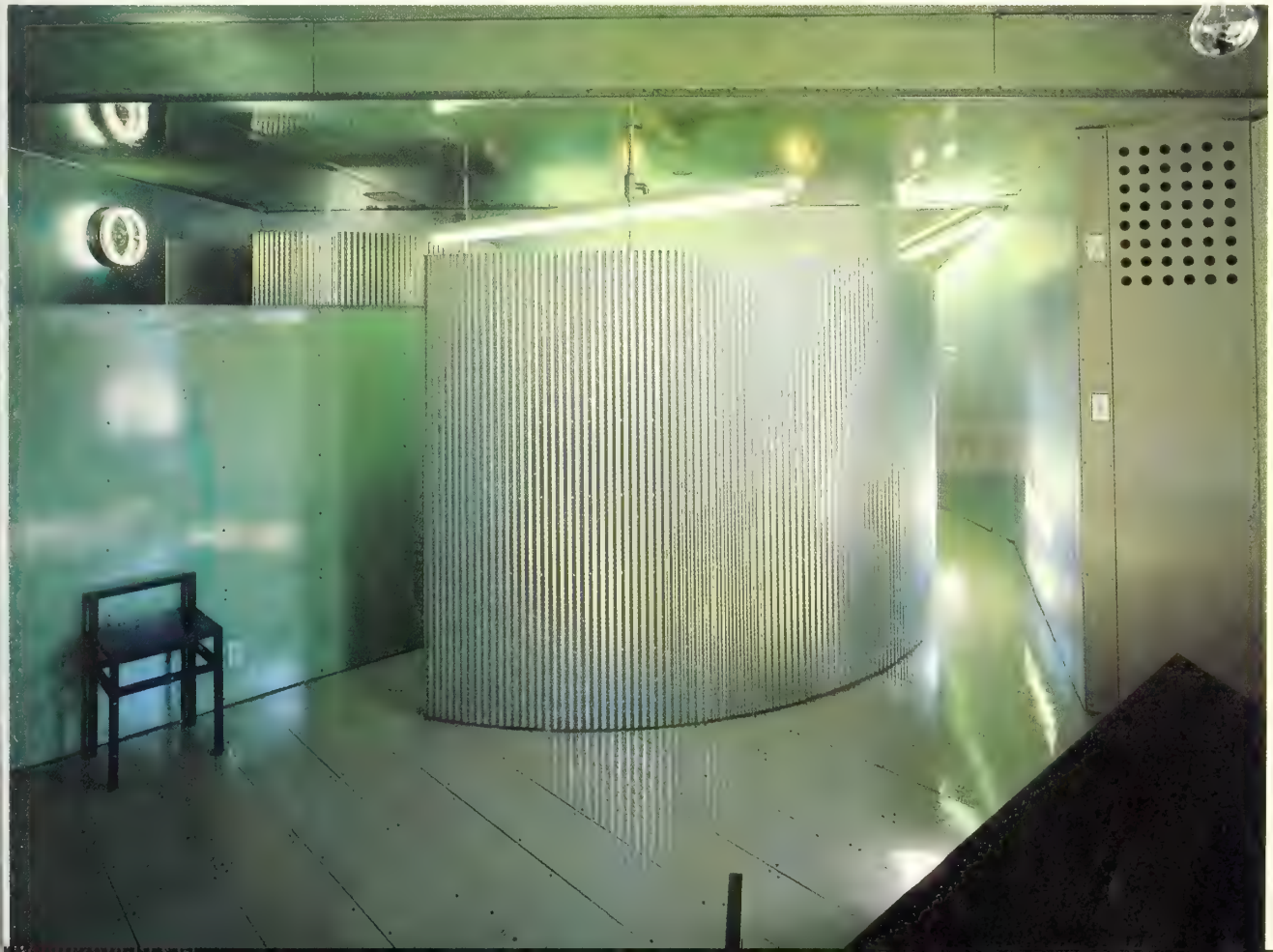
Ireland made ceiling lamp, *above*, of copper plumbing pipe with porcelain fixture. *Opposite top:* A view into kitchen whose shape is defined by partition of corrugated galvanized sheet metal. *Below:* Bathroom is on other side of green waterproof dry-wall partition. The plywood floor and partitions were done on a diagonal to give a sense of space and everything covered in high-gloss polyurethane to give jewellike quality.

David Ireland is best known for his singular architectural transformations. The remarkable Victorian house where he resides in San Francisco's Mission District is a living archaeological monument lovingly excavated by him. The "relics" and "social accessories" (old wallpaper, brooms, collections of string and rubber bands . . .) are modified, rearranged, and displayed as testimonials to the homely, incremental passage of its inhabitants through time. The house has been picked clean of layers of decorative elements, moldings included, to a point just short of disquieting and preserved under a satiny patina of polyurethane. However, the elusive edginess that invests the house becomes warm with its shrines of assembled artifacts, and eloquent with echoes of the unassuming rituals of one hundred years of daily living and of Ireland's intimate selective social anthropology.

Ireland transformed another house nearby, this time inside and out, into "an architectural light sculpture equipped for living." It is now known as the Capp Street Project and lends its versatile drama to an artists' residency program, lodging three or four artists per year commissioned to do a project in or on the site. In a city obsessed with its own period prettiness, Ireland's reductive approach to architecture refocuses the sense of past and present, giving a humanistic character and depth to otherwise trite and purely cosmetic notions of "restoration."

Although they had never previously collaborated, Reynolds was convinced that "these two guys would probably cook up the most interesting thing possible . . . Collaboration can be disastrous, but it was something about their sensibilities that made me think it would







Reflected in the only mirror in the apartment, *above,* over the sink in the kitchen, is the sculptural effect of different partition heights and bed designed by Wilhite. Uzzolo in Washington, D.C., has contributed all the linens and appliances for the space. *Opposite:* Three kinds of lights glow off many surfaces: hanging bulb with silvered globe, fluorescent tube, and circular incandescent. Plywood floor has been stained gray and partially rubbed out.

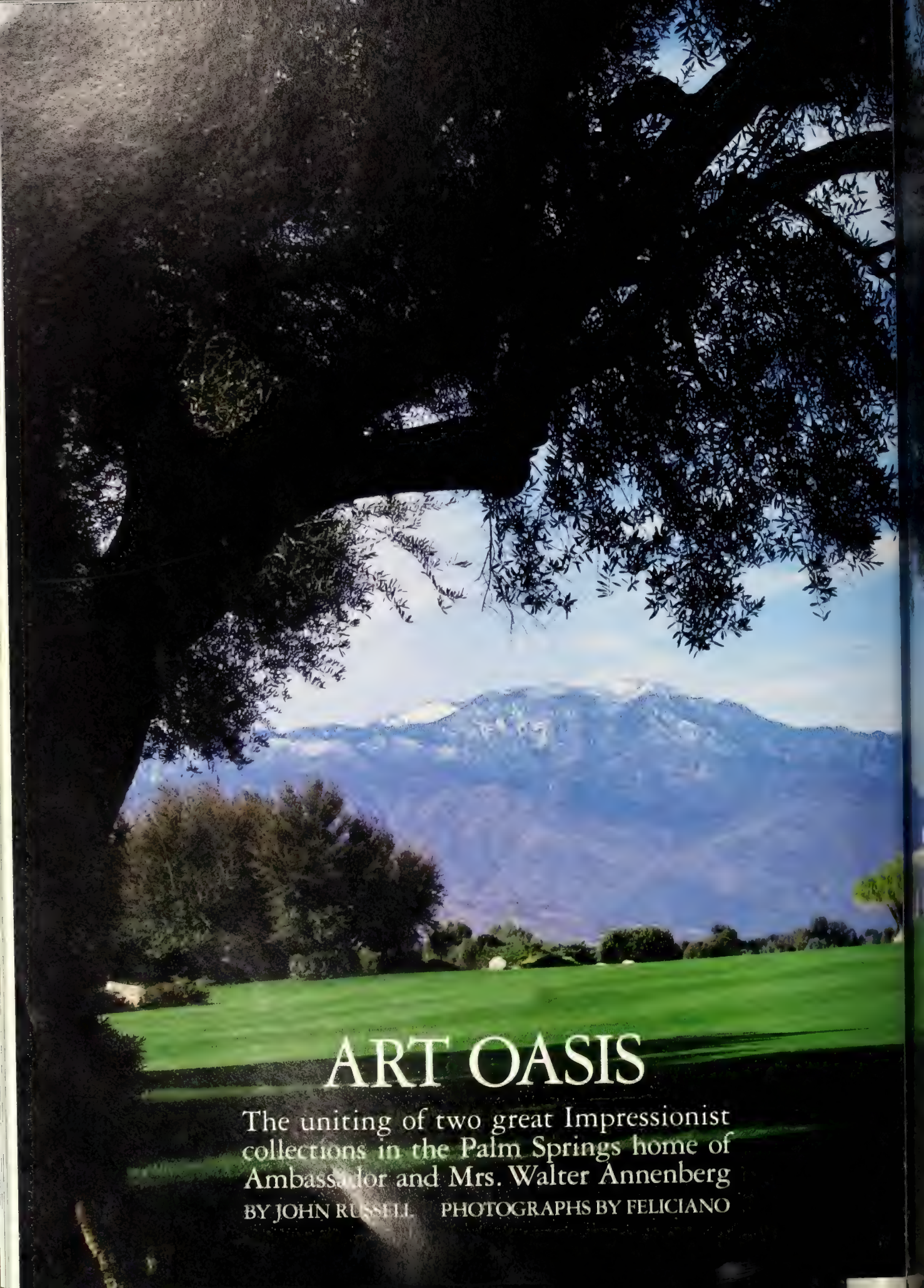
work." The two artists began by getting acquainted with the site. For months they haunted Washington's museums, roamed its streets, steeped themselves in its history. They tossed about ideas ranging from projecting the room outside the windows to theatrical arrangements of log-cabin Americana. In the end, their plan of action was a direct response to Washington's imposing Federal façades: their sober solidity and didactic grandeur would be in perfect counterbalance to the intuitive, unaffected, almost serendipitous feel of the solution.

At first, that intractable old "sow's ear" of a washroom resisted Ireland's inclinations to acknowledge the history of a place. Undistinguished by any salient feature, it did, however, have one quality that he liked. All the windows save one had been boarded up and the last was covered in plastic that diffused the light. "We sat around on upside-down five-gallon pails and stared at it," Ireland recalls. To recapture that light quality became "a question of integrity." Removing the boards in the overfenestrated space during the process of reconstruction nearly obliterated that possibility, but Ireland managed to bring that quality back.

Rather than having a back-door entrance, they decided to enhance the idea of "installation piece." They situated the entrance in the W.P.A. itself and thus made the artists' apartment integral with the gallery's activities. A few feet were borrowed from the gallery to create and lengthen a hallway of corrugated sheet metal. The windows were blocked off with curved corrugated walls, and slit horizontally to allow a controlled amount of light to illuminate the passage. Two windows were retained and they framed a felicitously direct view of the National Archives as a stately, paradigmatic reminder of the wealth of information and resources that lay outside.

The curved corridor narrows slightly toward its end. "Coming through this *(Text continued on page 164)*





ART OASIS

The uniting of two great Impressionist collections in the Palm Springs home of Ambassador and Mrs. Walter Annenberg

BY JOHN RUSSELL PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO



Much in favor with heads of state, and with other persons variously famous, for its comfort, its security, its exemplary golf course and its no less exemplary hospitality, the Palm Springs property of the Hon. and Mrs. Walter H. Annenberg has lately acquired a second celebrity. Since the Annenbergs' collection of late French nineteenth-century painting has been amalgamated with that of Walter Annenberg's sister, Mrs. Enid A. Haupt, it takes rank as one of the most remarkable holdings of its kind now in private hands in this country. "Amalgamation" may not be quite the right word, in that a certain amount of trimming and refining went into the present ensemble, but the collection as it now exists in Palm Springs is one in which Paul Cézanne, Paul Gauguin, Vincent van Gogh, and Georges Seurat look their best, with Edouard Manet, Auguste Renoir, Edgar Degas, and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec as eminent alternates. In more than one case, moreover, the paintings bought by Mr. Annenberg from Mrs. Haupt result in the kind of conjunction for which many a museum director would kill.

I first became aware of the Annenbergs as collectors when he was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Not only did they have very good French paintings in Winfield House, the ambassadorial residence in Regent's Park, but it became known to one or two people that he was interested to acquire more. He particularly liked the painting by Henri Rousseau called *Surprised!* that was one of the stars of the recent Rousseau show at The Museum of Modern Art. But while in negotiation with its then owner, the Philadelphia collector Henry Clifford, he discovered that the National Gallery in London, which had no Rousseau at that time, was also anxious to buy it. Not only did he withdraw, but he sent the National Gallery a check for $300,000 toward the cost of its purchase. (Among other acts of



The main house, *preceding pages,* of the Annenberg compound in Palm Springs, designed by architect A. Quincy Jones in 1965, sits on its own golf course. *Right:* Gauguin's *La Sieste,* 1894, which once belonged to Annenberg's sister, Enid A. Haupt.





In the atrium against a wall of porous Mexican rock hang some of the prizes of the collection, *left to right*: Van Gogh, *Les Oliviers, St.-Rémy*, 1889, and two Gauguin still lifes, *Three Tahitians*, 1896, and *Still Life with Fruit*, 1896; in the center, Gauguin's *La Sieste*; to its right, Cézanne's *Still Life with Melon and Pomegranates*, 1900–1906 and *Le Plat de Pommes*, 1877–79; and finally, van Gogh's *Women Gathering Olives*, 1889. In the foreground an Arp, *Simplicité Sineuse*, 1960. Furniture was done by the firm of William Haines.



friendship toward Great Britain, he sponsored what is undoubtedly the most beautiful book about Westminster Abbey that has been published in our lifetime.) Though not a collector in the manic, obsessive sense, he allows paintings to fire his imagination—"Unless I am excited by something, I don't want it in my house"—just as he sometimes gets galvanized by good causes that are related to art.

It was, for instance, largely as a result of a nine-year campaign by his newspaper, *The Philadelphia Inquirer,* that the Barnes Collection was forced to open to the public, in no matter how limited a way. And when he found that a heavily trafficked road now separates Claude Monet's house in Giverny from its garden, he paid for a pedestrian tunnel to be built beneath the road, thereby making the garden safer and more agreeable to get to.

There are also times when he can't wait to be rid of paintings that most people would be only too delighted to have. Not so long ago, for instance, he sent Picasso's *Woman with Mandolin* of 1925 for sale at auction, where it was bought for a very high price by Norton Simon. "I couldn't wait to get it out of the house," Mr. Annenberg said afterward. He has, in fact, what might be called a primary, elemental approach to works of art. But when the collection was shown at the Tate Gallery in London it impressed as being true metal, neither splashy nor outrageous, but the real thing and the solid thing. The monumental *Daughters of Catulle Mendès* by Renoir looked in London, just as it looks in Palm Springs, to be one of the finest paintings of its date.

The Renoir in question is a hefty, museum-type painting, and in time it was joined by others. After Winfield House, the relatively low ceilings of the Annenbergs' house in Philadelphia made the collection seem out of scale, and in 1961 they bought the property outside Palm Springs that is now called Sunnylands. All that it then had to recommend it was a vast acreage of raw sand, for Palm Springs is not in itself a place of natural beauty. Still less is it prime agricultural land. Even today, the visitor who follows the standard di-



A close view of van Gogh's *Women Gathering Olives,* 1889, which Annenberg bought from his sister.





rections—"Just go down Bob Hope and make a left on Frank Sinatra,"—may wonder if someone is putting him on.

But then there appears a long high straight wall, and some tall new trees flickering and shimmering in the desert light, and eventually a metal door, complete with liveried Cerberus forever on the watch. Once admitted, we breast a slight rise until—presto!—the greenest grass outside of Oxford and Cambridge comes into view, together with the shelving terrain of a golf course and, just within eye level, a house that looks at first sight like a flying saucer with a college education.

Neither then nor later is there any attempt to dominate or "make an effect." Designed by A. Quincy Jones, the house has as its natural center a fifty-foot square atrium into which light floods down from a raised cupola. Originally this room was lined with a thick bank of flowers. But, when the Haupt paintings came in, that bank was taken away and two very large walls of porous Mexican volcanic rock were added as a practical and hospitable background for the paintings.

Those paintings can very well take care of themselves, and with one exception the Annenbergs have not attempted to bring in masterpieces of furniture that might compete with them. The exception in question is the very large and heavy pair of silver doors with sculptures in low relief, from Rajasthan in India, that they bought when they lived in London. These take the place of the banished Picasso, and very glad Walter Annenberg is to see them, too. ("I couldn't wait to get rid of that dumb woman.")

The Annenbergs do, however, have quite a number of smaller objects of art—Cycladic, Archaic Greek, Mexican, Sepik River, Chinese Tang figures—and they also have some very good sculptures. The most conspicuous of those sculptures is the Rodin of Eve that stands in a shallow pool in the center of the atrium with a pianissimo trickle of water and an environment of papyrus and other plants. Jean Arp is there, too, in fine busty form, and Alberto Giacometti. But fundamentally this is a painting collection with, as annex, the celebrated Cézanne sketchbook that came from Mrs. Haupt.

Not every scholar approves the way in which *(Text continued on page 150)*



In the sitting room, *opposite,* under Monet's *Les Coquelicots,* Argenteuil, 1875, also purchased from his sister's collection, are reminders of Annenberg's time as Ambassador to London, brought up to date by a portrait of Margaret Thatcher on the extreme right. There is also a wall leading to Memory Room with thirteen years of Christmas cards, starting in 1972, from the Queen Mother, which always arrived "Registered Special Delivery." *Above:* Walter Annenberg with his portrait by Wyeth in which he is wearing something inspired by the choristers' robes at Ely Cathedral.



Hanging above the orchids from the Annenberg greenhouses in the atrium, *opposite,* are, from left, Manet's *Madame Manet à Bellevue,* 1880, and two Fantin-Latours: *Roses in a Bowl,* 1883, *Roses and Lilies,* 1888. *This page:* Van Gogh's *La Berceuse,* 1889, hangs above Japanese and Chinese objects.



Thunderoads.

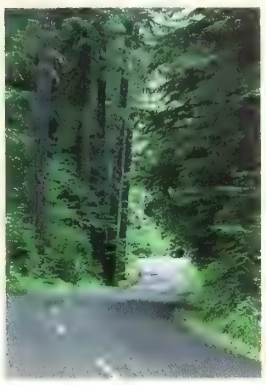


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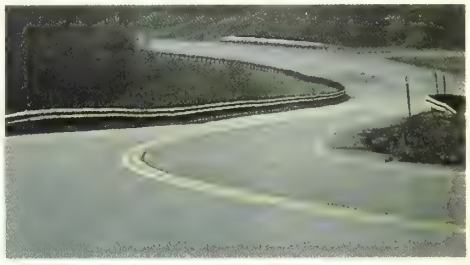
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(Continued from page 145) that sketchbook has been broken up, with every sheet framed individually. But the alternative in such cases is to keep the sketchbook shut tight and out of reach of all but the most privileged visitor. And eventually, that privileged finger and thumb, multiplied fifty or a hundred times over, can do irreparable damage, as has happened to the sketchbooks by J.M.W. Turner in the British Museum.

So the sensible thing is to enjoy the opportunity—a unique one—of watching the great man's hand as it rummages around among images of all kinds, from memories of the Louvre to the landscape outside his own door. From there, the lucky visitor to Sunnylands can move to the wall on which a great new Cézanne arrived not long ago from the Haupt collection. This painting is of the archetypal "house divided"—the epitome of a world fated and foredoomed, shaken down the middle by some seismic event—or, it may be, by old age and indifference. Either way, the marble cliff on the right side of the canvas reminds us that the mineral world outlives almost any house built by man, just as the tufts of young foliage on the trees remind us that the world renews itself even if the house that meant everything to someone has self-destructed.

Among the paintings that stand out in the house, just as they stand out in these pages, is *La Berceuse* by Vincent van Gogh. This is a portrait of Madame Roulin, the wife of van Gogh's friend, the mailman Joseph Roulin. Roulin was a favorite with van Gogh—not least for his stirring way of singing "La Marseillaise"—and he and his wife were clearly symbols of stability for him. In fact, he painted Madame Roulin over and over again, both before and after he had a mental breakdown that caused him to be sent to a hospital in Arles. (Thirty of his neighbors banded together and said that he was not fit to be loose, whereupon the police came and took him away.)

Van Gogh clearly thought highly of his portraits of Madame Roulin. Not only did he give her the portrait—probably done in January 1889—that now belongs to the Annenbergs, but he



A Dégas, a Renoir, and two Cézannes in the atrium.

asked his brother to give another to Paul Gauguin, if he would take it, and a third to his younger colleague, Emile Bernard. (It did not escape him, either, that Madame Roulin had a good eye for painting and had chosen the best of the lot.) Not long after, the celebrated and immensely artful Parisian dealer Ambroise Vollard got hold of the Roulins and persuaded them to sell him all the van Goghs they had—five family portraits and a still life—for 495 francs.

Another painting that commands the eye in Sunnylands is *La Sieste* by Gauguin that came from Mrs. Haupt. This was painted in Tahiti in 1894, at a time of penury and demoralization for Gauguin. But nothing could be more eloquent of relaxation than the poses of the women on the stoop, the long slow shallow curve of the composition in the foreground, and its green echo in the background on the right. Even the use of the coal-heated British iron with which the woman facing us is doing her laundry doesn't look like hard work. There is something grand, still, and resolved about this painting that shows us how, at no matter how difficult a time in his life, Gauguin could distill the eternal from the ephemeral.

Yet perhaps the happiest result of the combination of the two collections is that van Gogh's *Olive Trees: Pale Blue Sky* now hangs on the same wall as his *Olive Picking*. Both dated late 1889, they represent a characteristically vigorous reaction on van Gogh's part to the New Testament subjects with which some of his painter friends had been busy. "Their Christs in the Garden, with nothing really observed, have got on my nerves," he wrote to his brother Theo at the time. "Of cours with me there is no question of doin anything from the Bible, and I hav written to Bernard and Gauguin tha our duty is to think, not to dream. I wa astonished that they should let them selves go like that.

"To shake that off, morning an evening these bright cold days, with very fine clear sun, I have been knock ing about the orchards. The result i five size 30 canvases, which at leas constitute an attack on the problem." In view of the strength of van Gogh' feelings it is curious that the pyramida composition and the attitudes of th three women olive pickers could b said to echo many a Deposition in Eu ropean old-master painting. Be that a it may, it is only rarely that in a privat collection so crucial a moment in va Gogh's career is so neatly illustrated.

Paintings of this class are a hard ac to follow, but most visitors find thei way into the room in which Walter An nenberg's portrait by Andrew Wyeth has pride of place. It should be sai here that Mr. Annenberg is, even b the standards of Palm Springs, an in ventive dresser. (In the words of on observer, "His colors are worthy of th desert sunsets.") Andrew Wyeth, n mean judge of costume, originall wanted Walter Annenberg to pose i one of his (Wyeth's) fencing jackets When it turned out to be too small there was plenty in Mr. Annenberg' own closet to choose from. In particu lar, he had admired the impeccable cu of the robes worn by the choristers i Ely Cathedral, and when he was in En gland, he had them copied by the ec clesiastical tailors who wer responsible. And it is in this quasi-mo nastic outfit that he was painted by M Wyeth. The man who looks out fro the canvas is not someone to mess with and Mrs. Annenberg ventured to sa that the expression was too hard "There is nothing of the cream puf about Walter," said Andrew Wyeth and the painting stayed the way it was

One or two charming trifles not withstanding, there is nothing of th cream puff about Walter Annenber the collector, either, and this is a big boned collection in a big-boned land scape. □ *Editor: Rosamond Bernier*



Shown: Wicker daybed and chair, Renaissance lounge chair
travertine table, carved oak mirror, console and tabouret

PETER ROCCHIA

THE WICKER WORKS

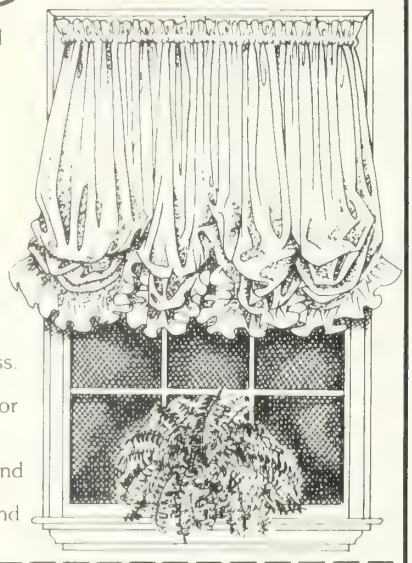
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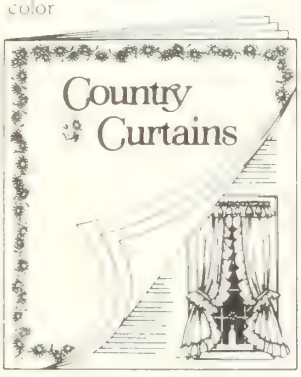
san francisco, los angeles, seattle, denver/kneedler-fauchere; **portland**/wayne martin, inc; **dallas, houston**/water [illegible]
boston/george and frances davison; **chicago, cleveland**/donghia showrooms inc; **troy (mich.)**/nancy mason; **new york**/jack lenor [illegible]
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MERCHANT'S HOUSE IN OLD KYOTO

(Continued from page 85) unnecessary and to avoid wasting even the tiniest amount of money makes their businesses certain of success. Yet no matter how tough the game of business becomes, out of respect and gratitude to the spirits of the ancestors who bore them, they never cause trouble for others. It is precisely because of this that they gain the acceptance of society as a whole. They spend what little wealth comes their way first on ordering implements for Buddhist memorial services and next on service for the summer festival. It is these principles that are expressed in the formal beauty of the Kyoto town house.

By linking together the idea of position with a consciousness of history, I am groping to understand what the role of the disappearing traditional houses and neighborhoods of Kyoto was and should be. At the age of nineteen, I was determined to go away to study the arts in order to become psychologically independent of my father and of Kyoto. Amidst the hustle and bustle of Tokyo, I lived alone and cooked for myself, spending each day at design, submerged in Western art forms, classical music, and the works of the French writer Romain Rolland.

About the time I graduated from art school, I visited the old temples and shrines of Nara and Kyoto as part of an art history seminar and came into actual contact with their architecture, Buddhist sculpture, gardens, and wall paintings. I realized then that Kyoto is not simply the city where I had lived most of my life up to that point, but that it is an arena for learning about the classical traditions of my country.

Needless to say, this seminar trip changed my aesthetic consciousness. But it also changed my life. Together with the new leader of the folk arts movement, Professor Mizuo Hiroshi, I tried to trace the footsteps of Yanagi Soetsu, an important advocate of the value of folk art. In putting together a volume of texts for the study of his thought, I gained strong insight into the value of articles crafted by nameless artisans for everyday life.

Right at this time, I was hit hard by the sudden death of my father, and placing a period to the end of eighteen years in Tokyo, I returned to my birthplace. That was in 1973, when I was 36 and the winds of the oil shock were

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blowing wildly around the world. In Kyoto, I made my first order of business the restoration of the family house, as I could never live comfortably with the metal window frames and shutters in the eaveless tile walls of a house that had once exemplified the beauty of the standard Kyoto townhouse form.

Ishida Baigan, founder of the Shingaku movement, which was popular among the merchants in Kyoto during the mid Tokugawa period, had great influence on Kyoto's merchant way of life. I decided to name my newly rebuilt home Mumeisha after Baigan's Meirinsha, the school where he taught the Shingaku doctrine of simplicity and frugality to the Kyoto townspeople.

After five years, the Mumeisha became what it is today. It is a product of a maturation within myself that could not have taken place without the double filters of the fast-paced life of Tokyo and my interest in the West, both set against my love for the Gion Festival. The houses and neighborhoods we live in every day prescribe our way of thinking; buildings express our thoughts more truly than anything else.



A veranda edges part of the inner garden

Mumeisha was built in Meiji 42 (1909) as the combined shop and home of a clothing wholesaler. It exhibits the standard form of the Kyoto town house built in the *omoteya-zukuri* style. The frontage on the road is about 10 meters wide, and the house continues back about 36 meters, covering a 370-meter lot. The entryway faces east, and the sides of the house are flush with the houses on the right and left. The house is made up of three parts: the shop facing the street, the house, and two storehouses, all linked together by two small gardens. A passageway runs along the south side of the lot connecting the three sections of the complex. A bath, two flush toilets, and a shed have been added onto this basic form.

The most important part of Mumeisha is the kitchen. This is understandable since the kitchen is the place in Japan from which the basics of everyday life come. It is constructed with the ceiling open for ventilation all the way up to the main, second-story roof, and the beauty of the arrangement of pillars and beams around the central pillar gives testimony to its importance.

The two gardens to the east and west of the main room of the house serve to let natural light into the rooms. But they have other functions as well. Because of the difference in temperature between the rooms and the gardens, a fresh breeze blows through the room even when there is no wind outside. This ventilation is indispensable during the hot, humid Kyoto summers.

The natural blessings of the garden are also welcome. In the middle of a big city with few natural havens, these two small gardens keep us in touch with the constant changes of nature. The ferns are the first to sprout in the spring, and the sunny area on the veranda reminds me of my childhood. The rainy season in June brings wet, white gardenias; midsummer, the light sound of pruning shears before the festival. A torrent of cicada song marks the lingering end of summer, and the cry of the clear-toned cicada can be heard when the cool breezes of autumn begin to blow. The white sasanqua blossoms of the fall are double-petaled, the scent of the fragrant olive ubiquitous. And the small white flowers of an old camellia tree soften the hard winter.

Mumeisha: a place in today's world of continually expanding values where people with generous hearts can get together without regard to occupational differences and learn from the legacies of nature and of those who came before. There cannot be a more fitting name for this house than Mumeisha, which means "the hall for casting light on the unnamable things of the present." □ *Translated by Elizabeth G. Harrison*



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(Continued from page 115) fact that a ood many of them started out in roup one. Still, they are a pleasant and entle assembly of maniacs, one well orth joining. Native species are their uling passion, but they have raised eir consciousness so far that it has beome an aesthetic. You will find them oking about the small, local nurseries at cater to their kind, poring over the inutes of a prairie conference, or ending over seed-heads beside county roads, along fence rows, in old cemeries, or next to the railroad tracks. A alifornia gardener even keeps careful ote of the summer and fall brush fires his region, so he can return the next pring in quest of native "fire follows" like the little red poppy *Papaver ilifornicum* and the bright goldenardrops, *Dicentra chrysantha,* plants at seed only in burned-over ground. iven the ecological bent of such peole, you might expect to find their gardens provided with only a few ndangered species. Quite the contrary, theirs are more diverse than any ade from a store-bought mix.

One virtue that all meadow gardens share—or learn to share—is patence. Whatever the ads may suggest, ou cannot just scatter seed and jump ack to avoid the sprouts. Most of the ommercial seed mixes promise flows within ninety days, and they are ght enough, as far as that goes. The ason is that the mixes usually contain ne-third to one-half annuals, assuring mediate color, barring an act of God complete disregard of the cultural structions. What happens after the rst year is by no means as certain. nce most of the seed for such mixes is ised in the western United States or nported from Europe, the annuals ay not reseed in other locations. ikewise, some of the perennials may ot survive a cold winter. The best soution, fun for the continuing surprises brings, is to reseed every year or two ith a new mixture or with the seed of dividual species. Three years ago, ina Beadle planted the half acre in ont of her Long Island house with a cally prepared seed mix. The results ere lovely, if not spectacular. The ext year, she experimented with a ail-order mix from a California comany, and nothing came up. Undaunted, she ordered a dry-land mixture from Colorado company, supplementing it with a few species she particularly liked. The new season brought her a sea of poppies, bachelor's buttons, and sunflowers. For the coming year, she plans to plant masses of blue salvia, in homage to the fields of lavender she remembers seeing in Provence.

The purists—people who would choke at the thought that a single nonnative species had found its way into their gardens—need patience of a different order. By choosing indigenous plants, they hope to create a meadow that will maintain itself, requiring only an annual mowing or burning to assure a lovely crop of flowers and grasses year after year. It's not impossible to get very quick results. You can buy mature plants for the garden from local native-plant nurseries, but the cost is typically ten times that of planting seed. The trouble with seed, especially with the more dependable perennial seed, is that it may spend several seasons just putting down roots. In the meantime, the garden looks rather like a weed patch. Bob and Mickey Burleson seeded a 35-acre meadow garden on their farm near Temple, Texas, with upward of one hundred species of forbs and grasses. They collected and broadcast almost all of the seed by hand, Mickey throwing it off the back of a trailer while Bob—whose asthma, he said, kept him from sowing—drove the rig. Some weekends, they started before sunrise and were still planting under the moon. "We took such pains," remembers Mrs. Burleson, "and the second year we felt like failures. We had heavy Johnson grass and not a lot else. Some of the perennials never even bloomed until the third or fourth year." Now that five more seasons have gone by, their prairie takes care of itself. Prairie gentian, prairie hyacinth, Maximilian sunflower, and penstemon stand out among the dozens of species that bloom.

When you have a four-hundred-acre farm as the Burlesons do, you can tuck away a 35-acre naturalistic prairie without too much trouble. Most of us must work on a much smaller scale.

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This being the case, it is the rare gardener who doesn't ask, "Where can I put this thing?" and, "What will the neighbors say when I do?" I remember vividly my father leading me back through the roses to show me a lovely volunteer foxglove four feet tall. At that moment, he was prouder of it than of his hybrid teas and azaleas, his camellias and rhododendrons, but the thought of filling a garden with wildflowers like that would have made him unbearably anxious. How could he control them, and what would people say? The neighbors were mad enough about the compost heap.

Unfortunately, meadow gardening has the distinction of being the only form of horticulture that is actually forbidden in some towns. It pays to check with local authorities before you begin any really ambitious planting. It is too bad that this is the case, since the well-planned meadow is more often the victim of weeds than it is the source of them. At its best, the garden looks half wild, and it is more lovely for its combinations of flowers than for any individuals. The rosy purple blazing star shades into the pink monardas, the lemony stiff goldenrod into the deeper yellow of the black-eyed Susans. Before the meadow plantings have established themselves—usually during the first year or two—the show may very well be interrupted by invasive weeds, particularly late in the season. For this reason, it is important to mow or burn the meadow each year before the weeds have set seed.

Where you cannot afford an extensive wildlike planting, there are a number of ways to get a less conspicuous meadow effect. Some gardeners lay in a stock of meadow mixtures, strewing the seed on bare spots in the sunnier part of the garden. This method has the happiest results in informal border plantings, though for these you should avoid mixes that contain grasses and large, rough-textured forbs. If you do, imitate the perennial border, sowing lower plants to the front and larger ones behind. A bolder approach is to take a curvilinear chunk out of the lawn and convert it to meadow. Darrel Morrison, whose teaching at the University of Wisconsin spawned a whole generation of prairie gardeners, limited his own prairie to a small oval in his Madison backyard. There, he planted more than thirty species of native grasses and forbs, including Indian grass, big and little bluestem, prairie dropseed, blazing star, butterfly weed, whorled milkweed, showy goldenrod, leadplant, and pasqueflower. The prairie strikes its own unique note in the garden, but it leaves room for the children to play and it does not seem poised to conquer the neighborhood.

The front garden is another matter. So many people have replaced their front lawns with meadow in Milwaukee alone, that Lorrie Otto is able to lead a daylong bus tour to visit them each August. Since you can't really hide a street-facing garden during those first slow years, you ought to adopt a planting strategy. One option is to buy mature plants for the street side only, so passersby will exclaim over the flowers even during the first year. Behind them, you seed the remainder of the space, unperturbed that it may look weedy for a season or two. Another option is to replace the grass with meadow a piece at a time, so the neighbors can get used to the idea gradually. This method has another advantage, for you will be able to experiment with different soil amendments and watering schemes.

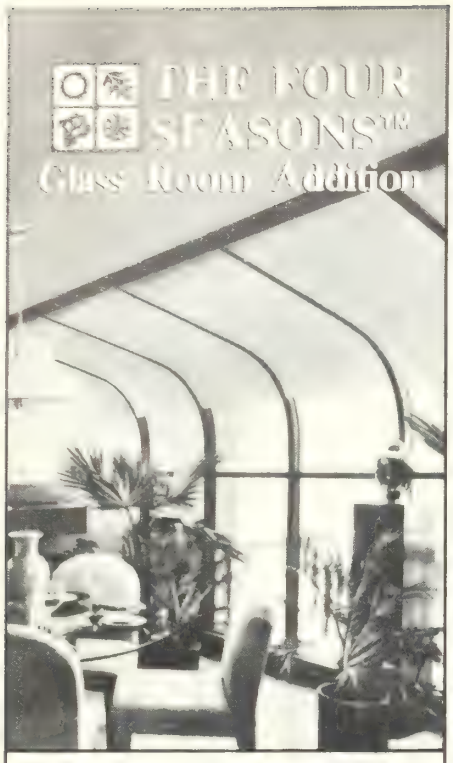
Sometimes the neighboring gardens will suggest a pattern of sowing. When landscape artist David Kropp created a suburban prairie garden in Peru, Illinois, he was faced with a Victorian flower garden to the left of him and a smooth table of manicured lawn to the right. A rough-and-ready mix would just not do, so he concentrated the showier flowers on the left flank of the garden and sowed a neat, thick flank of Indian grass on the right. The diversity of the planting did not suffer: he put more than sixty species into it.

Kropp mixes his own seed, using indigenous plants. He is wary of commercial mixes, and he has his reasons. They contain only about fifteen to thirty species, some of which are naturalized exotics or even garden hybrids. When the mail-order nurseries say "wildflowers," they mean plants with a wildflower look, not natives and not necessarily plants derived from wild seed. You can increase diversity by adding mix to mix as the years go by, but you will discover that companies feature many of the same plants in different mixtures. Red and blue flax (*Linum grandiflorum* var. 'Rubrum' and *L. Lewisii*) are common, as are bachelor's buttons (*Centaurea Cyanus*) and California poppy (*Eschscholzia californica*). It is good to see, however, that the invasive weeds once included in some mixes have almost all been removed. These are flowers that, pretty as they may be, can take over the meadow and seek lebensraum elsewhere in the garden: purple loosestrife (*Lythrum Salicaria*), Queen Anne's lace (*Daucus Carota*), chicory (*Cichorium Intybus*), and some species of goldenrod. But don't reject a mix because you detect a suspicious-sounding common name. Check the Latin. There is a perfectly delightful Queen Anne's lace that is not a *Daucus* but an *Ammi*. And while the goldenrod *Solidago rugosa* may take over a northeastern garden, its brothers *S. nemoralis, S. odora,* and *S. flexicaulis* will not.

All of this is not to say that the commercial mixes look impoverished. Steven Davis has tested a number of them over the last four years at the American Horticultural Society's River Farm near Washington, D.C. He has been pleased with the results. Still, once you have had experience with commercial mixes, you will probably venture to buy individual species as a supplement or indeed to order all individuals and mix them at home. The major seed companies—Clyde Robin, Applewood, and Environmental Seed Producers among them—all catalogue a range of species as well as premixed seed. Look especially at the color booklet offered by Environmental Seed Producers. It costs five dollars, but it pictures sixty different species, most of which are offered by all the firms.

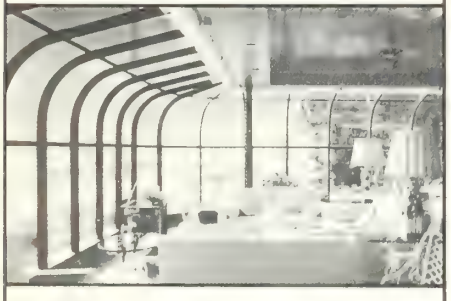
If on the other hand you side with the nativists, you are better off going to a local nursery that specializes in indigenous plants. The problem is finding it. You can make a good start by sending to the National Wildflower Research Center in Austin, Texas, for your state's resource list. It details nurseries, mail-order firms, and local experts. Another resource is the New England Wildflower Society's nationwide guid-


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to nursery sources for wildflowers and native plants. Take a good deep breath before you begin, for soon you will be combing a tableful of field guides to confirm your pleasure in the *Dodecatheon Clevelandii* that has just come into flower. You will thrill at a call from the nurseryman at The Natural Garden, informing you that the rare Kankakee mallow is at last in stock.

In the end, perhaps, you will join the collectors of seed, learning where the pristine meadow, prairie, grassland, or savannah survives. Like the Burlesons, you may find yourself knocking at the doors of old Czech farmers who have long maintained small swaths of native prairie in the belief that prairie hay makes their stock sweat less. You must examine the plants carefully, so you will be able to recognize them from habit and leaf shape alone, once the flowers have gone to seed. And how will you tell when the seed is ripe? Have the plumes on wind-borne seeds lost their iridescence yet? Has the seed-pod turned from waxy to dry? Can you still crush the seed too easily in your hand? When you slice a seed in two, is its interior watery, or has it become nice and doughy? Some seed will drop within a day or two of ripening. Have you tied paper sacks to each stalk to make sure you won't lose it?

Your labeled bags of seed are all around you now. One sort there looks like polished feldspar, another like cornflakes, some like tiny shuttlecocks or squid, a few like mere fingernail dirt, others like primitive flutes, still others like hedgehogs or grenades . . . and one or two look just like seeds. There is no pleasure like the feeling when these odd bombs at last burst into flower. □

A MODEST PERFECTION

(Continued from page 105) portioned windows symmetrically arranged around the front door, but asymmetrically set in the whole façade. These were salvaged from the demolition of an older bungalow nearby: using them all along the front opens the interior out into the garden, like a pavilion. In addition the subtle variations of color are not just arbitrarily decorative but designed to bring out the wooden trim that, arranged as an understated system of piers and architraves, emphasizes this as the main entrance to the house.

A similar unity of purpose in the choice of shape and color happens on a much more complex level inside. Originally divided into six miniscule boxrooms, it is now (except for the unexpectedly large bathroom) all opened out into a single space, ingeniously conceived as a main sitting area with areas off it which are partly hidden, and partly visible. To define this main "room" Buzz Yudell invented a kind of shifted and fragmented Baroque which takes the familiar ellipse of European palaces, makes it much too big for the space, moves it out of the diagonal, and finally breaks it up and scatters it around the room—leaving various oddly shaped alcoves between it and the outer walls in which to read, sleep, cook, eat, and talk to friends. The whole is then unified by the floor which, painted a pale and luminous gray, reflects light upward to give an added impression of height in the room.

In fact there are two ellipses in his plan, one inside, one out, each surprisingly large for such a small plot. The exterior ellipse, a curve of grass bordered by white-blooming shrubs, lies in the elbow of the garden and serves as a transitional outdoor room between the irregular bordered path of the entrance garden and a more private sitting-out terrace tucked around the side of the building.

The interior ellipse is much less conventional. Set askew within the rectangle of the old bungalow, it is aligned to pick up a diagonal axis that passes from the front gate through the glass entrance window and into the house. Too big to fit completely inside, however, its end pushes out under the front door and, spilling down in a series of widening steps, extends the interior space into the garden.

Even more daring is the way it is treated inside the house. In such a tiny space, a complete ellipse all round the room might well have been overpower-



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ing, and this one is thus fractured and scattered. Sometimes it appears only on the ceiling, sometimes on the floor. In one place only banquette seating holds the line, in another it is taken up by the curved inner face of a pillar. Here the cornice takes over; there the end of the bed extends itself twelve feet to get into the act. The idea of combining several surfaces and functions to suggest but not complete the outline is effective since the mind subconsciously seems to fill in what is not there. At points one looks around the room and finds the ellipse has actually disappeared altogether—leaving the dining-room table and chairs quite openly exposed.

But it is the leftover spaces that do most for the illusion of depth. From each of these there are diagonal views across the open ellipse and, by subtle changes of color and materials, each is made to feel like a separate room with its own character. Lying in the "bedroom," for instance, it is possible to see through a sliver of space at the end of the bed into part of the ellipse and still remain hidden. The largest of the leftovers, its character is mysterious and contemplative because it has been painted in shadowy colors and its windows covered with rice paper to filter the light. A curving wall of books is mirrored into infinity on one side, on the other a short wall shields the privacy of the bed itself. But on the more public side of this same wall is the "library": here light spills down from a hidden roof-light illuminating bookshelves painted a comparatively clear pink. Next to them a wide, triangular-shaped seat curves around to fill space between the ellipse and the wall and doubles as a bed for overnight guests.

Conceptually the ingenious doubling of functions which is so enjoyable in the house is close to a number of familiar ideas—from Buster Keaton's bed-sit, to Frank Lloyd Wright and the Pullman car, to Kisho Kurokawa's Tokyo capsules. As in a yacht, everything has its place—and needs to be kept in it. And the simplification of life that this demands is close to Le Corbusier vision when, in his *Manual of th Dwelling,* he advised the world (on hopes with irony) to "take a flat on size smaller than the one to which you parents accustomed you. Bear in min economy in your actions, your hous hold management and your thoughts.

The Yudells did this of necessity What is unique is the grace with whic they've managed it. Like that other d sign partnership of Charles and Ra Eames, they illuminate everyday thing by the way in which they use them. A insignificant flower, a glass bottle, dish of shells—any of these in Tin Beebe's hands can seem exceptiona And to sit chatting in their ellipse wit the pale floor gleaming and the doo and windows open to bring the war scents of the garden indoors is enoug to make all of life seem better. Ult mately it's the sensibility of how the do things as much as what they do tha makes them, and this little house, s special. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byro



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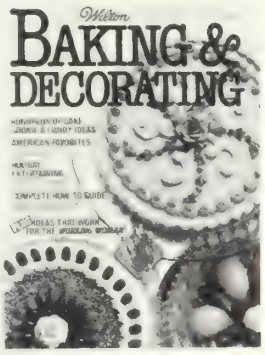
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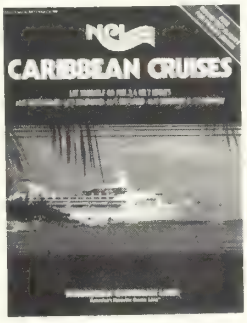
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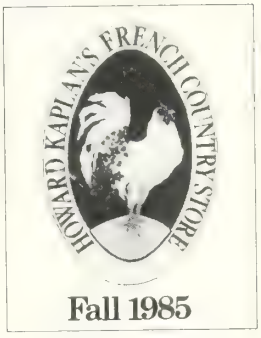
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(Continued from page 68) determine what colors had actually been used during Washington's time. Working with both physical and documentary evidence, Miss Meadows and Matthew Mosca, an architectural historian and specialist in restoration paint colors, found that the hues Washington decorated with were quite a bit brighter than had been previously believed. Taking some 2,500 samples and subjecting them to chemical analyses, Mosca was able to identify not only the precise pigments but also the chromachronology of three separate palettes used in successive repaintings of the mansion, datable to just before Washington's marriage to Martha Dandridge Custis in 1759; after his return from the Revolutionary War in 1786; and immediately following his retirement from the Presidency in 1797. The results of Mosca's investigations jibed perfectly with descriptions of pigments purchased in those years, and in keeping with the established policy of maintaining the house as it was at Washington's death, the last of the three color schemes was adopted.

But the painting was not accomplished without controversy. It has been known for some time that our Colonial forebears favored colors much more vivid than the muted pastels that for years have been considered "Early American." The fading of fabrics and the accumulation of grime on paint over the course of two centuries has dimmed their original values, and to eyes accustomed to a gentler spectrum of tones, the "new" schemes at Mount Vernon—verdigris in the two dining rooms, Prussian blue in the West Parlor, the Downstairs Bedroom, and the Nelly Custis Bedroom, and trompe-l'oeil wood graining in the Passage and the Study—seem striking, if not downright garish. More than one observer has insisted that "George Washington wouldn't have liked this." Yet in light of the incontrovertible proof that he in fact did, the strong negative reaction some people have had to the restoration must be attributed to the highly personal impression we have of the historical past.

Scarcely less contested have been the removal of varnish from the wood-



In the Large Dining Room, the marble mantel and Worcester porcelain garniture presented to Washington in 1785 by Samuel Vaughan, an English admirer.

en floors and the revised furniture arrangements. In keeping with the practice now followed in period reconstructions in museums around the country, the interiors at Mount Vernon are not nearly so crowded with objects as before. The postmortem inventory of 1800 has been strictly adhered to, even though some visitors familiar with the house before the restoration have found the results "barren." (It has been largely forgotten that even the rich had many fewer things in the days before the mass production of furnishings.) That perception of sparseness has been further accentuated by the return to the eighteenth-century practice of putting virtually everything around the perimeter of an interior. (As Peter Thornton's indispensable *Authentic Decor* amply illustrates, furniture by and large did not move into the middle of rooms until well into the nineteenth century.)

Understandably, there are still some gaps in our knowledge of what went where at Mount Vernon, especially in the realm of fabrics and carpets, the most perishable components of a room; none of the Washingtons' originals have survived. But surmise has not triumphed over common sense, and the conjectural window treatments, upholstery, and floor coverings tend toward the safe rather than the daring. The atmosphere throughout conforms to what its owner described as "my . . . republican style of living."

In fact, the interiors seem very like what we know about Washington the man. He towered over his contemporaries both figuratively and literally. The public rooms, especially the magnificent two-story-high Large Dining Room, have a pronounced sense of verticality, imparting the uncommon stature (6 feet, 2½ inches) of the man who built them as much as Frank Lloyd Wright's low ceilings speak of his small size (5 feet, 8½ inches). The taste displayed at Mount Vernon is quite correct, formal, rather self-conscious, and somewhat stiff. Washington, though no faddist, kept abreast of the constantly changing London fashions in dress, design, and decorating, and was resentful when his purchasing agents in the English capital tried to fob off outmoded merchandise on him, as was often done to Colonial mail-order clients presumed to be too provincial to know the difference. The unexpected and the original were neither offered by the English nor sought at Mount Vernon. There propriety was the key, rather than the ingenuity and quicksilver brilliance that one can sense in the rooms Thomas Jefferson made for himself at Monticello. One of the few surprises at Mount Vernon is the Worcester porcelain garniture given to Washington by an English friend in 1785 and still in place on the Large Dining Room mantel that was part of the same present: though the three vases are painted on one side with predictable pastoral motifs, the other sides sport lions, tigers, and leopards.

Graciousness and generosity can be felt, but never extravagance, ostentation, or expenditure if none was needed. The Small Dining Room is centered by a fine mahogany table, the top of which was left uncovered during meals to show off the handsome wood. The Large Dining Room, however, was like the Great Hall of an English country house, used for multiple purposes: card parties, balls, and levees were held there, as well as banquets. Thus that room had no permanent dining table, and guests ate at a board-and-trestle arrangement draped with cloth to obscure the workmanlike improvisation underneath. The front shelves in the Pantry were painted the pleasing but costly Prussian blue, while the shelves in the less-visible storage room behind it sufficed with cheap, utilitarian black. Quality was prized, but thrift even more, as Washington's careful, even obsessive, accounting reveals.

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But nowhere is his presence more immediate than in the second-floor bedroom that he shared with Martha in the southwest corner of the house. It is a very plain but commodious room, the only incongruously grand touch being the rather fussy Louis XVI ormolu-mounted clock (signed "Bruel à Paris") on the severe wooden mantel. Portraits of all four of the Washingtons' grandchildren line one whitewashed wall, next to the four-poster bed in which the hero of his age breathed his last. On that freezing day, December 14, 1799, the grounds of Mount Vernon were blanketed in a mantle of white; two weeks later, the United States of America began the nineteenth century blanketed in a mantle of black.

As much as any building in America, Mount Vernon allows us today to understand both the similarities and differences between our attitudes and values and those held by the founding fathers. More convincing than Colonial Williamsburg, more conventional than Monticello, more personal than Independence Hall, Mount Vernon can be seen as a built diary of the life of George Washington. His motto was *Exitus Acta Probat*—"the end proves the deed," but that is not to be misconstrued as "the end justifies the means" in its cynical, modern sense. Mount Vernon, where he ended his life and astounding career, is proof enough that no matter how far Washington traveled or how high he rose, this house always remained the center of his universe. □

Editor: Clare Ruthrauff Thomas

BY ARTISTS FOR ARTISTS

(Continued from page 134) narrow passage was important for me," says Ireland. "It communicates an almost claustrophobic anticipation of something." It's as though you were pulled by the hallway through the narrow aperture and then spilled into the apartment where your sense of space is further disoriented by the sight of Wilhite's triangular table fanning out vertiginously from a thirty-degree angle. Kitchen and bathroom are partitioned off by curvilinear walls of varying heights covered in corrugated metal panels. It is less for privacy than for a sense of mystery that the space was laid out as it was. With his longtime fascination for the channels and labyrinths of temples and tombs, Ireland wanted his "concourses of entry and egress" and the circuitous floor plan to "lead people through a miniature adventure."

Fussiness was avoided by Ireland's expedient approach to materials. His kind of experiment with the most direct route from unmanipulated commercially available building material to finished architectural product is more Dada than Post Modern. Eight-foot sheets of dry wall are screwed to the wall with the gap from the top of the dry wall to the ceiling left bare. The "negative molding" thus created lifts the ceiling and adds character to an otherwise bland elevation. Elsewhere, metal corner beading, Phillips Screws, electrical light fixtures, and other underpinnings are left exposed.

The standard color of water-resistant dry wall happily saturates the apartment with its pale green hue. Ireland the environmental sculptor becomes Ireland the painter. He selectively sands a painted door to reveal its underlying layers of paint, scratches into the dry wall à la Cy Twombly here, expressionistically trowels on joint compound there. The floor is fir plywood, ripped into nine-inch-wide strips of random lengths, screwed down diagonally, and rubbed with a pale gray stain. Dry wall, floors, and nonmetal surfaces are coated with a polyurethane varnish. Without artifice or deception, Ireland has perceived and accentuated the tender green of a building material meant to be camouflaged, and achieved an informal yet refined elegance equal to the most soigné glazed wall treatment.

That the sun floats around the space in mesmerizing geometric patches of light by day is not accidental. Both Ireland and Wilhite use light and shadow as a physical component of their art. By night, Wilhite's galvanized aluminum squares suspend a Suprematist void in the center of a luminous halo. These are juxtaposed to fluorescent circles and obliquely arranged bars. One begins to notice the interplay of sharp shadows with the simple geometry of the furniture, whose dimensions are tailored to the space. The daybed nestles into the triangular alcove, a graceful pie-shaped table marries the curve in the kitchen partition, triangular table and chairs manage to assert a presence without overwhelming the space. A geometric mirror hangs over the kitchen utilities, and the counters are made of broken slabs of one-inch pink marble recycled from the old washroom stalls.

The net effect is expansive despite its size, and invitingly tactile and sensuous despite its bare-bones practicality. For all its rootedness in contemporary art ideas, the Jade Garden fulfills its promise. It's gentle restraint and serene beauty do indeed quiet all who enter and give them room for reflection. □

Editor: Lloyd Ziff

The Washington Project for the Arts' Artists' Apartment was made possible by a special grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and matched by individuals and businesses in Washington, D.C.

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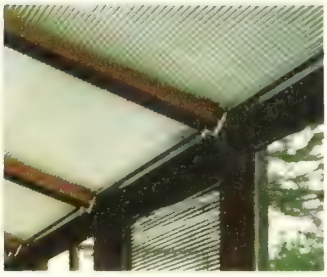


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(Continued from page 99) iors" or domestic scenes. (In contemporary Spanish *bodegón* has become an all-inclusive term for still life.) Velázquez produced only a small number of *bodegones* and only in his youth, before he became court painter to Philip IV, but he painted them with a vitality and evenness of hand that marks the true genius. With equal attention to detail he endowed his human subjects and their kitchen wares with the form and textures of their living models, thereby incorporating the reverence of a truly Spanish sensibility into a much larger picture of life.

This spring, assembled for the first time in America, two of Velázquez's *bodegones* can be seen together with a significant selection of the still lifes of Sánchez Cotán and their contemporary painters from Madrid, thanks to the exhibition "Spanish Still Life in the Golden Age: 1600–1650" organized for the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth by Kimbell Deputy Director Dr. William B. Jordan, with the collaboration of Sarah Schroth of the N.Y.U. Institute of Fine Arts. The juxtaposition of these paintings from the first fifty years of the genre, probably the most remarkable period, has only emphasized the absolute compatibility of Velázquez's outstanding vision of his time with that of the other best early-seventeenth-century Spanish still-life painters because the latter's non-anecdotal compositions all contributed to the same dramatic shift of focus from the universal to the particular that characterizes Velázquez's work. Somehow these often small and always nonpolitical paintings manage to convey, across the centuries, the challenge of a new discovery and the excitement of a vital intellectual climate.

Looking back from our vantage point in the midst of a world where everything is observed and recorded, where photographs, paintings, drawings, movies, television, and even literature reproduce every detail of our modern life over and over again, and where artists force the issue of this media blitz by incorporating hyper-busy media images into their work, it is difficult to imagine much less empathize with a world such as Spain was until the close of the sixteenth century, a world



Grapes, Apples and Plums by Juan de Espinosa. Museo del Prado, Madrid.

without mechanical documentation. More particularly, Spanish artists produced surprisingly little self-conscious documentation. Although the Spanish empire had long wielded enormous international power, and the court was populated by a strong circle of intellectuals, until about 1600 Spain remained highly insular and wrapped up in a kind of mystical Catholicism that bred visions of saints, not naturalism.

We cannot really know the extent to which the private eyes of Spain had been focused on the heavens rather than on earth, but we *do* know that, even as the Renaissance flourished throughout Europe, the arts in Spain retained the abstract anti-material qualities of the middle ages. And further, that sixteenth-century Spanish painting was, to put it politely, not so good.

But the turn of the seventeenth century was a moment of truth. For a variety of reasons both political and cultural, in one of those confluences of intellectual and emotional energy that seem to happen only once a century anywhere in this universe, if at all, the Sleeping Giant woke up.

As Sánchez Cotán was painting his first sharp-focused true-to-life images of uncooked vegetables and game, Lope de Vega was writing his first plays featuring the lives and loves of common folk, and Cervantes was producing the epic Don Quixote—whose impact would be equal in magnitude to that of Dante on Italian culture and Shakespeare on English. And not only the arts, but also the study of mathematics and the sciences flourished. Spain's religious fervor would not disappear, but for the first time the insuppressible intensity that had characterized Spanish attention to the spiritual domain would be focused full force on the secular world as well. And all of these developments would be reflected in the modest yet spectacular art of still-life painting produced by Sánchez Cotán and his fellows.

The consistent theatricality of these pictures has already been mentioned, and Sánchez Cotán applied a geometric asymmetry to his compositions that many have thought linked to mathematical concerns of the times. And the flourish of finery that distinguishes van der Hamen's pictures reflects a gourmet taste for pastries as well as an international array of glassware and pottery that reveals the sensibility of the court of Madrid under Philip III. Add to that Velázquez's views of peasant life or Pereda's *Vanitas,* and Spain's complex culture begins to reveal its rich variety.

Contemporaneous documents report that the cognoscenti in Toledo and then Madrid lost no time in recognizing and supporting the vitality of these pictures, and the wealth of still-life paintings made during the first decades of the century more than testify to the artists' enthusiasm; they must have loved the control that the medium allowed them to exercise over their subjects. Within the intimate confines of a still life, they could freely display their *ingenio*—that tour-de-force compositional and technical ingenuity so valued in intellectual circles of the time. What attracted the collectors then could likely be the same qualities that demand attention today, for the source of excitement of these pictures is not just visual; the physicality of their illusion is so hard to resist that the pictures also stimulate our senses of smell, touch, and taste to such an extent that they breathe a new life into us. Neither purely decorative nor didactic, these pictures invite us to become participants in their magic. □

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THE LITTLE GARDEN THAT JUST GREW

(Continued from page 127) A lilac allée has now replaced it. Harold built his first dry stone wall; they introduced a thyme lawn and substituted a flowering hawthorn for the aluminum clothesline tree.

Shortly after this the swamp filled with rusting cars that lay in a hollow of the big meadow above the house was made into a pond. The strong horizontal line of the flat dam enclosing the pond anchors the garden's busy small stone walls and hundreds of plants. The view over the water leads your eye to the ocean of meadow grass beyond, and to the wooded hill, so the whole landscape becomes part of the garden. The pond is visible from much of the garden, but not from the house. To provide a water view, they added two small ponds below the dam, not more than twenty feet from the house. Starting with several two-ton rocks excavated from the bottom of the big pond, and a lot of Japanese iris, they soon created a water garden. Their latest interests, a rock garden and a scree (a sloping bed of crushed stone that duplicates growing conditions in high glacial moraines), lie above the water garden. Then they linked the perennial beds at the top of the hill with the water



Blooming in the scree (an Alpine slope) are miniature hypericum, edelweiss, and *Gentiana cruciata*.

at the bottom. Desperate experimentation with beautiful Victorian hybrid perpetual roses proved that only the hardiest shrub roses would survive Zone-4 weekend gardening. Consequently, the slope between the perennial beds and the ponds was dotted haphazardly with the tough veterans: *Rosa rubrifolia, macrantha,* and *Hari sonii*; the common moss rose whose soft green feathers surround every flower; pale 'Cuisse de Nymphe' (more modest in English—'Maiden's Blush') and 'Tuscany Superb', the deepest deep red. The connecting network of walls and terraces they built was planned around these large shrub roses.

These roses, the flowering hawthorn, a crab apple, and three evergreens are the only plants inside the garden over six feet—a real indication of how open it all is. The small changes of level, varied foliage, and alternating plant heights within the beds themselves, provide rhythm, and many surprises. Shelter is created to the north by the lilac allée, to the west by a low shrub border, and a *Rosa multiflora* hedge, pruned so severely that for once the arching canes are beautifully silhouetted. Perhaps *Rosa multiflora* is the best symbol of Pat Thorpe's talent: no longer a weed, its shorn spiny branches decorate vases in Manhattan, while in Otsego County it is the surprising neighbor of the crown imperial, a plant grown in cottage gardens for two hundred years that looks like a refugee from the tropical rain forest. □

A GROWN-UP COTTAGE

(Continued from page 118) and his then partner Jonathan Lanman, the barns were both inspirational and disciplinary. Brillembourg credits them with "saving me from building some crazy thing like all the rest. The barn as a found object had a strong presence and type so the rest of the architecture had to be at least as strong." Retaining the materials and simple forms of the barns was a prerequisite in the minds of both client and architects, but new forms, distinguished from the old by their white clapboard cladding, bring the house into our time and wash the interior with the one essential missing ingredient—light. Three sets of dormers now straddle the smaller barn, which is given over to bedrooms for guests and the client's son. At the opposite end of the house, a new pyramid-capped master bedroom pops out from a corner of the living room.

But what delivers the house from the classification "nostalgic" is the glazed and gridded tower, whose vertical posture balances the strong recumbent mass of the barns. Above a gazebolike dining pavilion is a retreat reached by way of an elaborate stair—reminiscent of grand old summer cottages—which links the interior spaces in a fanciful promenade. During the day the tower is a lookout across saffron-colored fields to the blue sea; at night, it is a lantern in the black landscape. From this perch, one takes in the whole of the bright open space, below, of the larger barn, which is furnished simply to allow the many textures to dance ornamentally. The multipaned sash stacked up around the fireplace, the white-coated shingles, beams, and rafters balanced at ground level by beaded-board wainscoting, and the overscaled trellis render this space a cool porch in summer, a solarium in winter.

From the lofty vantage of the tower, the devices used to ensure privacy also become clear: the orientation of the house and its major windows toward the ocean and the grassy expanse to the south, the shrubs and fence around the far edge of the pool and cabanas, and

he privet hedges on the western bor-
ler, which will eventually form an allée
or the driveway and enclose the sweep
f lawn.

"The highest merit of a villa or coun-
ry house, after utility and beauty of
orm and expression is, that it be, as
nuch as possible, characteristic of the
ountry in which it is built." A.J.
Downing again, though it might just as well be the architects or client speaking proudly of this Sagaponack cottage. Brillembourg, with Lanman, has distilled the best of the shingle and clapboard local buildings and fashioned a thoroughly modern house that yet has "a domestic feeling . . . that purifies the heart." □

THE SUM OF ITS ARTS

Continued from page 81) of paler pink
granite, which in form and tone further
lefers to the Breuer design below. The
ateral development of the upper
loors, which will give the Whitney a
otal of 40,000 square feet of gallery
pace for its permanent collection, is
ignified by the shallow arch of the eye-
row window running the length of the
Madison Avenue elevation. Above it
re further setbacks for more offices
nd conference rooms, and at the very
op, a new restaurant.

The Graves design is appropriately
lignified, largely devoid of the nostal-
ic sweetness that has given some of his
rojects a coy charm not suitable for
Manhattan. Though the upper half of
he ten-story, 134,000-square-foot ad-
lition has a pronounced Italianate fla-
or (enhanced by another version of
he pergola that has become one of this
rchitect's most favored motifs), it is
ot out of keeping with the fanciful
ops of the older buildings on the Up-
er East Side. The only elements that
veaken the stoic monumentality of the
verall design are the fake projecting
eam-ends that imply a post-and-lintel
imber structure rather than the real
teel-frame system.

The layout of the interiors is logical
nd much simpler than many of
Graves's floor plans, as welcome a
rend as his stronger façades. The ex-
essive stress on circulation that makes
ome Graves interiors seem like the
roducts of a procession-mad Roman
mperor has here been replaced by
corridors and galleries much more
pen than had been feared, but enjoy-
ing the clear sense of direction that had been anticipated. The Whitney's core holdings—only one percent of which are now on view—will be mounted in spaces specifically conceived for each work (one of Graves's most convincing selling points) while the more flexible Breuer wing will take on the role of *Kunsthalle* for temporary shows.

Museum officials would like to see the new building completed in time for the sixtieth anniversary of the Whitney in 1990, but the $37.5 million project still has several major hurdles (fund-raising aside) to overcome before construction can begin. Falling within the Upper East Side Historic District and the Madison Avenue Special Preservation District, it must be approved by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, which will surely question the demolition of the less-than-memorable late-nineteenth-century brownstones now occupying the site.

But the important issue of maintaining context and continuity must always be evaluated in terms of the value of the alternative, and it seems certain that Michael Graves's new Whitney Museum will add much to the cultural richness of a city that has always seemed oddly short of architectural masterpieces. Its boldness is tempered by a real attempt at beauty, a goal no longer prized as highly as it once was in art and architecture. For the latter medium at least, this imaginative design promises to raise the Whitney from its unquestioned national stature to a new international eminence. □

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